

# Madison

*by Eric Bodwell*

That year, we went ahead. Months  
in Madison, my father and I, homesteaders  
off the map in a two bedroom rental, unable  
to operate a washing machine or solve  
the puzzles of conversation, always wrong words,  
wrong order without my mother, who stayed behind  
until the house sold. There is a way a father can build  
a home and career with the same tools and hands  
that makes it hard to measure love, even when  
standing in the doorframe of a dark bedroom,  
his son asleep. It is the distance between two stars  
in a constellation or spoons and knives laid side by side  
on a kitchen table. Either way, it's all the same  
when measured in silences.

— from *Juniper* [Volume 2, Issue 1](#)

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