

Fault Lines: A Non-linear Dream Series

By Abigail Carl-Klassen

III.

My dad and brother were mud men in the Permian oil field. When I asked my brother what that meant, he said, "I pump shit into ground and watch it,

so, the rig doesn't explode." A kick. A blowout. When drilling fluids reach the surface. Uncontrolled. An imbalance of hydrostatic pressure.

Where I come from, people say, "dirty hands means clean money," but my brother quit because, "I've seen too much shit." I don't talk

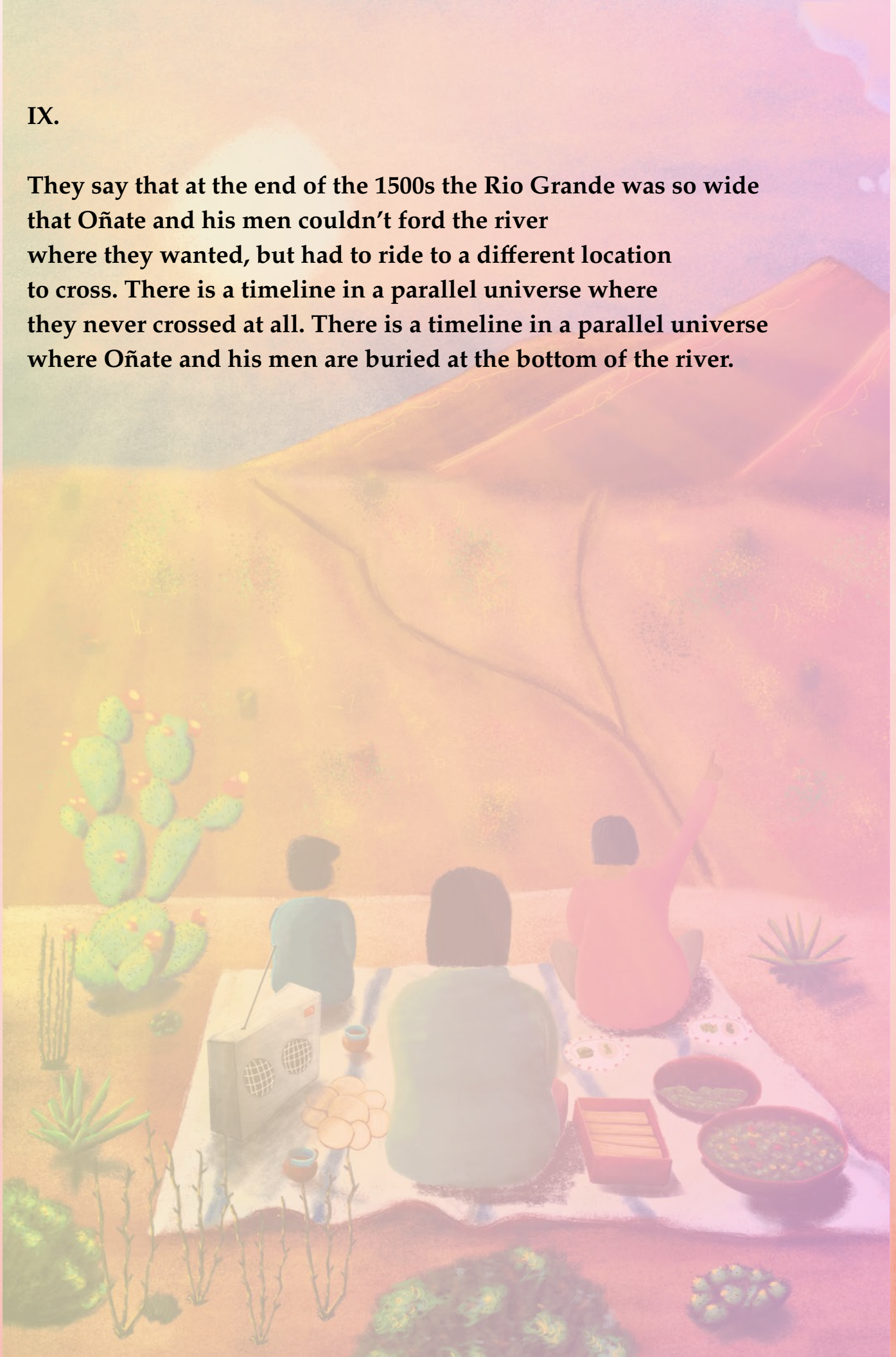
to anyone much in the family anymore. I wonder if the fault lines are slipping. I wonder if I should've pushed harder. I wonder if I didn't push hard enough. I wonder if

I should have pulled back sooner. I wonder if I should ever stop. I wonder if our tectonic forces are too just too much. I wonder if our continents are pulling apart.



IX.

They say that at the end of the 1500s the Rio Grande was so wide that Oñate and his men couldn't ford the river where they wanted, but had to ride to a different location to cross. There is a timeline in a parallel universe where they never crossed at all. There is a timeline in a parallel universe where Oñate and his men are buried at the bottom of the river.



XII.

**May we remember the dream of the sleeping rivers
and may they wake.**

**May we do the work of community
with a song and a palo.**

**May we be in solidarity with human relatives in migration
with plant and animal relatives in migration.**

**May we sit and mourn and pray for the rivers to return
and may they return.**

**May we bring them an offering, a blessing, a dance
and may they be for the whole world.**

