Lily

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Born Anew

The Lone tree rises before me, its branches forever pointing eastward as if proclaiming that no matter how often the sun sets it will rise once more. The green grass of the meadow sways gently, coaxed into motion by a gentle midday breeze. Alone, out of place and yet at the same time more belonging than anything else, stands a steel drum, old and weathered. Burning from within is a fire that proclaims its own beauty, burning vigorously and fueled by something my eyes cannot see, yet my spirit knows of its presence. Its golden glow radiates warmly and brightly from holes that have developed in the sides of the drum, as if the fire were trying to break out of the container and brighten the whole meadow. I sit up against the tree, confused by the sight before me, trying to comprehend this eternal flame that burns from no source my eyes can see. For days, I have kept vigilant watch over this anomaly, afraid to approach and somehow knowing that fear was unnecessary.

Then one day the clouds come, and I think to myself, "If it rains, surely the fire will be put out and all my questions left unanswered." And it does begin to rain, but to my surprise the fire does not go out. The rains come and come, and the fire burns and burns, and without shelter my clothes are drenched and a chill enters my bones. No longer fearing the fire but deciding to seek out warmth, my body moves slowly toward the flame, struggling against aching knees and sore feet and muscles that want to collapse—warmth is the priority. So I trudge forward, and as I do, I notice how the rain increases and shifts so as to come directly into my eyes, blinding me and keeping me from the warmth that will save me. No longer able to go on my own, I collapse and weep, knowing the death that now awaits me.

Out of nowhere, a hand comes forth, beckoning me to take hold. I cannot see the face of him who owns the hand, yet love radiates from him who beckons, a love I've never known and always have known, and without hesitation I reach for the hand. Grabbing onto it, my strength fades, and I no longer hold myself up, but the