

Beyond the plains, a border of cattails,
a tired bank docking a restless skiff.

C The edge of an August day, so crickets
hum electric in stale grass, and the heat

a lifts its screen for the evening.
Camus said once that *falsehood*

l *is a twilight enhancing every object*, so I will
draw this memory out for you as it

l should have happened under a pomegranate
sky: the silhouette of a girl drifting to a boat

e because her mother forbids it; the way she
shifts as her feet first catch the river's bed,

d seaweed worming at her legs as she hoists
her resolute body; anticipation thick as mud.

to She is young and does not know
that the skiff has been expecting her

the or that she is called to the river because
it is rash, unforgiving

Water like herself. She paddles to a place
where current erases horizon.

Moriah Cohen