

Sailor & I

by Amanda Deo

We were born here. At the top of the stairs underneath a painting of basset hounds playing croquet. And a hallway closet filled with lost someones. And the police, three times a week, singing nursery rhymes while walking up to our door.

I'll tell you how sad I was. Enough to call my highschool principal and ask him out on a date. Enough to walk around the house naked for a month pretending I didn't have anything suitable to wear. And when you asked me to put on some pants I said I just didn't have anything suitable to wear. And you came over and rested your hands on top of my head, parting my hair into two equal parts. You said, *these are the two parts you keep in.*

