

# The Year of Our Searching

by Hannah Jarrett

In truth, we were two people who couldn't find the same plot of grass. Searched across four state lines for a world where feet bronze into what fields and bodies lose bone-form.

But let me tell you something about places like that—you know, where lovers die in the fashion of heroes and children learn to question the color of things—

there, it's easy to etch eighteen years of world history into the only tree for three hundred miles. To walk away know you'll never find it again.

Instead, the person you're looking for (Mr. Inglewood, in this case) stumbles upon a wind-stooped shrub a year later. Believes he's found the idea of you sewn in the bark.

Sure, all this happened                      more or less.

And because we didn't know our tongues weren't long enough to book end the Pacific, we both suffered a hope-drought outside out skin.

Slept, curled into sand dunes, for 364 days. But in the fleeting moment before we closed our eyes, we saw each other—almost in the way of birds—as we'd never seen before.

**Hannah is from Chapin, SC, where she attended Chapin High School.**