

The River Flows

by Randal Houle

the river flows in the direction of forgetting, powerful enough to move rocks like a bull to Padilla, but powerless against the memory of the earth-bank and the river flows, through a susurrus field of a million quills, a shock sends a flock to heaven as a parchment, but the river flows to forgetting, even as the sky is darkened by their wings, and fields of quill-grass turns to sand, the river flows and flows and drowns all it knows, if it flowed with ink, and emptied, a million quills could not bring it back, but the river flows to forgetting.

