

Feelings, little sister, you know when the violins start it's either going to be really good or really bad. My therapist always wants me to name my emotion, then gets annoyed and says *don't tell me a poem just say the word*. What is the word for the feeling of mid-afternoon drowsiness when breath echoes in the skull and with a sinking of bone into feathers and wood I tumble like drowning into the forbidden? I find it hard to trust a noun I can't touch. Remember how mother used to take the faucet away from the outside taps so we could not turn the water on without permission. The root of all parenting is fear, terror even. Once you see the aura of rays surrounding Our Lady of Guadalupe as a cross-section of mitochondria, there is no use denying matrilineal DNA. Truth is, sometimes I feel like dancing with a floor lamp. Sometimes I feel like a thin man in an oversized suit.