

kimberly m. davis

“your solitude will be a support and a home for you

... and from it you will find all your paths.”

—rainer maria rilke, *letters to a young poet*

...

when the sun began to set among a sky of clouds laden by their thunderheads,
i crossed the threshold into home, removing cocklebur hitchhikers from dampened
jean and cotton laces as a wall clock tick-tock-ticked in distance and unison with
bootsteps muddied from an unmarked path just before the spiny trespassers were
brushed out and over the doorsill to join the storm outside, and i was left in much
needed isolation—yet unwanted desolation—to deal with the tempest within, whose
water dripped from my bottom lashes as a manifestation of a mind too full, too
occupied for new residents in such a way that if the rainpools somehow found their
way in—through the cabin walls that they have pit-pitter-pattered against so
relentlessly for the last half hour—i would just as well dub their presence an intrusion.