







excerpts

DRAFT

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something impossible was happening.

she felt bad for these hipsters. she knew some of their kind from her favorite bars in the city, and had never had a bad experience with any of them. she had taken boatloads of them on her river tours over the years. it wasn't their fault there were so many of them. hipsters and entrepreneurs were complicated locusts - they ate up everything in sight, but many of them were sweet people with big ideas.

they didn't deserve this, she thought. no one did.

they should have shut down the island then, at least told folks not to go in the water. but it wasn't a big deal, these island bodies were a small percentage of the bodies of summer, most of them stabbed, shot, strangled, stomped and starved. the city did nothing as swimmers, couples strolling on the river walk paths, and riverside picnickers went missing without explanation.

no one else seemed to notice that the bodies the river was taking that summer were not the bodies of detroiters. they were all those folks who had come to the city more recently, drawn by the promise of empty land and easy business, the opportunity available amongst the ruins of other peoples' lives.

she wasn't much on politics, but even she had noticed the shifts in the city, the way it was fading as it filled with people who didn't know how to see it. she knew what was coming, what always came with pioneers: strip malls and sameness. she'd seen it nough times.

so even though the river was getting dangerous, she didn't take it personally. she hated strip malls too.

then something happened that got folks' attention.

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(closing):

she still went out in her boat, looking over the edges near the island, searching inside the river which was her most constant companion, for some clue, some explanation. and every now and then, squinting against the sun's reflection, she'd see through the blue, something swallowed, something caught, something held down so the city could survive, something that never died.

something alive.