Inches Above

Tim Williams

Purple marker on white paper, I’m teaching my four year old niece to write her name. She’s clumsy. My name is easier, less letters, less lines.

I hand her a blank sheet and tell her it’s a picture from the inside of a glass of milk. I’m not wrong, but she’s smart enough not to listen. Inches above the table, she frowns, writes, and sees each letter solve its own maze. I lean back and see the floor plan of my house, the streets of my neighborhood, the square fields of the farms outside of town, maps.