

Jay dreams of creation every night and chases
the wild turkey that roam the neighborhood lawns by day. I
ask her what she is doing and she asks me if I have ever seen where a turkey goes to sleep.
She fashions herself to be some sort of Icarus,
a gleam of incandescent brilliance doomed to tragic, passionate ending in the watery depths.
She is a romantic and I am not, so I tell her
that she sounds stupid and that she sounds more like Theseus' father instead,
the idiot king who threw himself into the sea in premature grief.
Jay counters that he (Theseus' father) got a sea named after him and
I throw my hand up and tell her she can go to live with the turkeys for all I care (I have a math test tomorrow).
The turkeys (wild) leave dark prints in the morning dew of the grass they
meander through in the mornings as the
neighborhood stirs from its sleep (fitful). Suburbia dreams its turkey dreams,
and Jay wakes up early to shadow them (the wild turkeys that walk through my neighborhood).
She invited me once (to follow the turkeys), and I said
no (I have a math test tomorrow and I haven't studied yet) (Ms. Hanney doesn't give extra credit),
and I wonder sometimes what she does when she
stalks the turkeys (twenty of them, or more, taking a left on Howell Street across the lawn of the house with the
floor door) but
I am not curious enough to wake up early (six, an hour before the bus comes) (the turkeys leave behind footprints
all over my dreams) and accompany her.
She is the funny story I tell when
our volleyball team is taking a five minute break and the
other girls (they are taller than me) laugh,
and suddenly I regret telling them because their laugh feels sacrilegious in some undefinable way (louder than my
own laugh).
But Jay probably tells stories about me to the
turkeys (they are wild and full of germs so I watch them from the window) when she follows them, so
I don't think I feel too bad.
My mom is in a rush one morning when
the turkeys are crossing the street (Jay tells me they make this crossing four times, every morning without fail) and
she
sees a gap in the stream of feathers (ash-gray and full of germs, don't pick up that feather they left behind) and
she pushes her car (blue Chevy) past, and the turkeys (head full of Jay's stories) are smart enough not to get hit but
not

smart enough to wait to rejoin the others, and they run alongside her car (turkey reflection on the blue Chevy doors)
to outflank her in a panic and when we crown
from the sea of turkeys (Jay says she counted, and that my guess was not wrong and there are more than twenty but less than thirty) I look back at them and they
stand devastatingly still, as if they cannot see the other half of their group on the other side of the road.
I tell Jay that the turkeys in our neighborhood (they are locked in a tumultuous relationship) (the neighborhood and the turkeys)
are stupid and it doesn't matter where they sleep at night (fitful dreams)
and Jay repeats her Icarus spiel (incandescent, brilliant, bright, bright sun) and that
she just needs to know and just needs to
see the hideout in the woods where the turkeys go, just
once. That night I sit at the window and think of Jay (incandescent, brilliant, bright, bright) in the dark
and I imagine Icarus
falling, falling, into a wine-dark sea. His back hits the water like a concrete wall and the water
folds around him silently, broken bones and all, and envelopes him in a deep and watery embrace, and it can
love him the way the sun (incandescent, brilliant, bright, bright) could not, and
the next morning I wake up early and find Jay standing in a waist-high river of turkey and I
look at her and she looks at me and everything is incandescent, brilliant, bright, bright, bright.