

Gina Vallis

One Way Ticket

First stop my younger climate the humid Eastern river where I cast my hook and never caught anything but came back the next morning to duplicate Summer to pierce another drowsy boredom of still water and small echoes

Second stop to once again wander Westward older back to that knack of how to forget being pressed unwilling against other flesh numbed by the fog at night so thick walking a strip of road for miles of empty imagining losing my way

Third stop revisit that final Inland percussion thrum sounding the secret mastery of an unfocussed gaze past limp hands lying in the high desert dormant camouflaged in the dry river bottom by the wind bruised grasses

Gina Vallis has published a variety of writing, including poetry in *Wordriver Review*, short pieces on disability, academic articles and a text. She is a faculty member of the University of California at Santa Barbara.