F. J. Bergmann - Boundaries

When we were very young and newly wed everybody lived next door, right on the other side of the plasterboard wall or in the next tiny yard. We’d tell the sidewalk, “Back off!” but not really expect it to happen. And the road curled around our neighborhood, occasionally twitching like the tail of an old gray cat. The shrubberies were tentative stubs and spindles.

We pushed hard against the edges of things and slowly they moved away. We said “That’s more like it!” Eventually we couldn’t see the neighbors any more. A forest replaced our prairie vista. We no longer heard the road purring, just over the horizon. The mailbox receded to a quite unimaginable distance. The grandiose trees.

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