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## The Promised Land

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# The Promised Land

by Desirée Jung

**Above, in a fat tree,** jumping from branch to branch, the parrots have luminous blue wings, chirping until they stop to rest. In South America, the heat muffles all the sounds except the pinching of the cicadas rubbing against the wood, highlighting the green of the ferns, and fading the memory of emerald stones. Hidden under the sun, the land was a treasure of the pirates once. But, this was a long time ago, before the amusement park was built into the village, and the natives began to wear human clothes. Now, the trail is full of tourists, who take a break in their walk to scrub their shirts in the waters, cooling out. The river's current, long and smooth, steals the shadows of the sun and the land curves, like a snake.

