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## Like Acheron but Not

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## Like Acheron but Not

### Abstract

My sister told me once that she  
made a river  
when she was young  
she told me how she dug  
her fingers through the ground  
til water welled like blood  
from her scalp after running the comb  
in her hair too hard.

### Keywords

poetry, sister, river

### Cover Page Footnote

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# BOOTH



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## Like Acheron but Not

by Chloe Clark

My sister told me once that she  
made a river  
when she was young  
she told me how she dug  
her fingers through the ground  
til water welled like blood  
from her scalp after running the comb  
in her hair too hard.

She said the river  
smelled of damp, rot,  
dust, the inside of treasure  
chests in the rain-felled  
house. And the river  
was the color of rust water  
finally run clear but she knew  
that it held rust once.

She said it sounded  
like bells underwater,  
the kind fish might hear if they were  
called home for supper  
and that it tasted of the forest  
after the burning, the pavement,  
the parking lot formed.

She asked if I wondered  
what the river felt like.  
I wondered how  
the river dreamed,  
what it remembered,  
who it longed for.

She asked again  
but I shook my head  
afraid that she  
might tell me the river  
just felt cold.

Chloe N. Clark is an MFA candidate in Creative Writing & Environment. Her work has appeared such places as *Rosebud*, *Sleet*, *Menacing Hedge*, and more. She is at work on a cycle of poems inspired in part by Supernatural and she invents cupcake recipes. For more of this wondrousness follow her [@PintsNCupcakes](#) or check out her blog [Pints and Cupcakes](#).