

In Opposition to the Cat

(excerpt)

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Senior Non-Fiction

I'll be forty in January.

Astrologically speaking, forty begins a period known as the Uranus Opposition. By this point in our lives, most woman are done birthing babies so The Universe takes your hand and asks "Now...what else can you birth?". For many, this will play itself out as the vulgar cliché of the midlife crisis, fast cars, faster affairs. But for some, it's simply a check point. What have you done? What do you have left to do? If we have indeed settled into a life that doesn't satisfy us, a life that's not aligned with what we really meant to do, The Universe will then grab us by the shoulders and ask "Why?".

I want to write a best seller, which is good because I can't afford a sports car.

I hear tiny footsteps. My youngest makes her way to my room, her blonde curls wild just like her. I scoop her up next to me and lie back as she strokes my hair. She's already asleep.

I will write that best seller I decide. In tiny footsteps.

Right now, my universe is playing with my hair. I grab my phone but only to check the weather.

Tomorrow will be clear and a little cool.

Tomorrow might be a good day to bury the cat.