

Salt Water

by Amanda Deo

I think it will sting and it does. You jump, twist and close your eyes at the same time like it's natural. I want to choke and vomit into the ocean. I want to blame it on the kid next to me. But there is nothing sexy about gulping for air and dying in New Jersey. *Maybe for mobsters. Maybe for their wives.* My lungs expand with what's left of our home sunk inside. A horizon shrinks a burden until it's a seagull getting fat off vinegar fries. I'm in love with the way your mouth moves when you aren't talking. When it fills with salt. When it finds God inside a hermit crab. The way it looks.

