

A Horizon Is Vague at a Distance

by Martin Willitts Jr.

I had tried to construct her memory, but the image is grey winter clouds before a snow storm breaks silence in half, flakes like skin, yank-rips off like bandages. I can't remember the good days cross-stitched. Every haunting footstep, every turnstile to an exit or entrance, every spinning-jenny making fragments, splintering again, again. Memory is muddy now. It's been too long, too many seasons, too many things we never said, too much shattering. When does memory begin or end? splinters glass? I try assembling pieces that don't fit. I mold her face out of clay. Each particle of memory dissolves as snowflakes on a tongue, crumbles whatever we needed desperately to say.

Image: "Old" (acrylic on paper, 24x32cm, 2018) by Dominique Dève. "A Horizon Is Vague at a Distance" was written by Martin Willitts Jr. for *Rattle's* Ekphrastic Challenge, December 2020, and selected as the Editor's Choice.