Somewhere Deep in the Ozarks

Danielle Hughson*
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Lightning bugs coat the windshield of her car, their small, semi-hard bodies pinging the curved surface like stones. Past and present come to rest with a dying luminescence, a sudden, startling reminiscence of when she caught their fashing forms as a child, when she captured them for a night instead of a life, as she does now on the edge of a black highway. She slows with the reflection, but one last victim slams into the windshield and dies with such lasting tenacity that she can still see the repercussion miles down the road.

Danielle Hughson has declined commenting. Her piece, however, speaks for itself. (editor’s note)