

Nebraska

she doesn't remember
Nebraska wind sweeping or
massive
starry nights
big
solid trees

she knows
bumpy crumbly pavement
reeking tar
orange cones
liquid heat rising

she knows
a gas station
cramped racks of
candy bars
disheveled magazines
air conditioning goosebumps
and
a telephone

metal punch of buttons
hollow distant ringing
a glass door jingles
hollow distant ringing
before
"He's Dead"
before
a blurring sea
of colors
before
warm streams
descend her face

-Katie Sillanpa

