

# East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the  
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-  
Spring  
2022](#)

[Previous  
Issues](#)

[Join Our  
Team](#)

## Non-Fiction

[back](#)

Miracles  
By: Taylor Houle

# East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the  
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-  
Spring  
2022](#)

[Previous  
Issues](#)

[Join Our  
Team](#)

## Miracles

[back](#)

by Taylor Houle

Miracles

Miracles, each and every one of us are one. Like shooting stars, comets, meteorites, whatever you call it; we burn in fantastic harmony only to die seconds later. In the entirety of the heavens, we are but an atom inside a speck that joins with others of its kind to form a blip on the radar of the cosmos. A bundle of cells God saw fit to breathe sweet animation into. All the whistles and bells handcrafted for our personalities to fit.

"You will witness a miracle today," the fortuneteller told. I've witnessed many today; so vibrant, so bold. The sun rose, the sun will set. Perfectly distanced so as not to burn earth up; yet close enough to keep us from freezing. The moon, earth's mistress forever pulling at her lover: not too hard however, the tides must not run wild. Each of the planets circles and pirouettes around the sun in a mad, cosmic ballroom dance: sweet celebration in the heavens. Comets, asteroids, stars, all emit light singing songs to their maker.

My fortuneteller came in the form of a delicious, delicate, fragile treat from some long forgotten takeout meal my professor had eaten. How sweet it is that those walls; so ready to break apart and shatter for me, to share that truth with me, contained the simplest of reminders: life is a miracle. So I sat at my desk, cool to the touch and holding me back like the bars of a prison cell. I sat, I breathed; I looked in earnest at the miracles around me.

I know that the business of life is real. Forty-two hours a week at work and fifteen credits of homework lurk in the shadows. Silently consuming free time and always looming; testing my sanity and besting my efforts. Some days I manage to make it everywhere I need on time, even though my schedule hardly allows. I fly from place to place in a mad dance, each time testing chance and luck if that's what you believe in. I believe in the little miracles throughout the day. I believe in the red lights that stay yellow just long enough for me to get through. I believe in the texting or drunken fellow that doesn't swerve into MY lane and hit me. The patch of ice that I hit; I believe in the angel that corrects my sliding just as I am about to go off the road.

Every day doctors deliver. Dust that scientists say came from stars that have died hundreds of millions of years ago, only to be reborn in the form of me, of you, of us; and our planet sits in just the right place for that star to be reborn. Whether you believe in science or God, there is no denying the miraculous nature of our Viability. "You will witness a miracle today," the fortuneteller told. I just smiled and knew inside, I would: even if not bold.