“On July 21st, 2015, Naiomi stayed in her bed until the moon came up a second time. Her body was riddled with pain and the smallest move, breath, or the opening of her eyes would bring so much difficulty that to even think would send her back to the dream of hitting the ground as she fell from the heavens. Her stomach was empty. The pumping of blood into her heart was so loud that she felt her pulse to keep her death away. Then she hoped to die from the pain. Pain so bad she couldn’t get her feet out of bed. She had died for others many times. She felt bullets, knives, heart attacks and water into her lungs as she drowned in the body of a three-year-old boy that catapulted her to feel the most fulfilling heart of love, joy and god ever.”

Excerpt from “The Birds of Concho, a Trilogy” by Kareena Maxwell