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The Speculative Consequence

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Cover Page Footnote
The earth has gone all to winter, and night, and I walk, shivering, wondering where this night will take me. Many times it comes to this, waiting for spring, waiting to hear the sounds of a future I find myself afraid to face alone.

"I was," She said

"The mother of your child. In a dream I had, the night before you left me."

The boughs of a great tree stretch up and outward, mirroring the roots, below. It is as if I can see this subtle mimicry happening:
As it attempts to pull itself from out of the frozen ground, it pushes up the sidewalk, it breaths and gasps, a struggle over years, over lifetimes.

"Your unborn son was beautiful, a halo For you, so often accursed, and you played him a song. If only in life, your fingers could stretch that far, to crease up; over the neck of a cherry-black cello, if only in life, you were so whole."

The constant plod of my feet on concrete, on asphalt, on sidewalk,
Reminds me only that I haven’t walked far enough. The sound I hear is not that of my feet on the earth. Never, upon the earth.