

Glory

by Cami Park

A woman's hair is her crowning glory, my grandmother always said.
Brush it every night, one hundred strokes.

She also once told me she felt like she was drowning. We had
been doing the dishes together in silence, her freckled hands wrist-
deep in suds. I placed the plate I'd been drying in the rack and
leaned over the sink on tiptoe to look out the window at the star-
speckled sky. Searched for the Milky Way, scanned for the moon.

