

Desire

On the way to West Virginia, Reid watched as the towering pine trees whipped past his sight. He gazed out the car window, fixated on their swift movements. One after another, they came into his sight, and left just as quickly. They were glued to the ground, yet they danced freely like the delicate ballerinas he once saw on TV. He felt dejected. Reid saw the pines appearing with warmhearted eyes. His imagination rooted from the eyes his loved ones had looked at him with back home. He wanted to stay with the trees. He would be planted into the cool, comfortable soil. He would belong. Yet, the trees moved their gaze to the next car. The ten-year-old boy let a single tear fall from his eye. His eyes did not hold the same warmth the trees had held. When you looked into Reid's eyes, a stray pureness took hold of you. Reid was a child, but he knew his mom had to get away from her love towards a man compelled by darkness. His father. She said he was a man who loved fire when everyone else loved the calming rain.

Reid would miss his grandma, and the cookies she'd make for him every Sunday. Reid would miss his little cousin. She loved to pick the flowers in his mom's garden. She would kill the flowers, but Reid noticed the light in his aunt's eye when his cousin would place the dying flower on her lap. Reid could picture all the things which he longed to go back to, but his mom was someone who made him smile the most. Reid loved his mom. When she told him they would be moving, Reid didn't argue. Outside the car window, the pine trees had passed. Reid looked up at the early sun, and for just a second, he let it pierce his eyes.

When Reid and his mom arrived to their new home, Reid knew instantly he didn't like it. They moved into an old house which craved life. Reid and his mom became almost like drug for the house. Reid felt it sucking him up, relying on his life to stay standing. He told his mom he wanted to go outside. He wanted to find a flower that would remind him of the smiling ones that would greet him every day. He wanted to find tiny ants that he'd watch crawl along the

giant rock in his old front yard. There were so many of them. They'd become his friends. He needed reassurance that he'd find contentment, even if he had to leave his mom in the skeleton house. That's what he decided to call it. Its brittleness reminded him of bones. Reid's mom packed him a peanut butter sandwich, and placed it in his small book bag which he'd take with him on his adventures outdoors. Reid walked along the creek that his new house was placed next to. He walked until he found a lonely rock which resembled the one he loved back home. Reid sat on the rock and embraced the scenery with his eyes. He finally felt solace. He couldn't help but to feel a little bad for leaving his mom alone in quietness. Couldn't his mind be at peace? Why couldn't he attach to anything lively?

"I wish I could be a fish. One of the ones in this particular creek. Their minds must be so still," a quaint voice spoke from behind Reid, startling him out of his chaotic trance.

"Who are you?" Reid questioned quickly, looking up at another boy seemingly around his age.

The boy liked to be called Rabbit. Reid didn't question him why. He was just happy to not be alone any longer. His mind was starting to spiral, and he wasn't sure how to handle it. Rabbit talked about the fish. He said that he's come here every day to examine their movements. They move around like swirling clouds that are mirrored along the flowing water. Rabbit seemed to be obsessed with the fish. He loved the orange and yellow hues of their scales.

"The fish, to me, are better than the sky. They are more dazzling than the sun. The clouds wish they could move as expertly as them. They beat the clouds at their own designation. Wouldn't it be great to be a fish?" Rabbit pondered as if his mind as been stuck on this idea for centuries.

Reid took out his sandwich his mom had made him, and split it into two. He gave rabbit one half. They ate it together, watching the fish swim in circular patterns. Reid closed his eyes and listened to what the creek had to say. He was an imaginative child, he liked to give things personality. The waters sounds reminded him of his mom. So many things reminded Reid of his

mom. The gentle flowing of the creek embraced his elevating worry which only his mom could achieve. Reid made the creek take on the role of a father, a gap which needed to be filled with soil and not concrete. When they finished, Rabbit expressed his gratitude to Reid and he went on his way.

The following day, Reid went to the creek again hoping to see Rabbit. He went to the same rock they sat at yesterday. He sat there for what seemed like hours. There wasn't any sign of Rabbit. Reid took off his shoes, and decided to go stand in the creek and observe the fish. Rabbit's love for the fish fascinated Reid. He found himself wanting to be a fish too. He wouldn't have to deal with the hardship he was facing in his mind any longer. He could just swim.

"Reid, you came back," a voice spoke with an eerie urgency.

Reid turned around and was greeted with no one. He thought Rabbit had come back. He was let down, and slightly frightened by the mysterious voice. Now filled with uncanny nervousness, Reid began to leave. He was stepping out of the crystal creek when the voice spoke again.

"Down here! Look down! I've done it! I've finally become a fish!"

Reid peered down with wonder. He couldn't believe the surreal image before him. One of the fish was speaking. All the others had fled. The lone fish was speaking with Rabbit's voice! When Reid questioned how he transformed into a fish, rabbit explained everything to him. He was once a rabbit who desired to experience everything. He craved all the things he couldn't have. He couldn't focus on the lovely things which were already handed to him. He explained the discovery of transformation. Unnecessary souls become merely air. Rabbit's soul takes hold of the shells which allegedly are filled with wonder.

He was so tired being a rabbit. All he could do was hop around and eat plants, such purposeless actions. He couldn't take it any longer! Reid wasn't chilled by this. He was a child; he was captivated by the talking fish. He retrieved another sandwich his mom had made for

him that day, split it in half again, and placed it in the water for Rabbit. As they ate, Reid pictured the dancing trees from yesterday. His mind was suddenly changed. He didn't want to be fish like Rabbit craved to be. Perhaps he'd like to be a tree, glued to one spot. Forced to be content with his surroundings. He'd never have to leave them. Reid's mind shifted to his mom. He'd like his mom to be a flower. She'd grow right next to him, an everlasting rose. His family back home would be moss which would warm Reid's fragile bark. The creek remained a father in his imagination. Reid pictured his mom back home, alone in the skeleton house. It was time he'd go be with her.

"You know," the fish almost whispered, "I've been thinking about your kindness a lot. Life as a fish isn't as inspiring as I thought. All there is to do is constantly swim. I'm *always* having to swim. I miss being a human. I bet it's great being you. You're so kind. So *very* kind. I bet you appreciate everything life has to offer you, don't you? I'd assume you live in peace. I wish I were you!"

That evening Reid didn't return home, and Rabbit no longer had to live as a fish. Reid's mom made her sons favorite dinner, she wished he'd smile like he used to. The creek's water no longer reflected the sky, for the creek yearned for something different than the striking rays of the sun. The water turned cold.