

## GLASS JARS IN RURAL MISSOURI

*By Brian Bell*

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Write down bad memories;  
put them in a jar;  
they will go away.

That's what the adults said.

Horrors stayed where they buried them

until bulldozers came to search for the stories,  
brutish tines penetrating the earth,  
piercing the fragile glass,  
spoiling its contents,  
spilling its secrets

again, again, and again,  
as a quiet town watched.