

CutBank

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Camera

Sarah Davis

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Sarah Davis

Camera

After the tragedy, I slept in the basement
and watched the daily trickle of water
come from the upper rooms. Rachel and the baby
slept in the first room. The empty parrot
cage in the hallway was the only thing
with enough of a gleam in the house to keep
the baby quiet. The cook was the one
employee besides me who had stayed on
and she hummed as she walked downstairs.
I could hear her black dress working itself
over her legs. She brought me a steak if she felt like it.
She brought me a cold glass of milk.
When the water heater was going hot,
I would take off my coveralls and wade
through the shallow basement flood barefoot. If I
climbed
several boxes in the corner, I could see out a small
window
to the grey yard where the brothers
worked days, hammering the stakes one by one
into the freezing ground. When the fence was built,
I could no longer see where it had happened.
Then they stopped bringing me food.