Where the Tiny Things Are: Feathered Essays
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Microtopography

When I was thirteen, my boyfriend’s mother used to drive us to Sugarhouse Park. At Sugarhouse Park, she would sit us next to the rocks by the river. The river came from the mountains. The river came over the rocks. The rocks made the river flow hard. The rocks gave the river what gravity and slope couldn’t. Bubbles. My boyfriend’s mother made us sit by the bubbles to inhale the negative ions that she promised would make us happy. We sat by the river as it rushed and as it bubbled. We breathed in the bubbles, happily. On the ride home, my boyfriend drove. I sat in the middle. His mother sat to my right. I held a bag of Doritos between my legs. He fished for chips. He fished with his finger. His eyes looked straight ahead but his finger never stopped. His mother told us about a river too far away where the water fell fifty feet. The whole canyon was full of ions, negative ones, looking for some positive ion to catch itself onto, to tickle its magnet, to pull the whole fabric closer to its edge, to threaten to punch through the plastic and make something purely invented, real.

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