

How We Send to Anderbo

by Jarrid Deaton

There's tape on the window.

My mom, she fell through the thing while washing it. Well, her elbows did. I mean, her elbows fell through. If elbows can fall.

That was almost ten years ago. I guess most people would have replaced the window. Looking through the tape makes everything outside drunk. I mean, it makes it look like you are drunk looking at it.

Thinking about my mom's elbows made me think of *Anderbo*. It kind of sounds the same.

I would send my mom to Anderbo if I could, but she isn't like a work of literature or anything. She's in one of those homes where people gets pills in paper cups at certain times. She's always sitting in a soft chair watching television with little stars dotting her elbows and lightning bolts on her wrists. I don't mean teenager tattoo things, either.

I'm not going to replace the glass. Instead, I think, I'm going to fall through it myself. It will be like a tribute to my mom and her starry elbows. It will be like being born halfway and then changing my mind.

