

Stories

by Katharine Zaun

In Burnsville, Appalachians
populated by poplars
erode,
unraveling the histories
we cling to. Land thick
with hemlock, sycamore, oak
knows its own wounding,
its evolution.
The truth of which it whispers
in the night.
The truth of which we forget
upon waking.

Inside, I point the long handle
of the shop vac
toward the corners of the ceiling
where spiders web
unsuspectingly.
How little we know
of our own geographies.

My own unfurling speaks to me
from a different landscape,
alive in the slick, strained muscle
of my hamstring.
There the story of my spirited
restlessness sits knotted and scarred,
tender like over-ripe fruit.

*Feast carefully on the narratives
you give your future to.*