

THE
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SIL0

Outside the grain bin across from Frank's field, I jumped in to join my brother, the steel threshold catching on my skirt. It sounded like it hurt, the flower print unraveling like the distance between us non-kin swimming in that bin full of vegetable eggs, more and more corn kernels separating our voices. Reverb waved out like the path of an object in air without Iowa's influence: we flowed. I pinched the thread with my thumb, a snap that cracked like popcorn would if either of us allowed the kernels to get that far. He floated on the edge, finally bound by the circumference of the same silo as me, the adopted, the duckling swimming in a pool of dryness. There was no cut, no fluid, no mother matter, no drip at the bottom. We were the same crop all the way down, only tasting our own mouths.