

Home

My father always said she fell out of the sky. But that never made sense to me. That's not how moms are made. He says I was with her when he found us lying asleep in his corn field, in the center of a crop circle. For the third time that year the crop was mutilated. It was September 4th, which is now my birthday. Mom's too. She left the year I turned 10, eight years later, on the same day. Back to where she came from, Dad said.

She couldn't speak and was missing the middle 3 fingers on her left hand. But she got her messages across. Most evenings, when it was warm, she would lie down out back and stare into the sky. Sometimes she moaned, almost like she was trying to sing.

Dad's dog had found some odd items in the field that fall. There was a spike, a rope, a scythe and a unicycle. Mom liked the unicycle and was good at it. I would sometimes sit on her shoulders. Once, I even balanced standing straight up. That scared Dad, but she just laughed without making a noise.

Dad's going to sell the farm, and I'm heading to university next year. That first year was the only one that had crop circles, except the year Mom left. It wasn't really a circle, more of an exclamation mark. And the unicycle was nearby. I still stare up at the sky some nights and wonder where she is.