

Creating A Storm

by Matt Kang

Me and June.

She asked me too many questions, all the damn time. When I answered them, she flicked her nose at me and asked why the answer was the answer and why I was so damn sure. I said I was even when I wasn't.

Today in the field we lied in the felled straw, looking at each other from forehead to forehead, our hands outstretched, outstretched to the Almighty. The sun baked our skin during the day and the moon chilled our hands during the night. We stared wistfully at the clouds; wishfully at the stars. The Polaris beckoned us home.

