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## Drowning cross cans



The sound of Anna Myers' drowning Dad bought me a music box the year he died. I was eight years old. He drowned in a local pool after a heroin hit while mom was nausing on the grass. She could barely breathe. From the shallow end, my sister and I watched a man being dragged under a diving platform. He was long-nosed and thin, his hands flailing on the side as they dragged him up and over the edge on the concrete. Wet bodies circled him. I didn't know it was Dad at the time. I've seen people stand around and won't give their first breath, but I didn't know they were staring at his junkie hands, which is a drip of water blood breaking through from the inside. A few pushed and shoved through the crowd to give chest compressions, but no one dared give the kiss of life. To me, he was just a man in the deep end. I remember turning my back on the scene and continuing to kick and whisk and whine. I could hold my breath longer than any dying man. I shot into the air, pinning my sister by the shoulders, making her scream louder than the adrenaline-coated voices of the crowd gathering around my father. My sister and I are back with our mother for now. The new carpet smelled strange, and the curtains on the front window were replaced by the blind. That first day she hugged us; Vacuous, as if that's what she should do to get us back. She balanced a cigarette in her right hand, ash ticking my shirt. She couldn't even look us in the eye. She sat across from us next to a social worker, a smiling woman dressed in black, talking to us as if we were stupid, holding a conversation as if our lives depended on it; As if she had stopped, we may never see our mother again. That wouldn't be the worst thing. I kept my mouth shut even though I wanted to reach out and sma talk them both up. Dad was dead. Everything's changed, but nothing's changed. Mom sat in the same weaving chair, cigarette smoke mushrooming over her head, her eyes as dead as the air moving around her, flickering through tv channels until she fell asleep. For dinner: frozen fish fingers and flat lemonade in dirty glasses. A new man has come to stay, along with his dog. Darren took with him tattoos of tigers and snakes and exotic locations with palm trees and black inky beaches. There was a man who thought he was in places, but if he was pressed, he would find that the places he was weren't that far away. On her hands, Linda, Stacey, Cheryl. He said he was going to tattoo Sandy on his left calf, like it was a clincher, a green light to move into our lives. Mom half-smiled at the suggestion, lighting two cigarettes and placing one between her lips. She could be a real smoothie if she was taken classily. He would laugh roughly, mouth wide as Luna Park; Well, I had no choice but to look at his silver teeth. They were like mouthfuls of bullets. on me. He drank bourbon and left cans on the kitchen table. Our cereal bowls taped to coke rings the next morning. I shrugged whenever Darren spoke to me and started painting my eyes black. I opened the lid of the music box and Sabrina came upright. I wounded her as tightly as she would go and then she was away, her smile fixed, her body turned out, pirouetting around and around, endlessly looking over her right shoulder, her movement as smooth as her satin shoes covered. One leg was tucked under a pale pink tile, and the other leg flat, attached to the base with a tightly reeled spring. At the dance and at the dance, her curved arms stretched out, her soft hands turned and that sweet smile caught the light as she moved through the air. She was the size of my little finger and turned to Dr. Zhivago's music. I called her Sabrina because she rhymes with a ballerina. One night I was ingesting with Sabrina pirouetting in front of me at the kitchen table. Mom objected, as did Darren, as if I was sorry for what he thought, but Sabrina stayed, her tutu gently twisting between the salted and the tutu of butter. I kind of enjoyed watching my mom's face curl like a kitchen dish at the other end of the table, quietly secreting her cigarette meal. I'd take Sabrina to my room at night, close the lid on the music box and tuck her under the covers with me. The other day, I'd catch my mother staring out the window. One hand over the abdomen, rubbing it back and forth, the other holding a cigarette. I only took her cigarette once; I burned to her fingers, but she didn't move or notice me. She was like a big empty pool, waiting to be filled. She often went to bed after a long afternoon of looking at windows. Sabrina watched me try to scale the fence, so, she just half-watched me, the other half pirouetted away from me, but I'm used to it. She was a drowning sound that ended solidly so Dr. Zhivago's sounds filled the garden, notes gliding over the grill and through the shade of trees. I climbed an old fence on the kitchen side of the house. Rubber boots are perfect footwear, bare fingers are not so good. The debris slipped like experts, but there was no such thing. From here, I could see perfectly through their bedroom window. It was Sabrina's idea. I could see Darren sleeping, a sheet half of him, but still covered enough. I was thinking about throwing something at the window, but it all seemed a little exposed here. And a little pathetic. My hands a lot hurt from holding it. I jumped back down. I was thirsty. And Sabrina got tired, the music slowed down. Then it was a sad sound, the notes were burdened with difficulty, as if your chest was sitting and life was pushed out of you, and as you surrendered to the sound, it lifted you up and out of itself and floated. through another way it will be. Maybe as a drowning. I was never quite sure, but it was something like a submarine and it was difficult for me. Some days I wanted that sound to last forever. In the kitchen, I poured a drink and put Sabrina on the kitchen table. I wounded her back upstairs and she's gone far. Mom was already sitting in a chair from a mogulion, in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Darren was still asleep, and the bedroom door was open, so I leaned against the door frame watching him sleep, sipping my lemonade. The hinge moved a little further down. He was breathing quietly, surprisingly. He drank until the early hours of the morning. The room smelled like sweat and ghosts. He got a little heist, and I moved away from the door. His leg moved under the sheeted and I saw what he did. That green light. Sandy curled up to the sound of his left calf drowning. There was fresh, a little dried blood. I felt the redness of my cheek and I wanted to hit him. I looked around the room looking for something solid to throw away, but nothing came fast enough except the glass in my hand, and without thinking, I threw it away as much as I could. He hit a pillow and landed next to his shoulder. He was asleep. I stood there wanting to grab that leg and get my mother's name back. It wasn't his. And I wanted him to leave. And I wanted my mother to shower and wash her hair and go out in the kitchen and ask what we wanted for lunch and go to the fridge and take out the ham and bread and make us some damn sandwiches. His swollen abdomen was smooth and strong-looking. His hands were being snuffed, soft flesh on his bones, lines of tan all over the place. I took it slowly; Doing his way across his skin, drawn to some inner voice that threw eggs at me, curious that it might make my mother like him. My eyes moved over his thug and se rested on his face. He was staring at me, he wasn't surprised, like he was expecting it. He rolled on his back and the scooter slipped slowly to see his leg hair get darker and curly between his thighs. He stayed that way. One hand behind his head. Nice, huh? He said his eyes are more awake than someone who's just been awakened. I'm freezing. I wanted to leave the room as long as I wanted to stay. Com'era, he said. He said it the way my father could have said it. His voice is soft, without the usual rough edges. He was seeding and he moved towards the middle of the bed. He cleared his throat, his mucity was thuging on the back of his mouth before swallowing it. He patted the e-mail. No, thanks, I said. I stood at the door, not knowing what to do. I covered my arms, and then I icked them. I was staring at the floor. I was staring at the dark curly hair between his thighs. You and I should hang out more, get to know each other. I shrugged. My left leg makes little circles on the carpet. We're on our way. Bad start. I heard Sabrina floating in the room. She was slowing down again, and I was inhaling those notes and they were swinging around in my arms and following deep into my chest, pushing into those narrow spaces, breaking me. Darren looked at the radio and then came back at me. He wanted to talk and then he stopped listening. And he could hear it. Maybe he could've heard it,, so could he. I started laughing. Did you hurt that damn doll again? Sabrina, her name is Sabrina. You have to give that thing rest. You heard me? Oh, I heard him all right. And I was full of things to say. How when Sabrina turned around in the afternoon and the light caught the little spots of silver in her dress, it was as if the sound of drowning was clinging to the most precious gift I'd ever known. How, when the sound of drowning began, I wanted to go back to the shallow end, watching my father on the grass before he got up and wandered to the edge of the water, before disappearing into depths I'd never reached before. It was so fast in my head. I felt like I was going to explode. I turned around and left the room. I stood by my mom's chair and wanted to wake her up, wanting her to keep sleeping, not knowing what I'd do if she continued one or did the other. Her head rested on one shoulder, her hair pushed off her face, little stains of sweat over her eyebrows and lips cracked and broken. I emptied the ashtroy, washed it in the sink and put it back next to it. I opened the sliding door to let go of some fresh air. When she finally opened her eyes she saw me standing there and I kept it to myself, all these things were happening inside me. We stared at each other a little bit. Her eyes were slowly blinking as if she were slowing down, too, except I didn't know how to root for my mom again. Sabrina would know. Mom moved a little in the chair and I was sitting next to her. She raised a close-up of her arm around my shoulder and pulled me towards her, and I laïd my head on her without a word. Word.

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