

# Embracing Dissonance

*Gregory Nero*

*Abstract*— 餓餓餓餓

*Index Terms*—membrane

## I.

My tiny hands couldn't hold the horseshoe but while the adults weren't playing (loud *DINGs* on two metal stakes) we would collect clay from the railroad-tie pits and pretend to make pottery. I would try to throw that horseshoe across the grass and my wrist would bend like a young tree in a strong wind. The horseshoe would flop down with a thud nearby. This horseshoe was heavy, after all, and I had little hands and little wrists.

My morning hands are weak and slow but gentle. I reach for you the way a thirsty hand reaches for the bucket from the well: eager and grateful. We play horse and gerbil and set alarms just to ignore them for 5 for more minutes for 10 more minutes for 30 more minutes until the mourning dove finally says *get going*. And I still believe that heaven is eating chicken wings with you in my bed and falling asleep on your legs. We are pomegranate hands and blindfolded explorers. I am collecting our stains in my bedsheets.

I wake up at 4am to a bite taken out of the Moon and wait for it to bleed. I dance around on the concrete and *hummmmmmm*. I make up a little song. I go back to sleep.

I remember using my mom's eyelash curler and pissing the bed. I think I had my first orgasm in geometry class, probably grinding on the corner of Euclid's *Elements* or some reduction of that.

Things are changing. If I get scared I remember the warm hum of the wood pellet stove in the basement and how easy everything seemed curled up on the carpet.