

Tyger Tyger Magazine

Intergalactic

by Lisa Roullard

In our wide-windowed house by Arroyo Beach, sometimes we'd spot a freighter, steady and certain,

way, way out

on the universe of water.
Night blue or deep grey,
the enormous ship chugged
slowly across Puget Sound
carrying cargo containers
stacked like blocks.

Can you feel it?

asked my mom.

We'd place our palms to the cool, smooth glass and there it would be –

vibration!

A rumble from the freighter's great propellors, cargo sent secretly to our galaxy.

The stars of our hands tickled to receive it.



Puget Sound: a large estuary in Washington state, USA