

Story Excerpt

MaryEllen Beveridge

High Diving

A half moon rode behind the pines, illuminating the cottage with a flat white light and the rooms within as if from the distant glare of a searchlight. The dirt yard was deeply shadowed. A sound like a memory purred across a bed of pine needles. Sitting on a knotted branch like an idol, a gray-furred owl inclined its head to the forest floor. It opened its wings and lifted its body upward, and its flight was almost soundless, like an echo. Violet lay suddenly awake in old man Lunden's bed. The hems of the curtains turned in the lake breeze. A cry had sounded in the woods. Next to her Randy spoke rapidly in his sleep, as if entreating something away. Violet pulled the covers back and stood at the window. She heard a hushed stirring in the darkness, the lifting of nostrils to the wind, the tense extension of ligament and muscle. Raptors watched over the night from the high branches. A lynx stepped across the lichen-covered rocks. Violet waited in the night for the sounds of flight and struggle.

To read the full story, purchase Issue 2 of The Lindenwood Review.