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DRY

W i l d H e a r t J o u r n e y s

p r o l o g u e

A handful of clay.

She sits, kneading it with her right hand;

Kneading the clay;

Needing the clay –

**To release
Or assuage...**

To heal.

It doesn't.
Not now.

She kneads it,
Squeezing the moisture out of it;

Until it starts to become brittle.

She stops.
Opens her hand.

She stares at the lump of clay, lying there
In the bowl of her hand.

The thin film of it on her skin
Dries first.

Then, slowly, the lump.

Time passes.
Slowly.

She stares at it, drying.
Time, drying the clay.

Drying clay.

A crack runs across it.

That's how I feel:

Dry.

Cracking.

Her mind stands still,
Caught
On that point of desolation.

Time
Runs on, relentless.

How long?
She does not know, does not care.

She looks at the clay.

Then she tilts her hand to the left –
Lets the clay drop.

When it hits the ground,
It disintegrates.
Pieces
Slide across the floor.

A tear
Wells up in her eye.
It brims over the lid,
Runs
Down to the middle of her cheek,
Collects,
And drips to the floor.

Onto a shard of clay.

The clay turns dark.

Then it dries again.

She gets up
And walks out.

**She walks slowly down the street.
She no longer longs to run.**