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## The Hillside

Amy Moore

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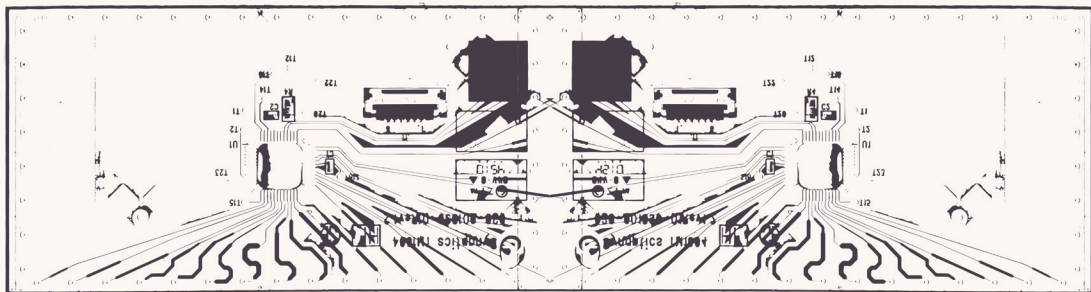
## The Hillside *Amy Moore*

The wind blew, long and low and slow, and plucked at the hair on the back of May's neck. The blunt arcs of her nails pressed pain into one palm, while the other palm held a fist of rose and thyme. The hills seemed to sweep on for years.

May moved one foot, then the next, then stood on one, and then the other, in an attempt to shake loose the tense and coiled ache in her soles. She closed her eyes, heard clocks tick down deep in the drums of her ears, then turned on her heel and walked. She left on the ground her red and white-check quilt, as well as the food she had made in the thin light of that day.

Fuck this, she thought, though shame burned brands into her cheeks and tears streamed down her face. Her feet fell hard; she crushed each blade of grass as if each one was the friend who had made a fool of her. And she would continue to stomp all the way back to her car; her face would still burn when she threw down her rose and thyme; her eyes would still leak when she slammed shut her screen door and went up to her room and fell on her bed as one. When she had hoped to be two, at least for this one day.

Fuck this, she thought, and threw herself on her car seat, and told herself that she felt none of it, and turned up the sound as loud as she could and screamed all the way home.



**Trackpad Circuit Mirror** *Charlie Hickey*  
*Digital Collage*