

Some Things Can't Be Fixed

by Kitty Boots

Duct tape, zip ties, Gorilla Glue, Loctite, electrical tape, wire (thin silver and stripped pieces of copper), Super Glue, epoxy, masking tape, packing tape, Velcro, double-sided mounting tape, wood putty, nails and screws, silicone.

My grandmother's jade green lamp globe slipped through my hands and met its death on the cement floor of the laundry room. The cat cookie jar that sat grinning on the kitchen counter, a poignant gift from a friend, its head shattered.

Orchids, strewn over the floor, roots clutching for something. My Golden Retriever, Beau, had a seizure, knocked over the plants and devoured the bark mulch. He shit orchid bark for three days. Repotting resulted in limp, flaccid leaves, broken root tips that turned brown and curled. I couldn't fix it.

I'd hope to patch-up an angry, frustrating, sinkhole of a friendship since high-school. Gina, fueled on alcohol and coke. Thirteen years later I found her sparse obituary.

My golden brother, hot-shot on the slopes of Colorado, bone fishing in the Keys, tried to kill me by throwing a table saw at my head. It was shortly after our mother's death. I called him "a fucking loser." Frontotemporal dementia. I couldn't fix it.

