

Based on Origins (Mother Tongue)

by Amanda Deo

Ah, *THAT'S IT*. Canned peaches.

I almost forgot. Her nipples taste like that syrup from a can of peaches. The kind you aren't supposed to eat if you are 18 or older. The kind that adds baggage to the hips and I'm certainly not about to take out an insurance policy on my ass.

My tongue rolls onto her stomach like fruit-by-the-foot. There is a puzzle to solve in the first foot and trivia in the second and the third sets me on top of a ballet clavicle. I love the way her skeleton tries to escape her body and the way she blushes when I tell her that, and the way she makes it seem like she sucks in her bones for protection.

“Honestly,”
she says.

I think about her origins. Where she came from. I thank her mother. If her mother was alive, I'd ask to kiss her. I know that sounds creepy but she'd enjoy it.

I look at the clock. It says it's a quarter past thinking and to enjoy this fucking memory. I open the cupboards. I hope for the best.

