



JUNE 24, 2022

poem by Sarah Russell

We stood hesitant that day, feet anchored
on the splintered pier, sun blistering, glacial
lake gasping cold. It was the year Julie and I
grew boobs, started cramping, felt stirrings
we didn't talk about, even to each other.
C'mon in, the boys called, but we hung back,
more aware of our bodies than ever before,
the fathoms-deep water, the reach
of mountains and sky—the precipice
of everything.

Image: "Kennedy Lake" by M-A Murphy. "June 24, 2022" was written by Sarah Russell for *Rattle's* Ekphrastic Challenge, June 2022, and selected as the Artist's Choice.

