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Swollen River

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Swollen River

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I go once a year's worth of ice has drained into the swollen river and the fox beneath the house has found a new summer home. It's not where I was cut from my mother; it became a home after a friend, sixteen years, was crushed on the highway. It was violent, the taking. It was at first blood, organs, pavement—then it became something more real and it was when I was in the shower or driving by myself at night that I could see the red plastic car accident I've seen only through screens. It hurt like loneliness can or your mouth after swallowing cinnamon off a spoon. But when I'm in my kitchen and the light is skinny and I'm pulling sprigs of parsley from a pot in the windowsill (the faint bluish lights of the neighbor's television scatter squares across the walls and the squashes outside are beginning to burst flowers)—is when I'm reminded there's no world like the budding (and not yet bloomed).



Rachel Davidson