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Salt

Molly Brown

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Salt

Cover Page Footnote

Winner of the Writers' Block Choice Award

EN PASSANT
Meredith P. Embry





SALT

Molly Brown

*Winner of the Writers' Bloc
Choice Award*

When I feel overwhelmed by this life,
I bury my ruddy heart
In a mountain of paperwork
while the years roll around me
like Sisyphus' bitter stone.

I ignore until I'm twelve again,
back in the Salt Flats of Oklahoma
with my grandfather's blue co-op hat
in burning fields of white

Scooping wet soil into my young hands,
He and I dug for crystals from parched earth.
Salt-sand gripped my eyelashes
Like desperate snow begging
not to be forgotten.

How could I ever forget you?
The corn worms that made me scream,
the dry stream beds lined with gypsum—
old granaries looming rust-grey in rain
while I rode your red bicycle—
Singing songs in fog that wove
through empty streets
and echoed past still swings,
filling homes with no locked doors.

Sometimes late at night when I need strength,
I return to the letters, the birthday cards,
still tucked with your five dollar bill
and the last line you ever wrote
in fading cursive
"I'm so proud."