

Feel the Flutter

A conversation between me and my art doppelgänger  
*Heirloom* by Eileen Monaghan Whitaker

Me

Wow. Great earrings. Where did you get them?

Doppelgänger

Oh these? I found them at a flea market in Brussels.

Me

I love flea markets. I think it's my favorite travel activity. I buy such great stuff--things that give me such pleasure.

Doppelgänger

Yes, I know that about you. I've guided you down many an aisle until you found that one item I knew you would love. I tell you, though. You make me laugh with your haggling.

Me

So it's you? I knew there had to be some force guiding my shopping.

Doppelgänger

Among other things...

Me

(pause)

What other things?

Doppelgänger

I look out for you. I keep you safe. I help bring you back--

Me

Back? Back from what?

Doppelgänger

From your edges, your cliffs.

Me

Hmm. And I know you don't mean that literally. (Pause.) Hey. Let's not go there, not right now. Who is that behind you?

Doppelgänger

Don't you know?

Me

It feels like my daughter.

Doppelgänger

Of course. We protect her--always.

Me

And the butterflies?

Doppelgänger

Well, they are your people who provide the beauty and the lightness you need when you get too close.

Me

I forget they are there. I want to remember them more.

Doppelgänger

Simply slow down, and breathe, and you will feel their fluttering.