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We Wade Through Junipers

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Megan Murphy

We Wade Through Junipers

Shannon weeps as the sun falls in the Mojave Desert. Beauty is the golden light that reflects off the hearth of her iris. Our tears melt like embers. Three crows undress a carcass. She sings "Tiny Dancer." We ascend the iron mountain and scream over beds of sage! Visions of my father: mint aftershave, olive threads from a sweater worn on cold days. Cold coffin, wildflowers on mahogany. Each memory pulls on my heart's hangnail. Shannon and I stand under the freckled moon— shining girls. Lyrics make the rattlesnakes hiss beneath the brush. My whispers quiver like the silver strings of Orpheus's harp. Eurydice spills a vial of Jupiter. Gold flakes that once swirled around my father's pupil trickle out of the sky, and I watch him drip down the surface of every blue cactus. He bit into thousands of Fuji apples, and when he laughed, pieces of fruit fell from his mouth.