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Drowning House

Lauren Moran

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Drowning House

we walk down the red paint-chipped dock. our fiberglass birch bark canoe
waiting in dusty murkiness above the lake bottom. we carry our oars like brooms to sweep at the liquid dormance that lay around us.

preaching to the floating fish corpses and mournful lake weeds, we slip through the inkiness, until in the distance looming, among ashen trees and ashen skies, a house squats in willow trees and garbage strewn weeds.

stalking the islet like water serpents, we slither into a harbor and light on the shore. The building drowns in the sponginess of the ground and its broken sliding glass doors vomit styrofoam mattresses.

we creep inside, wary of hoboes and child murderers, our tennis shoes crunching over bits of glass, telephone books and old newspapers. silence seems to swallow the house, our voices ring in our ears.

exploring, we find a child's room. dim yellow curtains flutter over a thin, torn mattress. November air and neglect chill us. we wander outside and set off for home, glancing uneasily back.

the fiberglass hull cuts the rippling water and the wind seemed to rush us back to our red paint-chipped dock, over the mournful, drowned lakeweeds
and away from the drowning house.

Lauren Moran