

# Tissue

*by* Mark Waldrop

A tissue, she was saying - hand me a tissue.  
Her seat belt was locked and she was rocking  
back and forth in it cinching  
wrinkles into her favorite blue silk blouse.

I can't remember her wearing anything else.

Her hands were gesturing - on and on- an endless  
loop of fingers with rusted creaking knuckles.

I need a tissue.

And then, lying over sideways, steering blind --  
risking my life and what was left of hers.  
I dragged one from the box and  
it made a wooden popsicle stick noise.

