

Fall 2014

Overland Park

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MICHAEL MALAN

OVERLAND PARK

I decided to stop talking about it, a hand on the shoulder, stack of green lawn chairs, a boy wearing a Halloween mask or falling on his face laughing—the fence ran away behind a row of houses—and now I know that something else was on tap, amazing sleep and motion, not panic or collateral damage, but the kind of sorrow that haunts you when you find something priceless and it's taken away, and your teacher tells you the cafeteria is off-limits, and you want to say something, but it doesn't make sense, it's not what you really feel—and learning how to express those feelings is difficult, so you write letters to the editor, and every page is like two ribbons of ink, and every new something is taken from the air like a diamond.