with a wooden hammer. He refused to speak of night. Preferred the chiseled horizons of morning. Liked things to be underwater where he could look down at their murky forms and guess what shape they would take when he fished them out with his stone hands.

When the sun rose slick and pink like an infant, my father set out to follow the sweeping light. He traced blue streets under clouds that refused to stay still in search of an earlier part of day. He hammered at the air like he was incapable of hurting it. After he broke the sky, my father set to the woods. At dusk he sat on the porch and dabbed at the sweat that pooled on his skin. He looked over the forest where he’d left nothing but stumps and waited for dusk, and those tricks of light that make things appear to grow.