



HOLLOW

Dyson M. Shannon, Jr.

The early morning creek flowed cold through the bottom: a river for plastic army men in halved milk cartons. Our rocks bombed them to oblivion, and they drowned in the current screaming—some still drowning, floating downstream. Spring fed, we never wanted for water. We hopped the fence to the tree row and broke bottles the cars would throw from the pitched main road. Dragonflies buzzed our ears like the bullfrog croaks hidden in the cattails and marsh. I trickle through the tunnel echoes in soggy socks and pick a sagging limb to ride, russet dancers scattering on the thicket, and the silence turns me. At five, our moms yelled us to supper. The air comes crisp once the milkweed snows.