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Bumble Bee and Somewhere Over the Rainbow

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Bumble Bee

Sierra Fishman

Keywords: growth, maturation, self-discovery, isolation

She flits from hallway to hallway, a whisper of wind slipping between the unaware student body. She is imperceptible, a body taking up space, but without being seen. She wears baggy hoodies and oversized jeans. Her curly hair bounces as she walks, framing her face and hiding the sharpness of her features. She closes her ears off to the teachers who call her by a stranger's name. She survives. And after classes, she goes to room One-Eleven and she transforms into a glittering rainbow, a butterfly emerged from a chrysalis. She floats among her friends like a dandelion seed finding a home. She is conversation and fresh air and smiles. Then one of her friends says "he" when referencing her and she crashes into herself. She becomes a storm, throwing all her rage at the offending words. And then she becomes a whisper once more. A ghost in the hallways.

Somewhere Over the Rainbow

Sierra Fishman

Keywords: senses, freedom, relief, comfort, leaping

The sky knows her name and whispers it in the whistles of the wind crashing over the fields of clover. She lets the rush of it crash over her, through her. She is never more centered and herself than when she lays among the little bundles of green luck and the bumble bees flitting between each little sweet clover flower. She breathes deeply, the soft scent of the earth filling her nostrils. Her body sinks into the soft dirt, her breath slowing, her limbs softening, her consciousness fading away. As her eyes close, the fluffy white cotton balls in the sky blur and dissipate, fading to the black behind her eyelids. Her skin cools in the afternoon breeze. She has never been so at peace as she is in these moments on the wild cliffsides in a place where no one calls for the boy long-gone, urging him to do the dishes or feed the cat. She can feel the harsh vibration of the cell phone in her pocket. Her mother, probably, urging her home; to the cage of yesterday and the pain of tomorrow. She rises slowly. First to her knees, then to fully upright. She leaves her eyes closed as she takes a step forward. Two more and she feels the clover give way to the tiny pebbles that indicate the downward slope to the west. Six more... or was it seven?... would take her away from the cliff.

One. Two.. Three... Four.... Five..... Six.....

She can feel the pull of the wind against her face, the sting of her hair whipping at her cheeks. The pebbles beneath her feet no longer sink into clover and dirt; instead, she can feel the pebbles clink against the large flat boulders that make up the cliff's edge—biting into the rubber of her soles. They chime softly, little stone bells against the huge stone plates beneath her.

Seven.....

She floats, almost as if she can fly like the little bumble bee in her dreams. An eternity she remains frozen in the air, her left foot off the edge of the sheer cliffside, her right suspended in time as it tries to follow. She takes a final shaky breath and opens her eyes and time fast forwards as her right foot pushes off from the solid ground.

Author Bio:

Sierra is from Nampa, Idaho. She is a graduating senior at California State University, Monterey Bay (CSUMB), majoring in Humanities and Communications with a concentration in Journalism and Media studies and graduating summa cum laude. Sierra is a multimedia creator, utilizing fiber arts, the written word, and photography to bring projects, ideas, and advocacy to life. Sierra is the former president and founder of the Disestablishmentarian Craft Club (DCC) at CSUMB, which won Special Interest group of the year in 2023. Sierra made the most of her time at CSUMB by holding a job as a University Tour Guide, holding an elected position as the Secretary of the Inter-Club Council, holding the presidency in the Pride Club and the DCC, and participating in the UROC Researchers program.