

I'd never seen so many pelicans in my life. Hanging low like paper planes, I was sure they were angels.

California brown pelican, coiled in the hand of the warming sand. Feathers and vertebrae curl like my Beautiful hair. And I hear a thrumming, a plane I can't see and waves that are too cold and a cow just above the ridge.

"Would you be disappointed if I was your kid?" The car was love and I was perched in the back, wrapped around the passenger seat.

*Put your seatbelt on, I swear to God.*

"No."

I still and smile

"Well, kind of.", it's odd.

"... because of the way you are about boys"

I "met" him in April. That is to say I was on the cusp and confused and we exchanged maybe 30 words between the two of us. But he made me laugh and he was kind and I saw golden light in his hair and I thought about him splitting me in half. Not like *that*. Like rushing waters split the stillness of the trail behind Sarah Eagling's old house, like the rope swing she showed me split my palm open and we laughed and laughed and laughed. Like breaking bread at the banquet and my dream of placing my pulsing heart in a glass for all of us to watch. The belief that someone—*anyone*—would smell the suffering and not the show. Someone else told me I looked like a gemstone or a sloping river; that I was his soulmate and now I'm blocked on LinkedIn. LinkedIn??? What happened to Helen of Troy? What happened to cave paintings, what happened to fossilized hair combs and assassinations in theatres? What happened to omnipotent love and grace and maybe a smile across the street?

RuPaul said, "Hard to remain patient with friends who focus solely on their own crucifixion. Get off The Cross, ladykins... we could use the wood!"