

100 Words

by John Riley

She thinks this is the place she dreamed, but those may be the wrong mountains. A dictator hangs from the bridge across the River Honey, so named because it accumulates deep yellow soil as it meanders through the valley. The color of autumn, the river is to remind her of the calendar thinning. The river is hers, and the dead dictator, and the rich valley that narrows between the mountains' jagged walls. She cannot be certain about the mountains, and turns her painted pony toward the steep trail, willing to risk it all at the top of her new home.

