Ohio Fall

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Ohio Fall

Hills grazing—pregnant of bones, fall leaves, and Katherine Anne’s chunk of dead rock leaning against that tree. I sit beside her soaking in the sunlight while nearby someone else is drowning even deeper beneath the surface. The sinker asks me to introduce Katherine, but I’m not the one who knows her: maybe the nearby little lamb guarding atop a stone the name fading in lichen. I walk through the beautiful debris death has left me. No, not “me.”

Revival Meeting

Ancient cords snapped during “O For a Thousand Tongues,” animating the strays into various snickers and glances.

They had completely faded from inhaling the pastel shirts plastered “Naughty:”

Organs tumbled from the platform but an infant recovering the stage sported “God can rock your world.”

Applause buried the pipes beneath hymnals.