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Hills

Liz Bolyard
Denison University

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Hills

*You remember where you come from,
my mama tells me when I visit.*

*Toothless, she rocks,
her slippered feet shuffle
in the worn spot on the porch.*

*I know things. All she'd say
for a while, but I knew her.*

I knew this story.

*Livin' in the hills, I never knew
how big the sky was. But I went west,
seen it surround me.*

And I was scared.

She paused for a moment,

I didn't want you think

*I ain't never been nowhere,
'cause I have.*

*She fell silent again, the only noise
the small scuffle of her vinyl slippers
against the worn floorboards of the porch.*

I knew what scared her about the sky.

*The sky, touching the unbroken horizon on all sides,
didn't touch her. I swallowed her up.*

*She sought her refuge in the bounded enormity
of these forested worn hills.*

Liz Bolyard '96