

The Noise

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

I'm hearing a noise. I can't see it. It's hiding and seems to be coming from the other side of the creek. With boots on I slowly wade across. The water makes its light lapping sounds. Reaching the bank, I search for the noise. It must have a face, suntanned and warm, that I should be able to see, to touch. It's very close. Now I can finally see it. I squat down and pick it up. It's in the hollow of my hand. It vibrates and sings. It has a heart, it has wings, it tells me I love you.

