

VIOLA:

Don't climb that! That's not for climbing! You'll break your arms and then what, we have to go to the hospital? The swings are all yours and this is what you want to do? And you followed because your sister did it? Okay, yeah. Go back to the swings. Good idea.

(to herself:)

These kids. Fearless. They don't know what it means to fall from high. Not really. What am I doing? I can't even let them just...be. Even now. This life...if I just, stay still. Like this. If I just stop. I can see everything. The whole world. When the nurse placed you both in my arms, I knew. I knew the two of you would always look out for one another, my Yuri, my Yumi. You breathed in unison, you cried in unison. And when you laughed—I was not prepared for the joy it brought me, the way it would lift

me up. No matter how hard my day had been, everything bad didn't take up any space in my mind anymore. All there was, was us three. You two taught me so much. You two made me the person I am. More than just a mother. You opened my world up to the smallest delights. Like this. Having the swings to yourself on a beautiful spring day. Giving me a heart attack when you scale the fence like these damn squirrels. I think about all the "you" you could be. Brave and bold and kind. You change my world, just by existing. You make it a little less cruel. You would have made it a little less cruel for all of us.

(Beat.)

Guess I won't get to see the "me" I could be, too. Maybe I'd be more patient, more relaxed, more fun. Become a better version of me. Maybe I would have learned to stop rushing you both so much—to get to the next karate lesson, to the next soccer practice, to get through homework, to dinner, to bath, to bed, to keep moving on to the next thing. I was always pushing you ahead, in time, to grow up. Why? I couldn't fill the blank spaces on the planner fast enough. Every moment of every day. Keep going. Fill your life with purpose.

Why couldn't I just have...done this? Felt the sun on my face, pulled you both to me, breathed you in, pressed your cheeks to mine... I'm sorry, my loves. I wish I could have given you more. You deserved so much more. More time to grow into your lives. No. I'm not going to do that.

I'll just move a little closer now. I'll stand here, I'll watch. I want this, right now. Just so. Just exactly so. Without any cruelty, without any lines of pushy parents behind us, without any whining kids

in front of us. You'll swing, higher and higher, I'll push you, I'll let the chains twist while you both squeal. Maybe you'll think, "Our mother, she's fun today!"

And I'll have to lie to you once more my loves, I'm very sorry for that.

I'll say, "Let's go get some bubble tea and a bagel, let's stay up all night and watch a movie tonight, let's read under the covers until our eyes hurt."

And then I'll run my finger down the bridges of your noses, kiss the tops of your heads, wait and listen to the sweet sound of your sleep. I'll feel the warmth of being snuggled between the two of you, my loves. My heart.

All your favorite things. All my favorite things.

There isn't enough time to do all that, of course.

There never is enough time, is there.