

## **Alicia Cole**

### **Yes, I also need a title**

Three ducks slice the water.  
The hike narrows, a long slash  
of land where we meander,  
telling ghost stories.

Ducks tell their own stories:  
stories of the old and the new year.  
Ducklings remember only one, but there  
are many for older ducks.

Many like the leaves gathering,  
many like the water drops  
sluicing over the edge  
of the waterfall.

Many like the ever deepening ghost  
stories. Every living thing  
wanders quickly, wanders slowly,  
always noticing the edge.

Of the waterfall. Of the cliff.  
Every living thing hunkers in to hear  
the last tale of some irredeemable fools.

**Alicia Cole** is a writer and visual artist in Huntsville, AL. She has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Hermeneutic Chaos*, *Amaryllis*, *Eunoia Review*, and *Love & Ensuing Madness*. You can find more about her at [www.facebook.com/AliciaColewriter](http://www.facebook.com/AliciaColewriter).