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One of Two

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HANNA ANDREWS

One of Two

you meant it one way, but all I could picture was a second self, me as coin tail, sure that in the moment of the split, option b sidles off & joins all the other discards in a slick landscape, lush with what our safe halves have given up. I don't want to tell you this. Or that last night, I went incognito & found myself in our Savannah kitchen. We were cooking, just the way you imagined us. There was nowhere else you had to be: time sprawled gorgeous & the icebox sweat pearled delicate. I don't want to tell you how I saw my own face, as I squatted into the pantry for cake flour, eyes cast familiar, a long look toward somewhere else.