

Butterfly Effect

By Erin Gough

They say tomorrow will be a clear day.

I tell them no day's been clear since the seventh of June, when at 12:00 it was all blue and yellow and we made mud cakes and real pies and sipped lemonade and sunlight in the shade, the day that Sheila left and Joseph never looked back anymore and I became the only one to ever keep old photographs, the yesterday girl.

I tell them they shouldn't believe everything they hear. I've heard butterfly wings change the weather so surely can I, with the fringe of my hair and the space between my lips, create a different future out of nothing but the sun behind skies of cumulous cotton balls.

They tell me, stop living in the past they're gone.

And I repeat back to them — don't believe everything they tell you!

— and hold my 4x6 inches of past in hands that remake tomorrow.