

Anchored

“Gabe!” she said.

I turned to her, dazed. She tugged at my hand and pointed into the sky with her free one. My hand tingled, warmed by her touch.

“Isn’t that amazing?” she said, starry-eyed.

I knew what I was supposed to be looking at, but I couldn’t stop staring at her in that navy blue dress with little white anchors printed all over.

The swooping neckline exposed her delicate collarbone, and the dress hugged her waist and flowed out, ending mid-thigh to show off the rest of her succulent ladder-like legs.

I’d like to feel the fabric so I could compare it with the smoothness of her skin, but I held my arm at my side.

She put her hand down to hold her billowing dress so that it wouldn’t expose her underwear. Something I wish I could have seen.

I gazed at her instead of looking up in the sky. I didn’t need to see the man in the parachute to understand why she loved being here. The dress was entrancing in the same way that the red parachute was entrancing to her.

“I bet you that’s what flying feels like.”

“I wouldn’t say flying,” I responded, staring at her glowing face while her auburn hair whipped around like crazy. “More like floating.”

“Floating?” she said, looking at me with an odd, quirky smile and a raised eyebrow. A piano key dangled from a chain on her neck.

I felt my cheeks warm.

“Yes,” I said, “definitely floating.”