

Untitled

by Rhet Lickliter

Rising slowly with the altitude of the long hill, we felt the grass against our feet and the frayed edges of our blue jeans around our ankles. Above the hill we saw the smoke drifting into the sky. The thin and formless smoke drifting. Rising, we began to see tops of the factory, looking like strange plants against the crest of the hill. Rising, realizing our confusion of scale, our disorientation of space, our misconception of distance. It stood far away, working. The factory was working. We heard the faint hum we were familiar with, the quiet but dense hum we knew were the machines. The engines. The gears, the belts, the lifts, all turning and moving together, working. Rising, leaning slightly forward, rising to the drone of the factory, as it rode the coming smoke, and met us, we reached the ridge of the fertile hill.