

Wiscasset, Maine

by Tina Barry

Neighbors admire the garden

But never offer to help with the weeding or watering. Her lover's wife stole a rosebush. Everyone wants to pick the iris, but not the foxgloves. She bought a dog with short legs to make her own legs look longer.

Their motel room smells damp with the AC switched on

One of those shanties on the water where people wear lobster bibs and scratch bug bites. She can no longer recall where they met or why she married him. Her toenails glow red underwater.

She carries a giant stuffed bear like a baby

A line of dark hair travels from the shirtless carny's navel to his waistband. She smells nothing but funnel cake.

