LAND BEAST 29



I was born by a river and never returned to it. I could not find the footpath that brought my mother there. I could not remember the walk I took back from it. I've tried to search my memory for the right pattern of smells and sounds. A particular fruit of a particular tree. The hammering of birds in those trees. Giant cats in green shadows, the scrape of their tongues loud against their paws in cleaning.