

Groundwater

How is it that I can walk that county line road like the crook of an arm, squeeze through the detail of evergreens, push the heavy front door, avoid the creakiest stairs up to the kitchen, my mother's scent like someone's burning candles of it, in a house ten years torn down? Or feel the press of that boy's spectacular mouth on mine, fingers straying through sleek hair, lungs filling with lightning and stars, when we are twenty years on, a country between us? Liquid memory wells within me, groundwater, saturating my sleep. Come morning, wet tracks on the floor, bed to window.