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## En Passant

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**EN PASSANT**  
Meredith P. Embry





## SALT

Molly Brown

*Winner of the Writers' Bloc  
Choice Award*

When I feel overwhelmed by this life,  
I bury my ruddy heart  
In a mountain of paperwork  
while the years roll around me  
like Sisyphus' bitter stone.

I ignore until I'm twelve again,  
back in the Salt Flats of Oklahoma  
with my grandfather's blue co-op hat  
in burning fields of white

Scooping wet soil into my young hands,  
He and I dug for crystals from parched earth.  
Salt-sand gripped my eyelashes  
Like desperate snow begging  
not to be forgotten.

How could I ever forget you?  
The corn worms that made me scream,  
the dry stream beds lined with gypsum—  
old granaries looming rust-grey in rain  
while I rode your red bicycle—  
Singing songs in fog that wove  
through empty streets  
and echoed past still swings,  
filling homes with no locked doors.

Sometimes late at night when I need strength,  
I return to the letters, the birthday cards,  
still tucked with your five dollar bill  
and the last line you ever wrote  
in fading cursive  
"I'm so proud."