

Holy by d.n. simmers

*"Holy the supernatural extra brilliant intelligence
kindness of the soul"*

Allen Ginsberg

“Down there” pointing to a dirty circle of water with a tin rim. “I put three golden fish when my marriage broke up,” she points and there is a thin layer of ice around the dark water. “I saw them the other day.” She has been without her husband for over ten years. It seems strange three fish would survive that long in this dark water hole that is a garbage can buried in the ground. But wanting to believe one can see the gold fins coming to the surface around the ice and taking a fresh gulp of air from the sky and then disappearing in the murky bottom land of silt and rubble that has fallen into this water over that time. “He left me but I always thought he would come back.” She moves away from the water and continues. “He got married in the summer, a few months ago and I was so bitter.” The woman tells of how she has raised her two kids by herself from that day and she gets mad every time she thinks of Him, re-married and having a new life while she is here in an old house on the east side of this city. And she is living alone. “My son and his wife live downstairs.” Her face gets red. “He won’t even come for Sunday dinner anymore, his wife.” We

go to a coffee shop and talk of land formations and poetry. Exchange words written and verbal. And when she is back home her head moves to the garbage can and the water. “I saw them just the other day, they are still alive.”

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