

loose threads

by Erica Hoskins Mullenix

Blankets were always her undoing, what with their fuzzy pills and coffee stains and thinly offered fake comforts. This one had been her mother's, that bitch, and never worked right. Holes and loose threads and this odd misshape that rarely covered her radio, much less the stainless steel perculator she'd found (!) behind Walgreens. Instead of a big keep out, it screamed come steal my shit, so people did. Pellets from the waylaid bird feeder lit a runway toward her crawled spaces, the prize being her collection of flags from six unknown countries. Or store grand openings. One quilt, she knew, would change everything.

