

## HouseWifeMafia.com PRESENTS

## Sadie's Hands





Sadie sits with nervous hands on her lap. She is nervous for no particular reason. This has come to be her constant state.

At one time, long ago, Sadie was not so nervous all the time. There was a time when she threw her head back and laughed easily. That time has long since past. Maybe it is part of her maturity. Maybe it is how she came to define herself and how she believed she should be.

Maybe, just maybe, she secretly suspects, "I not at all what I should be. Deep down inside I am not what I was taught and led to believe all the things that make a proper lady. Maybe I am not a lady at all. "

She fears this, but also secretly rejoices in it. She always feels as though she has to try harder than others to be what every normal person is supposed to be.

Maybe she is not normal at all.

Maybe she is a rebel, like one of the bikers she has seen on television. She briefly imagines herself, now at 70, donning a leather jacket and becoming an easy rider, wind whipping through her white hair as she leaves all of this behind and heads for California. This idea wisps through her mind and passes quickly.



Sadie waits now for her guests to arrive.

Years ago her hands would have still been busy preparing. Now the rhythm and routine of entertaining, and virtually everything else she occupies her time with is like a clockwork machine. Efficient, organized and easily executed. She has worked very hard to make whatever she does look easy on its outward face. This has taken years of practice and made more difficult because this way of being is not in Sadie's nature. Her mind wanders too much, as it always has. She is given to long spells of daydreaming. You can find her sometimes alone in the kitchen, eyes looking off, as if at something far away. If you ask her what she was thinking about, she smiles and offers you something to eat or drink, and then asks you questions about things she knows you love to talk about. She is charming, pleasant and polite, but one always gets the sense that some part of her, some vital part, is far away.

It is as though a part of her mind her heart is elsewhere, because, in fact, it is. She has dreamt a thousand lives alone in her kitchen. Everyone at church, her children's school and the Junior League loves to have her on their committee. She is the one who will always produce the most baked goods for any cause. Piles of cookies, pie after pie she makes with her hands. They love this quiet, warm woman, who seems to be the embodiment of all things domestic and maternal.



Sadie sits and waits for her guests to arrive. Her hands folded over each other, thumbs nervously rubbing and wrestling over one another. Her knees are together. Her ankles are crossed. Her dress is modest and comfortable. Her hair is nicely washed and groomed and she smells nice.

These are the things she has taken care of, taken off her mental checklist of all she must do on any given day to be proper, to be normal. She walks through the room fluffing each pillow. Inside, she is becoming comfortable with the idea that her dreams and wishes are the farthest thing from normal, or anything anyone would imagine about her. Inside she is Amelia Earhart, following her own true destiny. Inside she is the artist living in a single, shabby room, with long flowing hair and maybe even unshaved armpits. Inside, she is the woman walking with a picket sign or struggling for some cause. Inside she is the woman who goes to Africa alone to see the things that no one else would dare to try to see. Inside, she wades through the blue green water of the Florida Keys, holding the hand of a stranger that she may one day kiss, or even do more with.

## **Words & Pictures by**

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