

The couple sat at the wooden table eating dinner and laughing together as the day began to wane. An evening wind blew in, warm and quick and hard, slamming the door to their daughter's old bedroom. With it came a house sparrow. It flapped wild and panicked, circling the ceiling and battering against the walls, finally coming to rest on the back of Mother's chair. Resting, tilting its head this way and that, shuddering to ruffle its tawny feathers, finally taking flight like an arrow out the open window the woman had stood in earlier that day.