Long Walk: The Day Before

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A man wanders a few days in the desert with some goats, returns to find his Nile red, discovers his fish floating, and still doubts the skies—Because he can always drink his milk and eat his bread and wait for the (Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn’t) brief respite—. There are figs and wine and then some snarling—the wilderness inside the walls—an entire threshing of ice. Timid frogs loose their fear and entrench. A thin camel stops where he is standing. Locusts drift like a winter of humming wings. The filth crawls in to chew the yellow sores that make the women sick and the women turn—stomachs turn. This isn’t death yet, but then—the darkness—the pitch—the abyss that begins where his body ends—. Nothing a candle can fix—. Nothing his hand can move inside of—the mind keeps stumbling—. If there was a storm, he could blame this on the storm but there isn’t a storm—. In the pitch, he can only think of the insides of things—Almost—a man in this darkness might pray to see his son die—might pray for a glimpse.