Hobble Creek Almanac

Justin Evans

Growing up every child learned the story, how horses stole themselves away like thieves in the night down to the cool waters to drink, shrugged off the day’s work, which had gathered, swollen their now hobbled ankles; how settlers woke, learned their animals had found escape, iron shackles left in the anemic stream, naming by baptism the small creek and town.

We all learned what’s in a name, how identity comes along for the ride, can saddle a family for generations; how a name can elicit a stare, put a child at the same desk an older sister occupied, or a cousin, or a parent before that; how the past can never be erased by what takes place day to day.