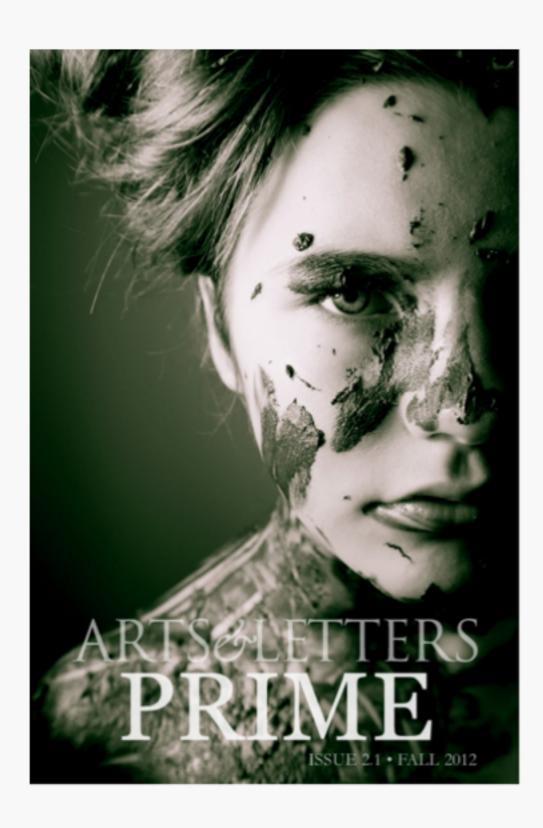


Arts & Letters PRIME 2.1 Enhanced



ARTS&LETTERS PRIME

ISSUE 2.1

FALL 2012

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CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

David Muschell

An Essay by Sean Prentiss

THE WIND WHISPERED



Our Always Love

You and I live in the Cabin, upriver from the Rapids. We have always lived in this quiet Cabin, upriver from the Rapids. These past eleven years. Our quiet evenings, there are only geese of night and herons in flight and you, always, leaning back into my chest as we watch the Sun kiss the Hills of here goodnight.

Eleven years of marriage as if a day [or a dream].

As if just yesterday I [or the Wind] whispered, Yes, when you asked.

Our History

You and I have lived in the Cabin for eleven years. Since I [or the Wind] whispered, Yes.

We have always lived in the Cabin. Those three rooms are the only home we know.

The Truth

All of this was true yesterday, is true today, must be true tomorrow.

Our History

Eleven years ago, you and I floated in a battered aluminum canoe on the quiet River.

We were stuck so perfectly in the Eddy. We spun in slow circles to nowhere but love.

The Sun kissed the Hills of here. The Sun, it kissed us too.

Who We Are

There is you, my wife. You have never been my ex. Not even once. Not even in a dream.

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There is me, the husband to you, always you. I never once said, No.

There is the River that you and I have lived along for these eleven years.

The River currents with our love.

There is the Cabin we have lived in these eleven years. The Cabin you asked me about.

There is always the Wind, and this Wind might have whispered, Yes.

The Hills and the Sun are the other characters in this story of eternal love.

So is the Eddy spinning us in circles and circles.

And even the turbulent Rapids.

Things You Must Have Misremembered

What makes you think I ever moved from your arms?

Or even learned the word Lonely.

What does that even mean?

Regret?

Our History Again

Eleven years ago, we floated circles in a canoe on the River. We floated circles so perfectly in the Eddy, spun slow circles to nowhere but love and love and love and love.

The Sun kissed the Hills of here. The Sun, it kissed us too.

Our Ever Life

I sometimes struggle to sleep at night. It is not the fat moon through the windows of the Cabin that keeps me awake. I just struggle to believe that this, this is my life.

A life as beautiful as the River kissing its bank, eroding deeper into the Hills of here.

Our Cabin

For eleven years we've made a home in these three rooms. This Cabin

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that is as much the Hills as it is itself. And we are as much the Cabin as we are ourselves. We are each other, we are these Cabin floors, we are the dirt of these Hills, we are the Sun kissing our shoulders, and we are, always, the current of the River, pulling us down toward those turbulent Rapids.

Our History Again

Eleven years ago we spun circles in a canoe on the River. You and I stuck so perfectly in the Eddy. We spun in slow circles to nowhere but love.

The Sun kissed the Hills of here.

The Sun kissed us too.

Things That Have Never Happened

Can someone tell me of crying?

Can someone tell me of sobs so big that tears become a river?

What I Know

We still sit beside the River every evening.

Every evening since eleven years ago when I [or the Wind] whispered, Yes.

Eleven years as if a moment [or a dream].

The Beginning of More of Our History

Eleven years ago, we spun in slow circles to nowhere but love.

The Sun kissed the Hills of here.

While the Sun kissed us too, you asked to the Hills, to the River [to the Wind?], If we owned that cabin upriver...

Your words trailed off.

Your words.

Your words.

Your words.

They hovered just above the River.

Hovered like fog.

The Middle of More of Our History

The Wind kissed your words.

The Sun kissed your words.

The Hills hugged your words tightly as you whispered, If I owned that cabin upriver, would you marry me?

Our Home

Outside the Cabin, the rusty green pump pours golden water. I rinse my face with the cold waters on cool mornings. I bring you home water for a bath. For eleven years this water tastes only of love.

These last eleven years I have never tasted loneliness.

Things That Have Never Happened

I never moved faraway to escape heartache.

I have never learned that one can never outrun heartache.

That lesson is as unneeded as a sixth finger because all I know is our love.

Things That Always Happen

Autumn nights we keep the windows open to feel the cool kiss of the night air.

At dawn we watch fog lift from the River.

You hold me the way the River holds the banks, so close.

Things That Have Never Happened

There was never a breakup.

You never tasted heroin.

I never had a long love affair with booze.

There were no burning joints sending ghost-smoke to our souls.

More Things That Never Happen

Never passed out on the floor.

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Never splitting headaches from drink.

Never drunk drives home from bars because bars must be home.

How can bars be home when you are home?

You and the Hills and the Sun and the Eddy and the Wind and the River.

The End of More of Our History

Eleven years ago, we spun in slow circles to nowhere.

Your words trailed off.

You whispered, If I owned that cabin upriver?

You whispered, Would you marry me?

You looked away, toward the Hills, toward someplace safer than this battered old aluminum canoe floating somewhere above the Rapids.

Your words, they hovered just above the River.

If I was a fisherman, I would have cast my hook toward those words.

Before they floated away.

Things I Will Never Admit

I let those words float away.

Things I Have Never Done and Things I Have Never Said

When you asked me [or the Wind], I never paused.

When you asked, I never looked away, toward, maybe, the Hills.

And I never once whispered so quietly that only the River could hear. No.

The Truth

There is no other truth but this truth.

There is no other way things could have gone.

This telling was true eleven years ago. It must be true today.

It must be true tomorrow. Tomorrow. Tomorrow.

Whisper it with me [or the Wind], True, true, yes, always true.

No, whisper it with me. *True*.