

MISSISSIPPI, 1964

Dreams drift to a cloudless sky. The machine grunts and stirs to life, scrambling for traction. Dragonflies dart above still water. This fisher is no sleek predator, just a man thigh deep in thickened water; these rings are not concentric circles spreading outward, but dull bands glowing on veined clasped hands. This cry is not a bird's cry; no soft wings soar against the sun bleached sky. *Winch, lift, ho* – metal gears click like the teeth of some inexorable creature. That curve of blue - not the sleek humped spine of fish or beast, but the fat rear fender of a dented chassis, streaming brown water, and now, the cry again.

Every boy had a mother, once. Every dream an end.

- Anna Scotti