

Ida

Her name was Ida, and she was a simple, good-hearted person. Ida enjoyed quilting, and took pleasure in watching the birds that came to her garden- a magnificent garden if one may note- of gladiolas and lilies, and oh, just a bravura of the loveliest blossoms, where she placed a large bronze feeder, taking care to refill it daily with seeds. In a blue ceramic toilet bowl, she fostered a small bouquet of tadpoles, which always vanished from sight as soon as Ida opened the lid. Ida had no mother. And no father. No blood kin, in short.

And Ida, if we failed to mention so far, she lived in a small house by the whispering, timeless, waiting woods at the edge of the world. Now, we want to say that such a concept- the edge of the world that is- is simply impossible. However, just because one cannot see something, or does not believe in its existence, does not mean that it does not exist. We could have asked Ida, for she certainly knew of such a place.

Every now and then Ida would go visit at the edge of the world, and just sit there for a while. And at some other times she'd hum a tune to herself or go about quilting, or enjoy a seasonal fruit of sorts, or simply listen to those sounds that resonated perpetually at the edge of the world. Those sonic affairs could indeed command one's attention, for they do not sound like anything that was ever given an audience, anywhere in the world, not anything *we* have ever heard, anyway.

Days could pass by unnoticed, at the edge of the world, hours could go by unfelt, svelte, time would melt like ice cream around Ida, tethered to no laws. Because there, you see, at the edge of the world, principles and rules are bound to bend a little. There, at the edge of the world, things work slightly different.

And at this point we go back to Ida, who sat one day at her garden and watched the birds skip amongst the brush, watched them swoon and dive all songs and chirp- it was the most delightful spectacle. She watched them- how they swooped from the trees- and listened to their crooning, oh, how the heart can swell. And then smiling, she walked into the woods, where the trees swayed to harbor her into them, branches waving her hello, and sighing in a

long goodbye.

She walked through the woods; the dark, eminent, the immutable woods and came to the edge of the world. Where, for a while, she just sat and listened to those unusual sounds, and set her gaze upon such sights that nobody had ever seen before. And time- bending the future and the past- embraced her into it.

Then Ida rose to her feet and slowly stepped forward.

One step.

And then another.

And then, this is how things bechance, how life transpires: at the latest possible moment, it could be one minute too late- throw a final glance, catch a mistake, close the door, change your mind- she heard someone behind her, calling out her name. But unfortunately Ida did not have the opportunity to find out who it was. Because it was already done- her last step had already began.

With the third and final step, and with a smile, Ida stepped over the edge of the world.