

JOANNA I. KAMINSKI

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*Faith*

I'd been crawling inside my little room, wanting  
to ride the animals toward a clean lake. I couldn't  
wait. Was picturing it this way: we'd first forgive  
what the world had done to us, then drink. Of course,  
there was no lake. I could not believe  
it hadn't rained. Under ruined branches, apples  
fell like hearts. Through my window I could see  
horses outside, chewing the meat.