A man took the door onto his back and the boy with the carp followed him up the trail to where the trees broke off and the idling truck waited there for them, fuming softly. I have the pictures for this but the order is probably wrong. Old waltzes have their way with me and sleep catches me like a talon in a children’s book. They see the truck. But the man stops and adjusts the huge door on the flat of his back and the little boy scratches a bug off his face, his hair is sweaty, and his carp are dead but flop as he trudges behind the man with the door.

The truck is waiting at the break in the damp forest. A cool, open cry like laughter rips up from the bushes before them and animals lope up the trail and vanish into the brush. This is where the moon goes missing and the sounds of the lake below kink into the sounds of the truck. I am perched in the tree and hold the trunk like a great leg against my body. Things are happening in my chest.

Down to my last picture when a shorter old man gets out of the truck to greet the man with the door and his little helper. But the older man with fuzzy eyebrows stumbles badly and lifts himself back into the cab of the truck. The moon gets lost. The carp are whispering against each other in the boy’s little bucket. I have stones for weapons and I will use them if I have to. I know where the bats sleep and how many it takes to bring a man down.

What happens next is the man loads the door onto the bed of the truck, right on top of the crab nets and the old man drives off through the animal brush. The man lifts the boy onto where the
door had been and says something I cannot hear. The little helper wraps one arm around the neck of the man and holds the bucket in the other. I hug the tree trunk and whisper the sound of what they say back into the eyehole of my camera and click the last shot as they head back down through the trees.
The oars stood upright against the bed which was propped against the door of the motel room. The locks had been broken in the night before and the music we’d learned the shapes of was kicking something slowly out of us. There was no chimney to climb out of or field to drift off to. The tub was leaking and my money was stuffed like cherries in my pockets. Suddenly a woman’s voice asked us for quiet and we held there. I placed my black hair comb on my tongue. My little brother tied his shoes together which meant he would not budge until I made another promise. I made another promise and her rising voice fell into our faces like a buzzing.
A History of Weather

The boy with the rubber boots on pulled his dog from the muck and hoisted its limp body over his shoulder. This is the field where I found you out. This is the fable of our looking. The night came down around us softly like a fire. An opening forced itself upon you and I was made bashful in the cut of your losses. The boy is weeping soundlessly and I am here with my hands frozen into blocks. Even in the pictures I am there.