

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 6 | Issue 2

Article 18

January 2007

The Diver

Jill Khoury

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Khoury, Jill (2007) "The Diver," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*. Vol. 6: Iss. 2, Article 18.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol6/iss2/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Khoury: The Diver

THE DIVER

Jill Khoury

A six-year-old girl found in a ravine survived for ten days . . . near her dead mother after a car crash. . . . The Indio Police department said the search was hampered by rugged terrain. Moreno Valley, Calif. (AP)

1.

The landscape invites an epic.
Grand orchestral sweep: strings shriek
red as the Sangre de Cristos, timpani low
and booming as the wounded
mastodon's groan. You have plunged
far below the smog-colored highway.
There are no fire-roads or switchbacks
to reach you. Something divine
has flung you far from the city.

2.

The coyote and kit fox, there and gone
in a flick. Butterflies loop and arc.
The windblown soil wants to polish your skin
soft as the inside of a snail shell.
As you fall asleep you can hear
the tiny rocks hit against
the car's metal husk. This is and is not
like playing house. A place for eating,
a place for sleeping, the holy place
where your mother roots herself
among the Joshua trees.

3.
When your saviors finally come,
their limbs are sloppy and unsure.
Their boots send pieces
of the granite batholith
clicking toward you. The light
from their bodies is almost
too bright for your eyes to hold.