



Music for another life.

A COLLABORATIVE TEXT BY

Kristina Marie Darling & Max Avi Kaplan

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BlazeVOX [books]
131 Euclid Ave
Kenmore, NY 14217

Editor@blazevox.org

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ADELLE



ADELLE EXPLAINS LONGING TO THE POLICE

White icing surrounds the happy couple: a bride and groom drowning in confectioner's sugar. How did I get replaced so quickly? Don't I have the bluest eyes you've ever seen? And, since you asked, I've always been the one who held the dessert knife, the one who carved the cake. They met in a gentlemen's clothing store—at least that's what I heard—but she was a lioness on the prowl. She kept her secret until they went to dinner a few days later. A widow with a diamond ring on every finger. He looked right through her, toward the steak platter, until she said his name. No matter what they tell you, I did it for his own good.



MOTHER'S CHILDREN DON'T COME WHEN SHE CALLS

Your new wife licks salt off the rim of a bright yellow drink. Who gets the little house in the suburbs if a marriage dissolves? When we first met, on a silver beach at the end of summer, it was easy to build a life together: dishes rimmed with green flowers, matching spoons, and dark red napkins. But now you're asleep on the sofa, wearing the shirt she bought for you at some Memorial Day sale. If I close my eyes, I can see you all pale blue in another woman's tirelessly scrubbed kitchen. I've unfastened the clasp on my sandals, now I'm here to stay. Darling, the new Adelle will iron your pants for work. The man I remember wouldn't notice the smell of starch, or the tiny burns along her perfect white wrist.

