

September Journal: Wednesday, September 18, 2013

The now of this now is buck-solid,
bristling its antlers that claw dawn. Its
collision thuds dream's solidity
half a block down the hill. Lunging through
saplings and coarse vines, its shank wobbles
with terror against the fierce strides. With
each, the gash throbs blood. Silence holds its
breath and then exhales. The car is flung
on its side. One wheel turns. It purrs in
the gorge it cut through brush. On the porch,
chest bared, the dreamer beams a light
toward where the thud first came. A dark shape
wrestling herself up through mud, dabbing
blood with her shirt tail, is this now, now.

