

We Threw These At Each Other

by kate hill cantrill

Jimmy wore a tie to top that torn green tee he toted every day, every other. He smelled of dirt, said he had a feeling we had watermelon somewhere since he caught a whiff from his room inside his house across the street.

That's not why I'm here, he said. I'm here to see the lady of the house.

What *lady*? I asked. You're ten years old. What lady do you mean?

Not you, he said, you're ten as well.

And so?

And so I'd like to see the lady.

Why the tie? I asked.

But Jimmy wouldn't answer; he waited for my mother to drag down the stairs, slip-slap her feet and sigh, *Hello*.

I'm selling toys for school, he said. I thought perhaps you'd be intrigued by my lovely marbles, my collection of balls. Your home has seemed so sad of late.

Then Jimmy tossed those balls inside—tiny rubber ones went hiding, while the naked, pink, slap-slapping soft, bounced back and forth from wall to wall—like dancing, clapping, skipping, *fly!*

I held him, then, by his wrist. I said, Anything you want is yours—a slice of melon, a million bucks, my quivered heart, my *love*.

