Mom: Oliver, it’s 9:15. Why are you up?

Oliver: Well, have you ever thought about this ... that your life doesn’t have a shape of its own?

M: What do you mean?

O: I was just thinking about the “Air and Water” poster, you know? And you know how ... how liquids and gases don’t have a shape of their own?

M: Okay ...

O: Well, that’s sort of like life. Those things—liquids and gases, I mean—take the shape of what’s around them, and they can be big and spread out or small and squished.

M: Okay, go on ...
So that’s like our life because we take the shape of the things around us. And other people. Do you get it now?

M: Yes, I think I do. That’s pretty profound, Buddy. I think our life does have its own shape though; maybe it’s more like clay than a liquid or a gas. But can
you please
go to sleep now,
and maybe
we can think
about life
tomorrow?

O: Well, I
guess I am in
bed, so maybe
I can take the
shape of sleeping. Haha!