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"It was used to catch the rainwater with we washed
our hair."

Jeff Walker
Winston Churchill High School

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". . . It was used to catch the rainwater with we washed our hair."*

I can hear the metallic chirp of our bathtub faucet. The rush of water through the pipes makes them whine. I can't help but think of the chemicals that must be in it. I imagine I can see them--they are the yellow and red prisms of light that become so confused when summer sunlight floods the white basins. The mirrors are like a layer of clear, light-riddled water, hung on the wall.

Some of the prism light escapes the sink and the flat mirrors and it clings to the walls like ivy in mischievous lines that look folded.

When the shutters are closed, the light lives only on the metal strip under the door. Light from holes in the shutters make dime-sized spotlights on the wall.

Rain water caught in a large pot seems clear, but gray--not like the gray water in the sink when the shutters are closed, but soft--running through silky hair.

*From a vignette by N. Scott Momaday

Jeff Walker

A Thread

hangs from the overhead light
obstructs my view
Reach up to touch it
 always inches
from my fingers
it recoils upward like a slow reluctant eel.
Touch it
and the thread dissolves on my finger
like a newt's broken tail

Jeff Walker