kimberly m. davis

“your solitude will be a support and a home for you

. . . and from it you will find all your paths.”

—rainer maria rilke, letters to a young poet

. . .

when the sun began to set among a sky of clouds laden by their thunderheads,
i crossed the threshold into home, removing cocklebur hitchhikers from dampened
jean and cotton laces as a wall clock tick-tock-ticked in distance and unison with
boots steps muddied from an unmarked path just before the spiny trespassers were
brushed out and over the doorsill to join the storm outside, and i was left in much
needed isolation—yet unwanted desolation—to deal with the tempest within, whose
water dripped from my bottom lashes as a manifestation of a mind too full, too
occupied for new residents in such a way that if the rain pools somehow found their
way in—through the cabin walls that they have pit-pitter-pattered against so
relentlessly for the last half hour—i would just as well dub their presence an intrusion.