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Washed Anew

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Her feet are bare and cold; her legs pressed against for body for warmth. Across the field a bit of orange glow pushed its way through the fees, washing the world anew. Another day - but his one is different. The sky warms progressively; she rubs her roughed-up arms and smiles at the red and golden beams hat encourage a sense of relief to enter her being. The sun continues to crawl towards he edge of the tree line, commanding new life to the earth. She feels connected; her neck no longer aches even with he faded bruises that surround her delicate nape. This range of soft warm colors stretch out toward her and she feels the ever-present heaviness cascading off of her shoulders."

Cover Page Footnote

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Joella Sweet

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She directs her gaze to the radiance that rises with compassion and she unfolds her arms to embrace the newness of this most beautiful morning. The fresh sunrise envelops her; she has finally buried the pain that has governed her for so long. Her heart aches with gladness; at last that steadfast hope that lingered like the morning dew fighting the heat of the dawn has been realized. Her ears will stop ringing, her eyes will refresh – any tears that flow now will be tears of relief.

Now, though, now – she regards the expanse above her and absorbs all of the pinks, yellows, reds, and oranges that caress the morning sky. With new eyes, dry eyes, she focuses on the gentle glow that has taken over the trees, the grass, the earth; birds announce the arrival of the sun as if a goddess were present. Ripples of light trickle through the branches that stretch across the area over her head. The warmth strokes her hair, golden tresses that gleam for the first time since she cannot remember when. A sigh escapes her lips as the light from beyond wraps around her like a shawl: comforting her, warming her, helping her to see the most amazing thing – the start of a new day.

There is no need to hide anymore.