

The Bats

bats circle above me looking for food i throw a small pebble into the dusk they chase after it / my mother taught me to do that one hot night when we lived in the swamp / the bats circling around she told us all about echolocation while throwing that pebble / we spent hours throwing pebbles looking at bats until it was too dark to see / we did it again the next night and the next night and the next / my sisters and mother and i danced in the swamp like women / we hollered with the bats / my sister could hear alligators crooning past the fence / the bats hear it too / we chased after our own pebbles on the ground collecting anything we found pretty enough / pebbles screws broken bits of glass / we lay in the grass and stared at the bats chasing bugs in the air / real bugs / my sisters spun in circles and we waited for the bats to notice us but they never did / my mother kept throwing pebbles / my sister started singing with the alligators / i listened and watched and when it got too dark to see the bats we knew they were still there / we were still there throwing pebbles into the darkness / we were never afraid.