

## Through the Eyes of a Child

*by Nancy Martz*

She looked at herself and reached for her big green eyes and her pointed chin. Her mouth was moving and her small fingers touched her smile. She saw her mouth open up with white teeth and grabbed toward her tongue but missed. Suddenly her face was so close that she could grab her blonde hair. She pulled the hair to her mouth in a tiny fist and felt her mouth on her fist and put her forehead against her mouth and sputtered. Her mouth made sounds that were sweet and lulling. She soon slept, waking up suddenly to her butterfly shapes. She could make tinkling sounds like tiny silver bells with her butterfly shapes and smiled at this wonderful world of herself. She cooed and gazed at her soft pink skin and touched her body to her side, noticing how cool and fluffy she was. She could see that her body extended to multiple colors and shapes that became fuzzy in every direction.

Now her face appeared again with a wide smile full of white teeth, and she heard herself babbling and speaking synonymously in soft distinct words. Her arms were surrounding her and she felt the warmth of her body and how full and billowy she was. She could coo in harmonies, and she lifted her head to see her mouth making ovals and touching her cheeks and forehead again with bright pink lips. She lifted herself into the air with her long strong arms and laughed as she looked down at her blonde hair. She moved through her own body's colors and shapes all around.

Her face was smiling again and she reached for her black hair and touched her big nose and pulled on her big ear. She pulled it to her mouth in a fist and looked into her deep blue eyes. She was speaking and laughing from her wide tanned face. Her big hands with thick fingers wrapped around herself and her voice was low and thrilling as she pulled herself up and closer to her blue flannel skin. She liked herself and all of her shapes and textures and colors and sounds and most of her smells. She was a world unto herself and awesome. She blew bubbles from her mouth and smiled wide with joy.

It was only later she realized that she wasn't herself at all. She wasn't the fluffy pink blanket or the butterflies or the crib or the long arms or the warm lap or her mother's blonde hair or her father's deep blue eyes. She wasn't the words or the blue flannel or the bright pink lipstick or the black hair. She cried out for herself to come back. She felt small and needy, and cried out again, and the others did come to her, but it was never the same as when they had been her, and she couldn't explain how it felt to lose that baby world.