

Rising Action

The summer the eagles came. A pattern of snowcapped symbols barking from the tips of telephone poles. Loud and mobile; feather-hooded. That season, of them all, was marked in noise and eerie bursts of shadow on the sidewalks. I left the house only to shoot broom teeth across the pavement out front, only when told. My father's space in our basement, for the first time, hushed. Like the best of us, they were quiet only after dark. I was growing in ways not unknown. I had more hunger. I was irritated and in love with the girls who seemed to slit their eyes, winking. Every morning meant early-screaming. My hands remained my hands.

Ray Holmes