

Zin Is Not a True Vegetarian

by Kyle Hemmings

She wakes up lip-syncing to the remnants of a dream: the throb of cherry blossoms, the whine of lotus flowers. Zin uncovers a familiar face under her pillow. The face says "I need to be fed. I am not self-contained." Today, after a breakfast of honey yogurt & two perfect hard boiled eggs, Zin will pick a new boyfriend from a trance of dopey-eyed boys at *Club Nemo*. They will scrunch their faces at each other's fruity breath in the low tide of morning. They will tread in the silence that follows or play still-life dead. In the core of the afternoon, she will teach him to listen to the hum of sweet lemons or to spread seed like a pro. They will feast on apple-cider baked chicken and Asian broccoli, although neither can afford it. They will stay together until one turns too hot in the shade, or becomes too hollow for his own shadow. Then the other will open the door, mourn the mark-up of rain and geraniums, and beg elsewhere for food.

