

WE TURNED THE SAFETY OFF

by Amanda Deo

It's not like I could tell anyone. I hum a song my mother sang to me as a child. A dressed-up soprano to calm the tail I've grown. Everything rushes like a car window. I want to roll you down so you can see my face when I'm driving. Or at least let me lie on your floor and dream about how dinner happens when I'm not there. I'm not sure if it's okay to laugh this much during sex. A pillow over a window seal is the only thing between me and pretend.

