

Excerpt of *How Water Speaks to Rock*:

JEN

(to the audience)

At first we didn't realize that it was the vines that set everything else in motion. Like the first domino slapping into all the others, like the first crocus calling out a manifesto for Spring. At first all we noticed was the water, slopping up over the rim of the harbor, flooding the buildings on low ground: the library and fish store and Elks Lodge. After a while, it became clear that the water was being shoved out by a mass of vines that clogged the Sound, then climbed up out onto the docks and the ferry landing and down Main Street. They were beautiful, really, with twisty, spooky grey branches and blue flowers that turned into a deep purple fruit. A Sarker boat, one of their fleet that had come inland, got trapped in the harbor, surrounded by the plants that had grown passionately overnight. This created all kinds of anxiety, on its own. People freaked out. Sarkers! But when folks turned on CNN, they saw that it was even messier, even bigger. The whole Eastern seaboard, all of it, was coping with a vine invasion.