

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

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**Full-green trees**

**A**nd the birds sit on the full-green tree's branches. There are about twenty of them. All of them are different species. The woman notices them when she looks out of the kitchen's window into the backyard. How did all of these birds convene there at the same time? And how in the world did she know to look out the window at that precise time? Well, the experience lasts for about ten minutes then the woman gazes over at the stove's digital clock. By the time she looks back at the crowded tree, birds have begun to fly away in all directions.

Something like this event has happened to her before. It was the time when the woman is stretched out comfortably on the couch and falls asleep. Then she wakes up, or seems to wake up, and glances over at the window sill behind the couch where a green plant that she thinks is called a Christmas plant. That day this plant catches her attention. There is a slight bloom on one of the prickly, pudgy looking stems. She thinks, "Wouldn't it be cool if that blossom bloomed within the next ten minutes?" The woman turns her head and begins watching the television set with the channel set on "Hawaii Five-O". There is a digital clock below the television set and it reads 1:15 p.m. At about 1:25 p.m. she turns her head to see the intriguing plant. Lo and behold, the blossom has bloomed into a stunning red flower. How can this happen? The woman closes her eyes and opens them again. The blossom is still in bloom. She shuts her eyes, turns her head toward the television set, and blinks open her eyes again. "Hawaii Five-O" is over and the 5 o'clock news is on. Has she simply dreamed all of this? The woman looks back at the plant and the red flower is there, as healthy as can be. Stranger things have happened, she thinks and decides to watch the news.

The birds and the blossoming flower events probably have logical explanations. Anyway, thirty years have passed and nothing that out of the ordinary has reoccurred since. And it's the end of springtime, time to think of new life and fun happenings. The time is about 1 p.m. She turns off the television, puts on her bathing suit, and heads down to the beach where her parents wait on the motorboat for her to go for a boat ride. She boards the boat, and the three people drive away to a secluded part of the lake where they often swim. It's Memorial Day weekend and the summer season on the Lake is about to begin!

The temperature is about 75 degrees and the woman chooses to start the summer off with a swim. So she jumps off the side of the boat, holds a pink plastic noodle that keeps her afloat in the still cool lake water. She kicks, floats, and swims about in water of the quiet cove until she heard a loud "Oops," from her father who had been cleaning out the water pump with an old red wooden driver.

"Honey," calls out her mother, who sits on the boat's padded bench, reads a magazine, "What's the matter?"

"I dropped the screwdriver into the Lake," he whines. "It's my favorite screwdriver. Drats!"

The woman kicks, splashes about in the water.

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"Dear," says her mother to the woman in the water. "Dear, would you try to find the screwdriver in the water for Dad?"

"Doubt anyone can find that thing in this place. Remember how we looked for that old anchor that fell off the boat a few years back? We looked and looked... In fact, we're still looking for that thing, can't seem to locate it," interjects her father.

"Probably someone else found it, Dad," replies the woman, swimming over to the boat. "Or it became covered by the sand and weeds. Here, hold the noodle. I'll look for the screwdriver. Now where did you drop it?"

"Over to the left of the bow. But you'll never be able to find it, honey," he says. "Let's forget about it. Come on back on to the boat."

"No, Dad," the woman insists. "Let me look for it." She notices that the boat has been drifting off to the left with the current, so she swims about ten feet off to the right where the boat was originally. "Dad, toss me some goggles, so I can see below."

He chuckles, "Impossible. But here's a pair of goggles. Catch!"

"Not impossible!" the woman smiles, puts on the goggles and begins scanning the brownish water and the dense, sandy bottom below. She came up for a breath of air, scanned the ground below again.

"Dear," says her mother. "Forget about it. It's just an old screwdriver. "We can..."

The woman interrupts her mother. "Wait, I think I located it!"

Her father laughs, "Stop it. That's silly. Come on back to the boat. It's time to leave..."

The woman says, "I'm serious!" She takes a deep breath, heads down to the bottom of the lake, brushes away a bit of weeds, and pulls out the screwdriver with the red wooden handle that had been stuck straight up in the muddy sand of the lake. She swims back up to the surface about ten feet up. "And here it is!"

"Oh my god," gasps her mother.

"How in the world did you find it?" exclaims her father.

The woman says nothing, swims sidestroke back to the boat with her right hand holding the screwdriver up in the air. Her father bends over the side of the boat, takes the tool from her hand, and then pulls his daughter back up into the motorboat.

"Thank you, honey!" praises her father as her mother places a towel over the woman's back.

The woman simply smiles, and sits down on the boat's bench. Her father walks over to the bow of the boat and pulls up the anchor. A few minutes later the boat heads back to the beach which is now crowded with sunbathers.

The woman walks down the docks, passes the people, heads home. She looks in the full-green trees for birds of assorted colors. But none were to be found that day.