

HEART MONITOR

by Amanda Deo

They were laying in the grass with their thighs squeezed together. They were afraid that the spiders would crawl up their slim, u-shaped gaps and get inside them. He wasn't sure how it would happen to her, just that it was possible.

I wanted to touch their hair. I wanted to teach them how to set my heart monitor correctly. I wanted to show them where the wires go and what they do when they get there. I wanted to show them how it unpacks and saves.

I wanted to show them how terrified he is to love me every time he looks at them there, in the front yard, below the house and giggling.

