



BLOWIN'
IN

@SueMangan

SUSAN MANGAN



Resurrection

Soundlessly, she slips into the lake. Carpets of tufted lily pads welcome her. Lotus flowers raise pink petals to the sky and

croon, "Lie atop the velvet beds and the late September sun will give you rest."

Startled by the sudden rush of lake water, the old woman

curls into a fetal position. Eighty years ago, she learned to swim.

Her brother said, "Before y'swim, y'gotta float Kit, like a dead man raised up on the Last Day."

She remembers her five-year-old self: broad moon-face skimming the water, bright blue eyes reflecting innocent skies. Damselies dancing around her head.

Instinctively, she tries to roll onto her back. She is no longer a lithe seal staring up into the future.

Days turned into years, and years into decades since she last swam in the old Scout pool.

Her body no longer floats weightlessly.

Her purple butterfly shirt raises up like a sail collecting heavy rain. She slowly begins to sink below the surface. An iron anchor, rather than a stone skipping lightly across the rippled surface of the lake.

As she begins to sink, small bubbles rise to the surface. The lily pads clear a space for the mulberry sail rising from her rounded form.

"Sweetheart, did you see the blue heron flying overhead? Sweetheart, where are you?"

Her husband stumbles to the dock, searching the lake for his wife of sixty years.

In slow motion the years float by like dust motes before his vision.



Green and blue lake waters turn to grey as panic sets in.

"Sweetheart, where are you?" He sees the sail of her shirt.

Blue herons, feathered honor guards, rise to their full height commending the man who loves the woman. Lily pads, heart-shaped, marked with umbilical stems hold the man, a bier supporting his bent frame as he lowers himself into the depth of the waters.

Birds move closer to the purple sail that is now almost flush with the violet lotus flowers. They chirp and sing, whistle and caw, trying to alert the old man who loves the woman.

Grab the sail. Reach for the wind.

Mauve sunsets cast confusing shadows on the indigo lake. The purple sail is flush with the lavender dusk of the lake. The sail and waters become one.

The old man is submerged in

violet. He is face to face with his love. Her blue eyes reflect the last light of day. Her lips are drawn in the smile so familiar to his heart.

In a final act of strength, the old man reaches for the old woman. Their eyes lock. Their bodies entwine in an embrace.

Above the lake, the sky fades from the deepest rose to shimmering pearl.

Twilight insects sense a change. A transference of energy.

The symphony commences, an ode rather than a dirge. Bullfrogs sound the bass.

Cicadas hum in harmony. Night birds trill. The waves churn.

As the last light fades, two dragonflies rise from the violet waters.

Side by side they hover over the purple sail. •

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COMING NEXT MONTH november

Bringing you the movers, shakers and music makers in our community each month.

Sessiúns: See What's the Craic for a new, updated list!

10/30 – October issue Arrives

2nd – Akron Hurling Night at the Races

3rd – Daylight Savings Time begins
Craft Show @ www.WSIA-club.org 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

5th – Election Day

6th – ilrish eBulletin Arrives in your Inbox. Free Signup: ilrish.us #ilrish

8th – Submission deadline for ad reservation, Send Me News events

11th – Veteran's Day

20th – ilrish eBulletin Arrives in your Inbox. Free Signup: ilrish.us #ilrish

21st – West Side Irish American Club (WSIA) General Meeting @ www.WSIA-club.org

24th – Hibernian Mass @ HolyName followed by Brunch

28th – We wish you a Thanksgiving Day!

