BLACKBIRD
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Contents

1-3 Elisa Berger
4 Ben Harris
5 Margot Masinter
6-11 Tom Canaday
12 Will Brennan
13 Haley Jones
14 Peter Lindholm
15-16 Grace Kennedy
17-20 Lisa Mordkovich
21-22 Yuki Hu
23 Katie O’Neill
24 Alexis Hughes
25-26 Cordelia Prouvost
27-34 Sofy Maia-Castro
35-36 Yuki Hu
37 Anna Parker
Elisa Berger
Elisa Berger
Bou Ÿquet \( \approx \) n. 1. A coalescence of flowers: foraged from the wild, raised on a warm window ledge. Often taken to mean the whole harvest of the heart. As in: he laid himself at the altar of her feet, an armful of fragile shapes, symmetries, shades of color. Or: they stopped at a flower stand and his mother wondered aloud at what price she would pay for beauty, before he bought her ten sweet mums II. The blooming scent of perfume, perhaps the kind found in a mail-order magazine. Sometimes, she would flip through the pages until she came across a scratch-and-sniff to try on her wrist, something to remind her of precious daisies whenever she felt the cutting urge III. A bright fluorescence of flame, like the licking tongue that emerges from the end of a hunting rifle. Also, the red bloom of the daisy cutter bomb in Vietnam. This is the way the dreamy soldiers died on the front: leaned in too close to smell the roses, one step too far and they were suddenly blown sky-high IV. The floral pattern of fireworks, erupting into the night. Such a pretty sight to behold on the Fourth of July: the neighborhood gathered to eat, drink, laugh, set alight whatever things went off with a bang. All the children in the yard, running and screaming.
Margot Masinter
Breathe in

The ceiling spins.
The poetry clatters
in off-kilter circles
like that wind-up toy,
the flipping kangaroo,
that lands just wrong every time
with a metallic buzz and whine.

Breathe out

Sleep now.
I stumble
counter-clockwise against the questions
like: “how tired
is the word ‘tired?’”
like: “how many poets
name their poem ‘Insomnia?’”

Breathe in (get up)

Fingers buzz
with static on the keys.
Like greasing the (rattling, rattling) gears
of a mechanical mind-fly,
I let the poetry sleep.

Breathe out
INT. DRESSING ROOM

The dressing room is dirty-white and messy. There are three cheap metal folding chairs - one to each wall. The counter in front of each of the chairs is littered with makeup kits, empty glasses, red wigs and noses, a cream pie or two, etc.

The door bursts open and in walk three identically dressed clowns. KYLE (28) is tall and thin. He is the one who opened the door and he comes in first. He stalks over to his station without acknowledging the other two and sits down. He glares into the mirror. JACOB (27) comes in next. He is the shortest and stockiest of the three. His movements are gentle and precise. He stares at the floor as he silently holds the door for MIKEY (27). Mikey lags behind the others. He shuffles slightly as he walks. He nods thanks to Jacob for holding the door, but he does not make eye contact either. Jacob watches Mikey closely as he shuffles to his station at the counter. He trips once on his oversized clown shoes, but is able to catch himself. Jacob then walks to his chair once Mikey sits down.

The three sit in silence for several minutes. Kyle takes off his red wig and squeezes it tightly as he glares at Mikey in the mirror. Jacob sighs and quietly begins to wipe off his makeup. Mikey slouches down in his seat and stares at the floor.

Mikey finally moves. He picks up one of the glasses in front of him and reaches up toward a cabinet. Kyle notices this. He picks up a cream pie and whips it at Mikey as hard as he can. It smacks Mikey right in the side of the face and he stumbles to the floor.
KYLE
(shouting)
No fucking way!

JACOB
Kyle, calm down.

Kyle turns to Jacob in disbelief. He sputters, but no words come out. Mikey crawls out of his way as he strides across the room and wrenches open the cabinet that Mikey had been reaching for. It is full of half empty bottles.

KYLE
How long are you going to keep ignoring this, Jacob?

Jacob helps Mikey stand up.

JACOB
(gently to Mikey)
Here, go get yourself cleaned up.

Mikey leaves, crying slightly.

JACOB (CONT’D)
Come on, man. You know he is working on it.

KYLE
Yeah, but you -

JACOB
(interrupting)
You aren’t helping him.

KYLE
You saw what he did back there. He fucked it up! He fucked up the whole party.

JACOB
He needs time.
KYLE
He’s had time. He’s not your responsibility anymore, Jacob, and he’s definitely not mine. I’m done.

JACOB
You promised me you would give it six months.

KYLE
It was six months last Tuesday. We haven’t had any more auditions. We had our shot. Barnay & Colson sent the word around and now no one will touch us so long as we have him.

JACOB
(sharply)
Look. The plan was for the three of us to have an act together. That was as much your dream as mine or his.

KYLE
No, the plan was for the three of us to make it big together. The Barnay & Colson Circus is big. The dream was for him to show up sober to the goddamn audition!

JACOB
I know, but...

KYLE
You aren’t helping either, you know. If he didn’t have you around, trying to stay friends...

Jacob tries to argue, then throws his hands down dejectedly. Kyle reaches out and touches him comfortably on the shoulder.
KYLE (CONT’D)
The best thing for him would be for you to leave. Then he wouldn’t see you every day and be reminded about how it ended between you.

Jacob twists away from Kyle and walks back to his chair. He slumps down into it.

JACOB
I know. It’s my fault. That’s why I have to help.

KYLE
Jake, you know how good a clown you are. You deserve better than a shitty career doing birthday parties. I deserve better than that too. There are plenty of other good clowns out there. We can find one and teach him Mikey’s part...

JACOB
(interrupting, angry now)
No! We’re not gonna replace Mikey. We are supposed to be a fucking team. If you hate it so much and want to break up the act, then go, but I don’t want any fucking part of it.

Pause

JACOB (CONT’D)
(recovering composure, still tense)
Look. I talked to him and he’s really sorry. He said that today before the show was his last one. He’s quitting. Okay?
Kyle pauses for a second while he thinks it over. Finally he looks up and meets Jacob’s eyes.

KYLE
(quietly)
Okay.

Kyle, defeated, sits back down in his chair. After a minute or two Mikey walks back in. He has wiped most of the pie off of his face, but he missed a few spots behind his ear and on his neck. He stumbles over to his chair, obviously more drunk than before. He grins amiably at Kyle. He pours himself a drink, sloshing a little on the counter.

KYLE (CONT’D)
I thought you had quit.

MIKEY
It’s my last one.

KYLE
Right. Okay.

Kyle picks up his wig and walks out of the room. Jacob desperately gets up to stop him, but Kyle walks right past. Mikey’s back had been turned and he missed Kyle leaving. As Jacob sits back down, Mikey raises his glass up towards him and smiles.

MIKEY
Cheers.
5) ...dissymmetry...

*film still*
You ask me why I left
why I flew so far from the drooping pines
and the river I called home.

I left because of the nights
when your shrieks echoed to the stars
and I shivered under the covers, hiding
from the monster in the bed next to mine.

I left because of the forest fires in your eyes
and your breath that swallowed down my waters,
because I feared your footfalls that stalked from door to door.

I left because my mother locked herself in the closet to cry
and because my father crumpled, a scarecrow folding in on himself.

I left because I am pale-skinned and weak
streams of sunlight, watery on the snow
because I am the river grasses crushed beneath your storm.

I left because I could not be my sister’s keeper
because in the winter, snow freezes your blood
till you drown in the last of autumn’s leaves.

You ask me why I left, fingers bitter on the phone
and I can do nothing but smile into the hush,
blessing the mountains that tower between us.
When I left my house this morning
there was a lawnmower blocking my driveway.
"please take," said the 8 by 11 sign,
"runs real good."
A desperate plea.
things that run good don’t end up
outside my driveway.

The quiet panic
in the sign’s voice
reminded my brain of how I try to
explain us to people.
So my synapses relayed a signal
down their axons to the receptors
on my tragically empty fingers
and made me call you.

I could tell that you were happy
Because your voice had that timbre
that makes the sun shine on the fields
and create new shades of green and yellow.

That musical quality,
a stinging high C on the trumpet,
that makes the stars move closer and
entreats radio DJ’s to play “Breakfast at Tiffany’s”
by Deep Blue Something.

That lilting, wavy air of pure joy,
that made me pull over
and pick up the lawnmower.
Grace Kennedy
Chased, as if you were
A runaway train, or a
Bitter alcohol

Camouflage so deep
In muddy roots, ripping them
From the home they bore

Broken jaws and lisps
And compromise extinguished
By the lust for prey

Humble prey, you see?
Don’t let them bite so deep, their
Teeth won’t shake you free

You walk like broken
Pendulums, speak in broken
Promises, until

Flesh and bone are gone
Like the Promise Land, and all
Their crumbled statues

What would you do if
You woke up one day to find
That I just hadn’t?
This is no game of
Hide and seek; and those who reap
Are not those who sow
Teach yourself instead
Learn the art of wanting more
Than being wanted

Maybe love is blind,
But you are not; you’ll see the
Marks before they bite

You’ll see decay in
Every glass half empty, and
Every glass half full
I.

I am a cell and my father is a king within the kingdom of his own massive body. Mommy loves me in the only way she can – she kisses her hands and rubs her belly, hard.

He wants nothing to do with me.

II.

I have grown into my own kingdom, but I cower within it a servant.

I want nothing to do with me.

III.

My footsteps are as menacing as the broken shards of his crestfallen promises, like the fading bellow of a departing siren – like the sons that never live up to the name they’re born into.

IV.

My hands are illiterate – I am a walking apology. My mother prophesized me as if I were to be a melody. She wanted to call me Melody.

V.

If I am a melody, each note is as menacing as the broken shards of his crestfallen promises, like the daughter that was born and never really learned to live.
VI.

I am not a melody. I am a walking apology. My fingers preach innocent shame. The hairs on my body don’t rise for you anymore. I am not a melody. I am hair and sweat, eyes and heart. My veins, they glow. My fists, they tremble. Still.
i am not your summer girl
sundressed and living in your past like letters
or lightyears. you filled my head with dust dreams,
made me small, made me afraid of the sea,
leaned me against the crook of your neck
passed me your beer, sharp and bubbles.

you did not feel the freckles on my arms,
calloused hands. you did not remember me until
you needed to make yourself feel magical
and big, until you needed the weight of another body
in your bed, until you needed a place to abandon
your own storms.

eyes on body, you miss my thread from
skin to self. you claim the sea as yours,
banish me to the safety and simplicity of sand.
but i will be frost, will be dark december ocean,
downward, you cannot imagine.
Your tongue tastes
and slips syllables of sound
through your teeth,
soft whispers of desire
winding their way through my body.

I wanted them to wrap themselves around my vocal chords,
wringing the longing out of my voice,
letting my words trickle from my mouth,
staining my lips like syrupy amethyst wine.
I wanted your susurrations to slither beneath
and intoxicate my rosy skin.

But no longer do I sit beside you,
my sustenance, coiled up in the snare of temptation.
No longer do I sink into the promises
slipped into my ears by your soft tongue,
split between the truth and your lies.

Your words are empty now,
your seduction translucent in the harsh light of day –
shed and left behind.
Cordelia Prouvost
You always think you’re going to just feel it, when something really bad happens.

Like, something really bad. Like your dog dying or your mom being in a plane crash or a tsunami hitting the place where your grandpa lives or something. It doesn’t matter if you’re miles away and asleep and you haven’t even thought about your mom all day, if she blows up in a fiery mid-air explosion on her business trip, you’re going to know. There’s just no freaking way you won’t feel that in your bones. It’s your mom.

I think everyone who hasn’t had anything really bad happen to them or their dog or mom or grandpa believes this. Even if it’s just a little and they don’t want to admit it because it sounds kind of stupid like believing in ghosts and mind control and stuff. I think I believed it even more than most people, and I’m not really that embarrassed to say it, because when I was ten I woke up one day and I felt really awful and dizzy all morning for absolutely no reason and later that day we got a call from the hospital saying George had been in a bicycle accident earlier and had broken a whole side of his face. And maybe that doesn’t sound that bad, because he’s alive and his face is okay now, but for my family, it was bad. My mom had to fly out to take care of him for about a month, and I know I mentioned her being on a plane earlier like it was a normal thing but it really isn’t at all. We never fly anywhere because it’s so expensive, but I guess moms have to fly out to take care of their kids when they break their faces, no matter how much it costs. George had to have a bunch of emergency surgeries to get his eye socket bones put back together, and he had his jaw wired shut for weeks, and now he has metal plates under his skin and has to carry around a special permission slip in case he has to go through a metal detector. So yeah, it was bad. Maybe not dying bad, but pretty bad for boring people like us.

And I felt it. Or I thought I did, at the time. I remember being so weak and achey and wrong that morning, out of the blue, and just knowing that something was up. Of course at the time I thought some-
thing was up with me, and that I was having a stroke or some other horrible thing like that. But when we got the call a few hours later I knew that what I’d felt was my big brother, ramming his bike into a lamp post across the country.

But the thing is, you don’t feel it. George must’ve been a fluke – maybe it was just that I skipped breakfast that day or was coming down with a cold. When someone you love dies, or a whole half of the world caves in, or your house is on fire and everything you own is burning up...Those things just happen. They happen, and you’re not there, and you don’t find out until you come home from school at the end of the day to a bunch of burned books and a dead dog and no way to even find out that half the world ended because the TV’s melted right into the floor so you can’t get the news.

And okay, that’s not quite what happened to me. And it didn’t even really happen to me, exactly.

But at the same time, it really did. Yeah, it was really, really, really bad, like directly bad, for this other person. And it was a different sort of event for me, but it’s still the worst thing that ever happened in my whole life.

And anyway, after something reaches that house-fire-dead-family-apocalypse threshold of badness, there’s really no point in saying that one burned-alive dog is any worse than this one grandpa drowned by a tsunami. It’s all just awful.

I’m in my regular seat in Honors Chem, at the high tables in the back where the Bunsen burners are. I don’t think we’re technically allowed to sit here when we’re not in lab, because it’s really too easy to play with the gas valve when it’s just right there in front of you. That’s not just me being crazy, either: I’ve seen everyone do it. Even if you don’t mean to, and you’re trying pretty hard to pay attention to the basics of stoichiometry, your fingers just kind of slide towards it when you’re not looking.

But it’s a big class and the regular desks are all taken, and Mr. Loury knows that Ali and I are good students so he never says anything. He must not know about the gas-valve-fetish that even good students’ fingers have.

If Ali were here, we’d be laughing and joking about Loury’s too-short slacks before class starts, but it looks like she’s late so I start flipping through the hardcover book and doodling my homework answers on the sides of the pages. I’m usually good about keeping my books and my notebooks really neat and clean and all, but I like the thought of some scared freshman getting this Chem textbook next year
and finding all the answers already in it and being so happy and relieved. Like Harry with that Potions book. It just seems like a nice, easy thing to do, to help some random student get an A in Chemistry. And if some of my answers are wrong, well you probably shouldn’t blindly trust everything you read on the corners of your textbook pages anyway. Like, you know, Harry with the Potions book.

This was roughly when the bad thing was happening, and all I was doing was being a semi-asshole to the school textbook and a semi-savior to some current 8th grader. I had no clue about anything. I can’t imagine having even an inkling of what was going on fourteen blocks away – first period just isn’t the time when terrible things happen. Everyone’s all sleepy, still sluggishly setting down their backpacks and trying to find their homework or someone to copy it from. At most, it’s the time right before terrible things happen. And even that’s kind of a stretch.

So I fiddle with the gas valve, and I try to pay attention, but mostly I just wonder where Ali is because she always texts me if she’s sick or really late and asks me to tell the teacher. Mr. Loury even asks me where she is, and frowns when I shrug because for the last nine years I’ve pretty much always known where Ali is.

Fifty minutes into the class, I kind of do think that something bad happened. But not in any serious way – in that absent-minded sort of way where your mind just touches on the possibility. Like when your dad promises he’s going to be on time but then is late to pick you up and you kind-of-sort-of consider that he’s been in a car crash, but then he shows up five minutes later and his meeting just ran long and you forget you ever thought that. Well, that’s I’m doing with Ali – I know she’s probably just sick and forgot to text me, but I can’t help but imagine all the unlikely, horrible accidents that could’ve kept her from getting to school.

I imagined those sorts of things a lot, about a lot of mundane little abnormalities, because I guess nothing bad had ever happened to me aside from that one time with George. I’d broken bones and had to get stitches and all that normal bad stuff, but no life-altering catastrophe had gotten to me yet. So I was always half-waiting for it to come. When your whole life has been just fine and normal, you can’t help but wish, in that deepest darkest part of your brain, that some big awful thing will happen just to change it up a bit. I know how stupid that sounds now.
I knew how stupid it sounded then, which is why I didn’t exactly go around telling people that I couldn’t wait for my first tragedy. But it’s how I felt.

My parents are standing at the door with the school principal five minutes before the bell is supposed to ring.

I spring up immediately, but I think they kind of pretend not to see me – they’re at the door, but they’re kind of behind Mr. Joel so they don’t have to look right inside the room and they’re staring off to the side. But I know they must’ve glanced in when they walked up to the door, and I’m the easiest to see, so I can’t imagine they didn’t spot me.

That’s the first thing I notice, aside from the fact that they’re there.

Mr. Joel doesn’t look at me either, which I find stupid because my parents are right there so it’s obvious that whatever it is has to do with me. “Mr. Loury, sorry to interrupt,” He nods at our teacher. “Could I speak to you outside for a moment?”

I lean back in my chair and wave at my parents, but Mr. Loury steps past me and blocks them from view right then so I don’t know if they notice. He closes the door behind him. Nobody really realizes anything, because usually when something like this happens it’s just that you have a doctor’s appointment in the middle of the day and your parents forgot to tell you.

But I know something’s wrong. But it’s funny, after fifteen years of constantly half-imagining all the awful things that could possibly happen to me or the people around me, the worst thing I can think of right now is that our dog Stitch is about to be put down. He’s been sick for a while, and I’ve been expecting the big decision, and it seems like the big bad thing that’s closest to my life at this moment.

My hands are kind of shaking as I zip up my backpack, because Stitch has been with us for eleven years and he’s the best dog anyone’s ever had and I don’t want to go to the vet and watch him die, no matter how peaceful people say it is. And I’m afraid he’s already dead or suddenly gotten much worse, because otherwise my parents would’ve decided in advance instead of just showing up at school.

I see four adult head-tops bobbing outside the high windows, but I can’t hear what they’re saying. I want to go outside and ask what’s going on, but at the same time I don’t want to be rude and my chest is kind of burning and I feel like I couldn’t really voice the whole sentence anyway. So I just think about Stitch and about how he’s probably already dead and I never got to say goodbye and tell him what
a good pet he was and touch his fur and smell his gross dog smell one last time.

Mr. Loury comes back in and turns to close the door slowly before walking towards me.

He opens his mouth like he wants to say something, but then just clears his throat and nods at me. He swallows and tries again, “Go ahead.” He’s blinking quickly and I wonder if it’s because he’s sad for me and my dog. I feel bad for mentally laughing at his pants earlier.

I carefully slide off the tall chair, and I feel everyone staring at me and starting to realize that this isn’t your average forgotten-doctor parent visit. I have this horrible feeling that my hands are going to be too sweaty to turn the doorknob, and I’m going to start crying and feeling stupid, and people will feel sorry for me for the rest of the year. Once you cry in front of a crowd you’re not really the same person to that crowd, even if you’re crying because you know your dog died and that’s a really really good reason to do it.

But, Mr. Joel opened the door before I got there.

And I know my dad took my backpack off right away and put it on himself, and it looked funny and small on his big shoulders.

And I know my mom’s whole mouth was trembling while she talked, and that her hand was freezing when she reached out to touch my clammy cheek, and that she couldn’t say anything other than I’m sorry, baby.

And I know Mr. Joel was standing a few steps away, rubbing his forehead and not looking at anyone. And that my dad got fed up and anger-whispered for my mom to stop, and then started to tell me himself but his voice made a sad choking sound in the middle of the sentence and Mr. Joel had to take over.

But I don’t know what they said, really. I know what they must’ve said.

Ali and her mom looked for him all morning.

He must’ve gotten up in the middle of the night to do it.

He left a long note. He mentioned you in it.

They found his body in the shed at around 8:05 a.m.

You never know what’s going on in someone’s head.

He was sick.

I remember the backpack and the shaky mouth and the sad choke, and then I remember feeling confused that Stitch was alive. Stitch is still alive.

And I guess I did all my grieving for him in those two minutes before I found out what actually happened, because every time I look
at him now I kind of feel like he shouldn’t be here. And I know that makes me sound horrible.

It’s just, in the tragedy trajectory of a life, pet death should come before best friend’s dad suicide. And with Stitch alive and Henry gone, it feels like the universe skipped a step somewhere.

He wrote that he was happy he got to see me grow up so well and he knew that with my help Ali would always be okay. He asked me to forgive him for placing that burden on me.

My mom gave me a little folded copy of that section of his note. I guess Ali’s mom must’ve sent it to my parents. Maybe she was trying to make me feel guilty.

Maybe mom and dad faked the note to try and make me feel guilty.

I know I should feel guilty. And I do, when I let myself think about it. But it’s so hard to think of Ali and how I need to help her when I can’t even wrap my own mind around what happened.

That’s selfish, and I know that too. It just, it seemed so completely random. It still does.

But Henry? Mr. Merritt? He was the nicest person in the world. I’ve known him for ten years. He stays up watching movies with me and Ali all the time. He makes us ramen. His secret recipe is to throw out all the watery ramen sauce and just put a bunch of parmesan on it and mix it up, and it’s the cheesiest gloppiest most delicious thing in the world. He writes me funny poems for my birthday. He’s happy. He was happy. How could a poem-writing, cheesy-ramen-making guy like that not have been happy? I never saw him sad. I never saw him angry. I never saw him be anything but wonderful, and nice, and a dad.

My mom said he’d been sick with depression since last year when he lost his job.

But I know my parents say easy untrue things just to help me feel better, because I heard my dad calling Henry a coward at about 1 a.m. two days ago.

I didn’t want to go to the funeral, and I’ve never seen my parents get so angry as when I locked the bathroom door and told them I wouldn’t. My dad even fished out the key from the key drawer, which he always threatens to do when I take too long in the bathroom but never does, but when they opened the door and saw me sitting at the edge of empty tub glaring at them, they must’ve realized I meant it.

How could I go to that funeral and see Ali and her mom? Who is Ali? Now that this happened? How do I know she’s still my friend Ali?

I don’t know the Ali whose dad killed himself.
I have no idea how to deal with this Ali.
So I went back to school the next day, because I knew if I stayed home my parents would eventually find a way to drag me into the car and drive me to the Merritts'. And I went the next day, and the next, and the next, until the week was over. Then I slept in yesterday and did all my homework. Then I slept in today and went for a walk, but I got paranoid two minutes in that I might see Ali or her mom so I hid in the corner store for thirty minutes and bought gum.

And now, my time runs out.

The car is running and mom and dad are already in it when I walk back onto Cranston Street, and mom’s still half-crying but they’re both dead serious when they tell me to get in the car.

I know how insensitive of a person I seem right now. I know I should think of Ali, and I do, sort of, mostly just to wonder at how crazy stupid it is that while my best friend’s whole world was shattering across town, I was doodling on my Chemistry notebook and thinking about Harry Potter with no clue at all. And that as Henry was writing his note, then climbing onto a stool or whatever the hell he did, and then wrapping that rope around his neck, and thinking of his wife and of Ali and of me during his last moments on Earth, I was sleeping.

The whole world changed, and I slept.

I have this paranoid idea, and it’s insane because I’m not religious or anything and I know there’s not really a heaven and hell, but I have this idea that Henry’s watching me as this all happens, and he’s wishing he put someone else’s name down on that letter and charged them with taking care of his kid. And now even up in heaven he can’t ever be happy because he knows he made that one final mistake.

I don’t need that folded-up note cutout to make me feel guilty about that. Or about not going to the funeral, or not going to see Ali. Or still not really wanting to see her now.

Our little old Ford is turning onto her street, and there’s something in between my chest and throat that’s keeping all my words in so I can’t tell my parents that I’m not getting out of the car, let’s come back next week. Or next year.

I see their house now, and I see the shed, and I have this morbid vision of Henry still hanging in it. I picture Ali and her mom looking all over the house for him, kind of laughing then irritated then worried then looking in this one final, crazy place – why would he be in the shed at 8 in the morning? – and finding him in there with that folded letter at his feet.
I imagine that it’s me and my mom doing the same at our
house, and I open the car door.

I imagine going to my own dad’s funeral and being confused
and scared. And wanting to cry and think and scream in my room but
having to be around strangers in a church. I climb a step.

I imagine seeing my best friend in the world come in, and I’m
so relieved that she’s there with me. I don’t care that she doesn’t know
what to do because I don’t know what to do either. Another one.

Then I imagine not seeing her there, and my whole chest hurts
and I want to double over and breathe deeply and not talk to anyone
ever again.

But instead I knock on the front door.
Anna Parker

Hallelujah

Woulda been fi’teen firs’ time
rain struck, dead cold and senseless,
grass beaten brown as a bruise, an’ I realize?
Some storms don’t feel nothin like baptism water.

But as the clouds cleared we stood anyways,
sun-streaked glare hidin skin sore a’ rain-welts.
In one rush we raist our hands to Praise!
Glory be to God! (blood dript over mud) Hallelujah!
please keep submitting

thank you says jack

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