

# Liberty on the doorstep

*by Emma Demarey-Williams*

I wish I were elsewhere.

I wish I were over the broad hills, up here on the horizon, the green hills covered with ferns and maples and cherry trees. I wish I were in that deep gorge, hidden from the heavy sun, in that gorge in which a wild stream runs with all of its mighty strength, and in which the drops make a sort of hazy fog; I wish I were in that gorge of freshness and silence.

I wish I were far, far away over the mountains, I wish I could run until I reached the ocean, or until my legs collapsed under me; but I wish I could run, without anyone stopping me, without anything holding me back, with just the burning blue of the immensity before me, the vastness of the sky and sea merging into one Whole.

I wish I were roaming those fierce cities on the other side of the globe, those cities with bold domes of glass and steel which glitter under a tropical sun, where people paint their stories upon their tanned and beautiful bodies. I wish I were alongside these men and women, shivering and dancing and loving the simple fact of being alive.

I wish I were out of Earth; and there, up in the stratosphere, overwhelmed by this insanely absolute silence, I would look down on Earth, and it would feel so peaceful out here, as if nothing had ever happened.

But I can't.

And yet today I took a walk. It was a short walk around my neighbourhood. I raised my head up to the sky, up to the houses full of life, and for a moment I got a glimpse of the boundlessness I was longing for.