

If at once she had thought it was over, it wouldn't have been any time soon. The little bites she had taken from the cupboard were nothing compared to the piece of his ego she had confiscated. This time she had taken her bag, awkwardly out of their underground apartment. I followed behind her. She seemed unsure of the path ahead.

If joy had a name, it would be the briskness of a winter walk in the outskirts of a city to reach the body of water that envelops the tiny island. The name would be soft and pungent, but eloquent. The name would stream down from eternity's gates. The name would be within your body, not on your tongue. The name would be in your movements, in your step, in the soft fluctuation of toe to ball to heel. It would be a chat with the owner of a British-Belgium breakfast shop about wallpaper prints. It would be the collage that lime green fan-like leaves make upon the dark concrete. It would be the stillness in your heart as others rush by on their morning jaunts -- off to work, off to run, off to-- off to, what?

I am never sure.

Where are we all going in such a hurry that we cannot define the name of joy. Its iteration is sparse, interspersed between flame and fire.

There can be no fire without a flame, yet the flame is the best part, and everyone adores the fire. A flame kindles itself amongst all odds. Another light coming into this world without a real chance, carried on by oxygen and wood. It begins small, and we wonder whether it will blossom into a fire; we doubt. We imagine the fire it will create -- of great warmth and beauty -- the patterns it makes with its tongues of crimson, yellow, and orange. But, these things we begin to imagine before the flame can begin its growth. We will it into being by shaping it with our ideals and imaginations, imposing our view of the perfect fire.

Mistakes were made, yes, by the woman with the suitcase, by the people who forgot to name joy, by the flame who could not be the perfect fire.

Mistakes will always be made.

But what is at the other end of mistake? Surely many things.

To leave, with joy.

A choice to name joy.

Joy to allow a flame to become its own version of fire, or not.

