

Tambourine Boy
Claire E. Tierney

He is the sweetest soul you will ever know. He runs freely through the tired greenery of late August. He also sits incredibly still, peacefully watching the wind sweep through the tree branches. He sits cross-legged on the floor, flipping delicately through the worn pages of our old storybooks. He is forever consumed by the thoughts trapped in his head, a wheel of film, flashing millions of words left unsaid. He is drawn to all types of music like a moth to the light. When we bring him to the experts they always shake their heads and tell us they really just don't know. While looking out over the chilled morning I think, his mind is like a white glove lost in the snow. It will always be somewhere out in the meadow long gone from our sight and maybe one day, when the winter subsides, the sun will come out and we will spot that glove through aging eyes; but for now, we push on. When we explain to people that it is lost they always say they are sorry, it's the worst word in the world. Sorry for what? He's still our tambourine boy.