

Everyone Is Noah

The future won't furnish the room she made herself become to house it. Will not be contained by walls or floor, though she thought she could assemble inside herself its meaning—something more than confounding remorse. She'll try to construct a window from the six-petaled wildflower she pressed in her favorite book, another from the glassy blue pebble she found in gravel and keeps in her pocket for luck. From neither window will a skyline be visible. The future is only vibration, like the tremor that a window takes from wind, which will, during the next storm, blow in.