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On Never Having Visited Mount Hermon

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My mother hung the cross stitch I made, framed with a canning jar ring, one chicken saying to another no fowl language spoken here
next to the trivet: mosaic tiles glued on

the decussate during the first part of the week
at Mount Hermon Family Camp and finished

by her cousin in the second, neither family able to spare a full week away from the dairy

and the cows’ daily need of milking. And when we would drive through the mountains near Santa Cruz

my mother would roll the window down, breathe deeply of the bleeding eucalyptus trees and say,

this looks just like Mount Hermon, and driving on the Blue Ridge Parkway outside of Asheville

I find myself rolling down the window, breathing in a sadness I didn't know I had swarming like minnows released into the shallows of a river, and saying, this looks just like Mount Hermon without ever having been there.