

A memory of worms

by Ivy Alvarez

Seph loved to scare her mother in the garden by picking up a worm with the tines of her gardening fork and chasing her with it, the dirty-pink body twisting on the end. Dee would scream a little, always eyes on the worm, and run slowly, as if strengthless, a panicked smile on her lips. Seph would laugh. Another day, Dee said she remembered falling in a pit with worms at the bottom. She cried and screamed as they touched her skin. The lavender heads nod in the wind as Dee tells this to Seph.

