



After we walk through the triple screens, my daughter, 5, is all limbs and eyes. I say, *Do you know what it means to transform?* She flies away: gliding through the gift shop. Here is my body that I lug; here are the nuts in my bag to feed the body; here are lollipops for when the girls are bored or hurting; here, finally, is a five for a winged charm. *So I can remember*, my daughter pleads. In the shadows, a strange, gentle man talks milkweed and lemon trees. *Within three hours of emerging*, he says, *the butterfly can take flight*. It seems such a long time—all the things you can do in three hours: drink a bottle of wine; find out a child is dying; see something beautiful and then forget it almost entirely.