

Moving Along

By Cathy Hammond

I wait in my pick-up near the river that separates my world from theirs. My side food and water. Their side fear.

A woman with disheveled hair tugs on her son, and he clutches a wet, ratty bear. The whole lot is shiverin' from the swim.

I flash my lights, and they pile in back with my spare tire. They all want to plug their phones in first.

I drop them by the tracks over where the trains slow, and while they scramble into a boxcar, everyone fighting for a spot, I head on home to my safe still bed.