

Passwords

Volume 13 | Issue 1

Article 8

12-20-2012

log cabin

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Recommended Citation

Fisher, Milia (2012) "log cabin," *Passwords*: Vol. 13: Iss. 1, Article 8. DOI: 10.5642/passwrld.20121301.08

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log cabin

milia fisher

most days I wish we were back
in your little log cabin
where I was constantly afraid of ghosts
and rat-borne diseases.

that summer we couldn't fit
in the same bed with your dog
making my nose itch, hungry
because the pizza wasn't very good
and you didn't like pineapple.

the cabin where my mind was syrupy
with sulfur so that my naked
shoulders couldn't tell the difference
between your skin and the soft
wood of the red-green bathhouse
where you asked me,
"how are you so tiny, my love?"
"how are you so tiny?"