



I HOPE GOD GIVES ME SMILE LINES YOU CAN SEE FROM SPACE
4x3', **Mimi Huelster**

on happiness.

a prose, Oliver Zhu

wake, and take note of the beddings.

the softness that caresses and the firmness that supports,
the layers of woven, spun fiber trapping the heat, that the breeze,
once the blankets are shucked off, is pleasantly cool upon your unbroken skin.

sit upright, and notice the spine, muscle, cartilage that lets the action remain
painless.

see that you can see the sun through half-drawn curtains, can hear birdsong
through screen door and glass. move your fingers and confirm that they are all
there.

as your feet carry you to continue the day outdoors, notice the unbroken floor-
ing and unbroken soles, heels.

note how when you bid someone good morning, they say good morning back.
the people around you are successful, far greater than you; you are surrounded
by teachers.

your friends look so happy talking to their friends, and isn't it a blessing that the
people you care for are loved?

see that for each percentage lost, there is a percentage and more gained.

the sun is merciful to blaze so brightly, feeding the trees and grasses that in turn
feed you.

the clouds are generous to cloak over the sun, bringing rain in times of drought,
replenishing lakes and ponds, keeping sap and blood liquid and plentiful.

the wind is kind, carrying seeds and spores on a free ride, sending them far away
from their parents to start their own families in a new world.

isn't it a wonder, how the leaves chatter and chortle in a language we cannot
decipher? the roaring applause of waves breaking upon a cliff? the clouds and
the stars, painting pictures for nightly viewings with no entrance fee?

notice how you have friends who are alive. family who is alive.

and you are alive. you breathe and think and love, and notice
how it will not always be this way.

in the worlds beyond, there's a great possibility that silence and inaction will be
in abundance. this is our first time living and we may never draw another lot.

this may be the best we get.

see that each step you take on that finite path might be your last. 