Finding Truth in Words

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Hunter is back home, alone. In that house, in the middle of the black murmur, black woods.

On those arctic autumn evenings he listens to the dishwasher hum, smoky creakings of the wood stove, strange rustlings of the creek, to the steady, ceaseless drip of rootless northern rain asking him to take its hand and follow.

He listens to silence.

The last of us home, he will be last of us to leave, to scatter, to throw himself outward, as we have already done.

And on nights like these I roam, against the town’s distant lights, and the country is huge — lengthy sky ablaze — broad, burning ocean of wandering earth under unfamiliar trees, and on nights like these, the world’s immensity is coppery, too bright, prods a dull, familiar ache.

I don’t know how anyone lives in this world of light and dark, of leaving, of the human heart, which is not a whole entity but scattered in thousands of pieces across the earth.

I only know the memory of rain and woods and silence, constantly knotting me to you.

– Crystal Galarza ’13