

Lilac lived in Lala Land

Reg Down
© Copyright 2013

All rights reserved. No part of this publication, in part or in whole may be reproduced, transmitted or utilized in any form, without the permission of the author, except for brief quotations in critical articles and reviews.

Lilac lived in Lala Land. She was pretty and sweet and had a hard time coming down to Earth. She floated here, and there, and everywhere, up and down, up and down, never touching the earth with even the smallest of her tiny toes.

“Lilac ... Lilac,” called the pixies green, dancing on the grass. “Come down, Lilac. Come dance.”

But Lilac stayed. She stayed lilacing, up and down, warmer-cooler, here and there, wafting and wifiting when the wind was mild, and roly-polling if the breeze was too.

Lilac had three parents: Mama Blue, Papa Red, and Angel White. They loved Lilac dearly—even if she never came down to ground with her tiny toes. Now and then, one or more of them would get exasperated.

“Lilac—be still,” said gentle Mama Blue, wrapping her arms around her.

“Lilac—stop being such a butterfly,” said stern Papa Red, hugging her tightly.

“I can’t help it,” said Lilac, floating away. “It’s the way you made me, all three of you.

Angel White never said nothing. She let Lilac lilac no matter what.

One day Lilac was floating along when she noticed the sun. She liked his sunny yellow. She loved his sunny yellow! He was so, so sunny. How did he do that? She tried to float up to him, but he was too far away.

“Oh, yellow Sunny,” cried Lilac. “I love you! I love you! I love you! Won’t you love me too?”

“Of course I will,” said the yellow Sun. “We can be together and side-by-side, but never get married—that would be brownish. We’ll have to be in love like friends.”

So that’s what they did, Lilac and the yellow sun, they loved each other like friends.

After a while Lilac noticed that the sun shared his sunniness. He shared it with dandelions and daisies, daffodils and dahlias, buttercups and cabbage blossoms—and bananas and lemons and omelets too.

Lilac looked around and wondered if she could share.

“Come down and dance,” cried the pixies green, when they saw her looking. “Come down, pretty Lilac.”

Lilac came down and ran along the tops of small trees. They became her name.

She swung like a monkey from a tangle of vines—it became wisteria.

She blew her breath on flowers of chives and chunks of crystal lepidolite and into the shadows of young girl’s cheeks in the morning light and they all turned shades of lovely lilac.

The pixies cried: “Yellow Sunny, make a flower with Lilac.”

So the sun sparkled and held Lilac’s hand and she danced out rays around him.

“What’s this?” cried the pixies green, scratching their heads. “It looks like a daisy at Michaelmas.”

“That’s right,” said the sun. “It’s Michaelmas time,” and slowly he grew weaker.

Then Lilac rested in sunsets mild, or morning mists, or in the eyes of old ladies. And if you want to know what perfume she wears you’ll find it in the lavender fields of France.