

MY SUMMER VACATION

Olivia Holmes

Three of us in the back and me stuck in the middle with only the windshield to look out of, jutting my head like a prow over the front seat. Dad was telling us how Orville and Wilbur Wright launched the first plane flight by Kitty Hawk, a town we drove through, headed for Cape Hatteras. I was expecting a big spread thing like what Mom wore to parties over a long dress, caught at the neck, but it was just land sticking out into the ocean as if we had missed the cape somehow, so this was the head and the sea was the hat. For two weeks I heard gulls calling Here kitty, kitty, curving above us, and thought they were hawks. Words were something tangible, connected with the world, and yet not. Waves lifted us up, as if gravity were reversed of a sudden then broke, bruising us, filling our mouths and suits with sand, teaching us to mistrust. We made believe we were those air-bound boys who grew up by the beach with birds always teasing them from places they couldn't reach. Kitty Hawk. How was the name like the breakers, always pursuing, escaping? I learned words are not garments that fit, but stretch to cover nakedness. Cape Hatteras: where the earth finally capsizes, consonants posing around vowels dispose themselves into vows that crash against a vague and immense rock, on which thoughts are seagulls, shrieking and searching for stuff.