

Losing Things

by S.H. Gall

I don't mean to be all shame-shaming, but I think my boyfriend's extremely potent knack for losing things is infecting me. He has a die-hard ritual of never knowing where he's left his eyeglasses, keys, and cell phone. He cannot leave the house without inquiring as to the location of these things. When he does leave, he creaks down the stairs, exclaiming *My knees! Ow, my knees*. Good as he is at losing things, he is even better at really *taking ownership* of his knees.

In my case, I lose eyeglasses, lighters, money. I infuriate myself with this gift. But ultimately, I become stronger with every thing I lose, every body part I assault with great fury.

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