

## Object Permanence

Sometimes, when you walk out the door, I forget where you are going, or why you're going, or if you'll ever be back.

Babies may giggle when playing peek-a-boo, but I know now how scary it is to have no sense of object permanence. For my squabbling niece, the joy is a direct result of being proven wrong in the face of abandonment.

The universe plays this game with me often, her fingers tangled in my strings. Her touch is so soft I forget she's there, until her whisper tickles my jaw and I am reminded that the trees breathe as I do. Or that the world exists on vertical and horizontal lines. Or that time is on a loop. Or ever occurring at every moment. Or linear, depending on the day.

I am reminded of these things as I see the trees moving with breath on a stagnant summer afternoon. Or when I'm wearing my plaid pajama pants, like Einstein, and wiggle my legs like two red stripes above my head. Or when I move from chaise to kitchen to floor and back again, and wonder how I ended up in that pattern.

I am an unwound scarf, piles of string wanting to be something more than just tangled. I am still a child who cries when she's hungry, and looks at the world with equal parts awe and terror.

The universe takes coincidence and reminds me that I am a part of it all too—she shows me the synchronicities of 2:22, and 3:33, and 4:44 and more and more.

So when you leave the room I, in my childishness, may not remember. But I am always overjoyed to be reminded.