

S I N G I N G

The other day she shoved me into the shower, all warm and wet. I liked it. Wanted to spend more time in there while she washed her feet, but she nixed it after minutes. Said I wouldn't fly. I can fly. I can fly. Problem is, I cannot sing. I am shit to her unless I sing. Mr. Tom says I must be taught. Taught? she asks, all eyes and hands. Like fucking singing lessons taught? Sharp words that lean him back. Be strong, I want to tell him, but the words stick in my throat. And perhaps he is not strong. My tongue is black. My tongue is black? I gaze into my mirror. Pretty. I am so pretty. I am so pretty. Honey, he's trying to sing. We haven't taught him any tunes. Must have picked it up from the television. Television: I am for it. I prefer it to the shroud and the illusion of night. I prefer it to the isolation of the impenetrable shroud. Be strong, I want to say to Mr. Tom. Be strong . . .



LESSONS