Camera

Sarah Davis
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.