

# Angelica

By Kelsey Simpson

The ridges were sharp as she stood inches from the edge of the cliff. The waters bellowed deep below as they crashed into the rocks, the imminent world contracting around her.

She bent her knees to keep grounded as she felt sucked into the rocks and the dark waters below. Her laced up shoes stood on the barren grey rocks, tiny pebbles and bits of sand picked up in a whirl by the wind. The skies were grey with big shadowed grey clouds. Her short, wispy hairs escaped her ponytail and whipped in her face, blurring her vision.



High above she heard a cry; there was a hawk circling above her. Light droplets of rain began to fall around her. She shaded her eyes from the rain so she could observe the great bird above. He circled and cawed. It really began to pour rain. Her hair was wet. She cleared the small escapees of hair from her face and tucked them behind her ears. She dropped her hands to her sides and let her palms feel the rain hit their centers. She released her shoulders, and wasn't sure how long they had been scrunched up by her ears for; perhaps months or maybe even years. She let her head drop back, opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out to catch the rain. She hadn't realized how parched she was, like rain droplets hitting the dust. Her ears began to soften and she felt a warm ray of sun reach her cheeks. The storm was breaking. The bird circled in a great dance. Water dropped from the girl's fingertips and hit the shiny silver and jet black rocks at her feet. As each droplet formed on her fingertips and fell to the rocks, the girl felt as if each droplet was an extension of her living captive cells. Cells of memories, stored emotion; fear, introversion, contracting, flight, panic, unworthiness, broken boundaries, pain, hurt, sadness, hopelessness, fatigue, burden, shame, guilt,

regret, congestion, feeling unclean. Each droplet falling and running into the river below as the thrashing became calmer and quieter, flowing. The sand had run into the river, leaving no trace of dust and the rocks were clean, polished and looking hydrated.

She brought her hands to her face and wiped the water from her eyes, her eyebrows, her cheeks and felt her soft, moist skin, and strong bones of her face. She slowly opened her eyes. Her eyes were clear, sharp and a deep golden brown. The hawk landed on a tree to the left of the girl, and they met each other's gaze. It was then the girl noticed a large, lush open valley beyond the bird. She hadn't noticed this beautiful landscape before. The bird ascended and lead the girl to the valley and then took off beyond the mountains. There was a rich bed of moss. The girl kicked off her shoes. Mother Earth felt like sponge and with each step she felt more and more alive, energized and invigorated. She lay on her back amidst the mossy ground and wild flowers. The sky was bright blue and the sun was shining. The girl closed her eyes, deeply inhaled and could smell deep roots, and fertile soil. The sides of her mouth lifted as she dozed to the sound of the chirping birds and life receiving energy from the sun.

Sophia was gently brought back to her room. She had been in a deep meditative state, for how long she did not know. She brought her fingertips to her nose and took a deep inhale. Ahh! Her fingertips had a thin layer of *Angelica Root Oil* on them. She had been rubbing the oil on her lower abdomen to help heal the dysmenorrhea and infertility she had been experiencing. She rubbed her fingertips through her hair, closed her eyes, took a deep breath in and then out. She placed her warm hands on her lower abdomen, smiled softly and opened her eyes. Her dark golden brown eyes clear and sharp.

As Marcel Proust once said, "The voyage of discovery is not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes."