

Army of One

My mother worries – like all mothers – that I’m going to New York to die. If I hold the phone away from my ear, she is a general warning troops of ambush. Or else a hysterical plover chivying her chicks into the dune’s safe moonscape, out of the beach’s brackish swale. On Twitter yesterday, at least four people I know shared that meme about waking up to World War Three. The president reclines his seat and licks Diablo Sauce from the creases of his trigger finger. I recheck the deadbolt, practicing for predators more canny than raccoons and feral cats. I share the meme about the thickness of concrete, the timeline, the brushing off of clothes and hair. I like to think we’ll come through it without fallout. I want to tell my mother we all die somewhere, begging or embattled. I want to tell her I have swallowed the filth of many cities. If I am to die, New York is a splendid place to do it; that warren of tunnels under the concrete isle looks just like a tidy network of pathways through a dune, and I am done huddling, unhatched as an egg, for the ravenous and ready.

KT Herr

Inspiration: *Army of One* by Jeff Campion