

FIRST PERSONAL HOME

I charmed a man into letting me borrow pliers. I fixed my mailbox. I arranged a bed not to see bibs and socks stuck on the fence outside the window. To see instead whole plants and trees. But those trees had habits of their own. And during daylight hours they sometimes switched sides to make nests.

In those days my home was a dungeon with internships and rusty bathtubs. I calculated rapid movements to avoid walking on dirty floors, touching too many insects. The furniture was strategically placed.

There were derivatives of milk. Cups with cereal sometimes gone to waste. Little secrets of bacon, wire-filled crates, merengue-bumping hunchbacks, overprotective, fatty moms, lost mail, envious neighbors, the wail of car alarms making musical compilations that lasted for hours. Sounds rising and descending and honking. And missing so much a man, a friend, a dog.

I had some luck in finding a huge moon out my window one winter night. It was so exciting, I began to have marvelous ideas in bed, like buying a pet rabbit and naming it Champagne. I closed my eyes and positioned them towards the moon. To relax I pretended I was on a beach and let the faint sun heal the black holes under my eyes.