

## Animal Boundaries

We sang *drove the Chevy to the levee* up and down the gravel roads, our cars losing their hubcaps to potholes, not one of us knowing what a levee was. We jumped each other's cars. There was no water around us—it was woods, the length of our county. Ragged cedars and dying red oaks: that's what held us in, not like a shield around us, as the psalms sing, but as a fence: the electric kind that would kick against your hand, throw you back if you dared to feel, or your brother dared you to lay a finger on the thin, buzzing wire, be touched in return by voltage. The cows were wiser than we were, stopped short of the humming fence, the cattle grate in the ground. Their cow hearts did not seem to cramp.