Escaping the City

Adam Day

If on an electrifying autumn morning—the air stiff with cracked leaves—you want to get the hell out of town, go to west Oregon between Toledo and Coos Bay. The beaches are nearly Scottish in their dog gray sand and skies, their beetle- and sea-carved cedar drifts. The crows there are sharper than the farmers who are so backward it’s the sheep who seduce them, and feel guilty after. And the children sliding from the wombs of their red and swollen-handed mothers, scream not at the cold shock of first air or the terrible world of light, but at the repugnance of their bodies.