

My Voyeur Life

by Cooper Renner

It was the intro to "Hey That's No Way to Say Goodbye" when I noticed: the grown-ups on the blanket, so breathless they would have been tiptoed if they'd been afoot, whispering, criss-crossed, making their own little floating nest, their wrinkled sofa, the bent copier box lined with paper in the bottom for "accidents." Breathless.

It's the way an earnest five-year-old boy pronounces every single letter as he whispers. Something about octopuses, something else about peas.

Hell, I wish I could concentrate.

