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Everyone Is Noah

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RUSTY MORRISON

Everyone Is Noah

Through her bedroom window, the future isn't visible. Only the pine, losing its needles to canker. Green needles turning a gentle brown, making the ground a soft place to walk, a good place to bury the ashes of her dead, if ash would let itself be buried. Ash poultice on sunrise, ash matted in twilight. In her window's corner, she tapes a holy card kept from childhood to remember the green her faith's gilt edges have turned. At night, the future turns like a curtain in wind, obscuring the figure hiding behind it. Turns like the tone of a voice speaking for so long in her ear, she no longer hears it as a foreign language—a language she'd wanted in her childhood to learn. Which might be green, still ringing in her ears, dispelling balance, in the same way that grasses widen the wilderness they grow from, above and below the ground.