

## Migration

After the hurricane runs aground, its ragged sails billow over Kentucky like salmon running up a swollen river yellowed by streetlights, back to the place of spawning, migrating away from the devouring whirl, from the drowned, from houses washed clean of their hospitality, from blackout heat and humming generators, toward the longing that drives them beyond sustenance, toward the scent of saltless headwaters, toward the nests their mothers made, which they will make anew, where they will coalesce and offer up their glistening eggs.