

# Process and Procedure

*by* Trent England

"I changed religions for that baby."

A dirty hand goes into the dust of a knapsack. Comes out with receipts and candy wrappers and broken words from her own history.

"I just need the paperwork," I tell her. "I'm sorry, I'm just doing my job."

"You come to my house and you want to talk to me about that baby."

I have a time limit here. I don't have time to think about why she said *that baby* instead of *my baby* or even *him*. I have two more houses to visit in this county today.

"Should be three white pages stapled. And a yellow carbon copy."

"I only have your pink here," she says.

Or why she said *your pink* instead of *the pink copy* or *your fucking pink copy*. I have something to go to when the sun goes down. I am not a one-job one-life kind of man and I have people who expect me at a specific hour.

I'm just trying to piece together a career with my spare time.

