

# DENSITY

*by* William Owen

There were more of us before, laying in a puddle cuddling on the floor with heads tucked into the crooks of arms where light scattered their crowns in the morning and no machine exists for me to use trying to find that morning again. Carl could go off the side of the porch like it was a map out over the river on the 4th of July, back when they still had Julies. Tammy could call one up out of the weeds on our side of the sandbars where finding happens under moons rising on the borders of silver pools. If a pebble or two were floating on the surface you might haul over a wide flat stone and sail across a brilliant meniscus to burn up in the steam. That has always seemed a good enough way to go. We packed our laments like kids in a van. Shoulder to armpit with one hand on that handle over the door we weren't ever getting open again.

