

Beyond

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I woke to the sound of fire burning and chamomile tea churning on a wooden stove, built from my father's tired hands, rough and overworked. His Hershey brown skin is smooth, unlike his hands and his freshly shaved beard smells like pine. My mother's deep dawn skin and homemade vermilion lipstick, her gentle voice telling me it is time to wake up and her lavender scent. And me, a girl whose voice is rarely heard, her voice small and quiet like mice scuttering across the floor. She doesn't speak unless she is in the wild, where she will scream and yell in joy, wet with water after bathing in the glossy lake positioned right beside an old maple tree.

I am Amelia.

(7 years ago, in the Alto Airlines)

My mother and father sat beside me on the airplane seat, each grasping my hand. I slowly looked up, first at my mother, her skin the color of dawn and behind her makeup, her tired downturned eyes showing that she was up all-night cleaning. And my father, his skin Hershey brown, and his hands strong but gentle and showing no signs of overworking. My own caramel tanned skin with dimples and eyes big and round. I looked out of the window. It was ebony black outside, and the white stars scattered the sky.

"Amelia, I think it's time for you to go to sleep," my mother said, stroking my hair and leisurely drawing out my wool blanket. I slowly laid down on my mother's lap and yawned. My eyelids began to close and the last word I heard as my eyelids were closing was, "MAYDAY, MAYDAY."

Next thing I knew I was being clung to by my mother and the once moving airplane began to descend into the forest and my mother began to scream and cry, "Oh Lord have mercy!" my mother cried out, and "BANG!"

