

Relapse

Day's Estranged: 622

By Hannah Riccardi

I mince red onions into miniature
Aztec pyramids and Bermuda triangles
on a value pack paper plate, juice
leaking through onto the plywood
dorm desk. My fingers remember
rhythm, chef's knife on wood,
razor thin slices of radish for potato

salad in my Aunt's kitchen. Slivers
pile in a white ceramic bowl
on the tile counter, mixing with
entire conversations whispered
in the quiet thump to my slow
staccato syncopation of-
 Tonight I drive the mountain.

Twenty days clean of flying, but tonight
is the same as all other nights, hurtling
down the highway, staring at the reflectors
in the road through a dirty windshield, river
of stars, illuminating the next five heartbeats,
the sound of onions beginning to sizzle, and
the way foothill grass smells at night.