

THE FIRST CONVERSATION



By Philip Crossman



out walking with my son
one evening, when ...



"moon?"
|
"Down?"
|



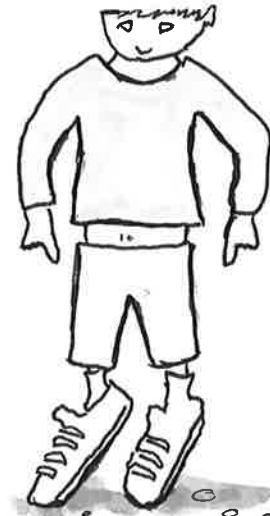
"Too high I'm
afraid skyler."



"stick?"



No. It is stuck up there. It is too high for you to get it with a stick.



"Feet?"

No. It really is too high. Not even standing on your tip-toes.



"Daddy?"

"Sorry bud. Not even daddy standing on tip toes with a stick could get it."



"Rock?"



"You could TRY"



"Rock Daddy?"



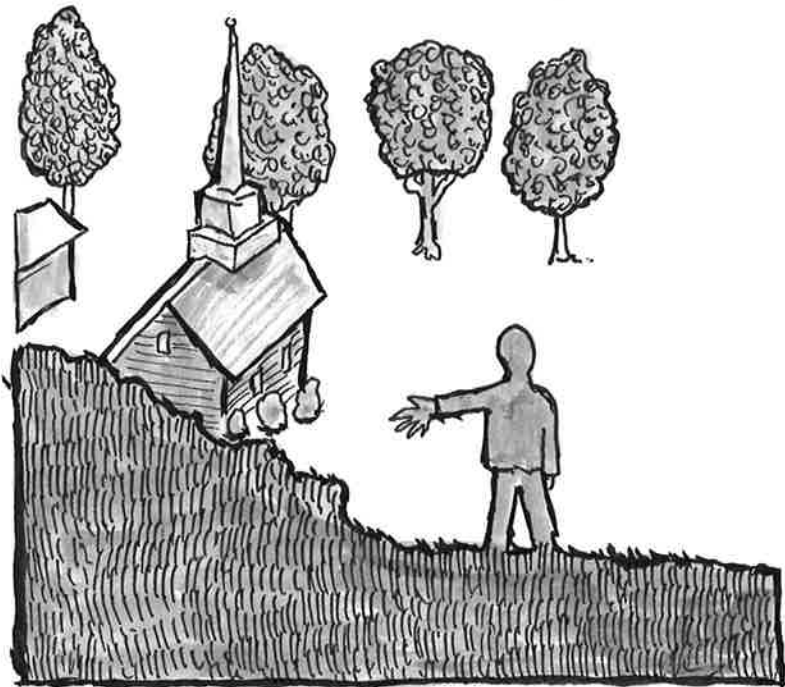
"With an arm like that
I would be pitching for
the Red Sox."



"Tree?"



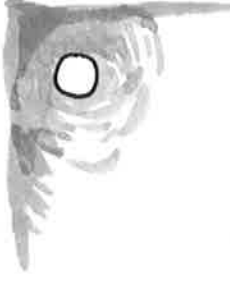
"steeple?"



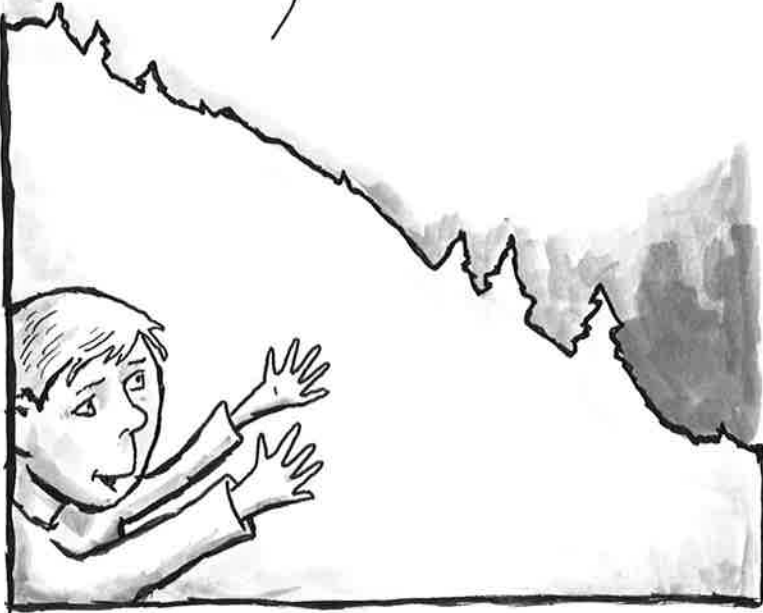
"Steeples are not for
climbing. Got it? No
climbing."



We walk ... a few
more feet in silence
and then he pointed
to the hill above
the town.



"aber dare?"



"It just can't be done."
"Not even from the hill."



He keeps thinking.
and thinking.
and...



"Is this his first
conversation ... or mine?"
I wonder ... as we walk ...

Hand in hand.



To Skyler and Simeon C.
For all the thousands
of conversations since.



CROSS-EYED



CREATIONS