

# Okay so you ask me what I know

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and all I know is rooted in the smell of the Grand River and the summer they drained her dry. My two older brothers and me on their heels, as our heels slipped on the flat rock which covered the river bed. The water was maybe two inches high, this I know.

When my heart is warm in the way childhood can make you feel, I know it is reliving this day. We caught crawfish in buckets and turned rock after rock after rock until we were turning ourselves. In a different body of water, in a different year where I may not know everything I will know, I cry into this memory, into this day.

They drained her to fix an island which nestled between the ledges and the summer ice cream shop, between swirl with sprinkles and your brothers are too old for that. This same summer I fell fast and hard into life off my brother's handlebars and the asphalt felt just the same as when they outgrew the memory of the drained river, before they outgrew me. (The water came back,

this I know too, but the next summer there were less laughs and still the same amount of sun, more playing over here and you stay over there, and I know, childhood is the first heartbreak.)



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