Kaleidoscope Child

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Someone once asked me what I thought would be the best gift to receive and I said a kaleidoscope.

A child is like a kaleidoscope, the way the pieces cartwheel and tumble over, always showing something new. We’ve seen it before—just not the silly way he flops the orange; or with the character she twists the black. Continually surprised we are, though it’s the same thing only a little bit different this time.

A child is like a kaleidoscope, with small chips of color splashing through the last life and into this one. The bits of purple that are me, and the slices of green that are you. All coming together finding new resting places that are the person in constant flux: floating, melting.

A child is like a kaleidoscope. One minute happy in bright yellow and the next midnight blue with that bottom lip hanging down like Florida. One moment flush red from play and the next a sleepy white that drifts like Nevada clouds in sweet dreams. In whatever way the light trickles in A child is every color.