
MELISSA KWASNY

Clairvoyance (Little Evening)

Little evening, I walk across the stone bridge, helloing the river, without thinking, uncertain whether I have said anything aloud. All it has shown me is its surface. The old mill is cerise. The sound of traffic is from the village. The berry bushes drop their coated seeds. May I never get used to them applauding my arrivals. I have learned to love the body—loose sacs of my buttocks, papery skin underneath my breasts. I have stood on the edge and looked in. I saw a woman without visible ties to children. I saw a womb, pink with shop rags across its floor. One of the steps of initiation for the shaman was to imagine herself a skeleton, all bone. When she returns from trance, the emptiness is with her. If it is true that birds fly with the sound of the Atlantic in one ear and the sound of the Pacific in the other, it might be impossible to stray off course. If moon waves at the water. If I step aside on the bridge, for the stranger, who says, “I agree that our river is beautiful.”