

**H.L. Hix**

**If it *were* radiant, it would shine in such a dusk as this one.**

Pale pink blossoms impertinent on the plum, apple trees whiskered white. Or so the spindrift insisted, and the smell, and the sizzle of hummingbirds and bees. This, despite chainsaws at work half a mile off, the crack of a trunk surely a full hundred years old, impenitent whoops from the boys. Despite reminiscence of snow in the glow that time of day. Reminiscence, or premonition. Despite all the noise. Despite, or because of, my body's floating away.

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Escape disguises removal from place, family, home.  
*It's right about there. Everything's fine here, how're things there?*

*They're no more than rolling hills, but here they call them mountains.*

*Again this year, she swore this would be her last visit home.*  
Some said we wanted in spite, some because, of the removal to return to the mountains. As if home had ever been there.