

Joy

By Susan McIntosh

She rampages through the woods, flashing like night through dappled trees, sheer joy with every leaping step. Watching, my heart overflows, my spirit soars in admiration of her simple expressions of life. How I admire, envy that simplicity and vow to apply such values to my own complicated existence.

When did everything become such a chore? This is not the life I signed up for.

Dashing back to me, ears flat against her sleek head, lolling pink tongue smiling her delight with her own immortality, she feints against my legs with the threat of knocking me over. Laughing old loud, a sound so foreign to my everyday existence, I twirl to follow her ricochet off the bushes, turn, with divots flying under her feet and she starts the whole thing over.

Racing, so similar to a Thoroughbred in flight, up the hilly trail, she is gone. Waiting, watching, a metaphor of my life, I am still, listening. Finally I use her special, trilling call and watch her jumping long dead logs because she can and finally, panting, smiling she sits before me, pleased at having, once again, made me smile.

The chair hums, turning from her smiling face I call her to my side, her nails clicking against the bleached wood of the ramp. She grabs the door handle before I can reach for it and the door yawns open under her pull. Inside the coolness of the hall, she drinks, silver sloppy droplets littering the floor as I reach for her orange vest.

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