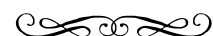


LUCAS JACOB

Not Seeing the River

She needed some
thing to help her
with the sunset,
when the flag just
the other side
of the highway
sat still and stark
against a sky
the pale orange
of pumpkin rind;
some widget to
turn the frozen
gears of the day
and raise a wind
to return her
breath with a rush
of air through her
open mouth as dusk
held still and stark—
some gadget, some
implement of
steel or flint or
bone or thought or
anything else
that could be sharp
if needed, could
be inserted
into a lock,
slipped into a
door jamb whose door
stood still and stark
like weather, like
an occlusion
blunting the night

at its leading
edge, holding back
true dark; a word
would do, letters
to make a word
would do, she would
try anything,
really, not to
be still, and stark.



ABOUT LUCAS JACOB

Lucas Jacob's work has previously appeared in *Southwest Review*, *Barrow Street*, *The Evansville Review*, *Eclectica*, and *DMQ Review*. He lives in Fort Worth, Texas, and works as a teacher and administrator in a K-12 school. He organizes a reading series and writing conferences for his school and helps other area schools with similar events.

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