

a tall margarita glass
by Denise Kwan, November 2016 for CIVIC

i don't know who she was, she felt like a mother to me but then they all do. everyone says that i have attachment tendencies but it's easy to do that when you are reduced to a two dimensional carbon copy. sometimes they would count and shuffle me into piles and in the daylight, i would see the real version of what i should be; full coats of fur, dribbling with teeth, always moving and panting with a pussy cat roar. you see, materials are emotional and i am too. the judgmental call it envy but for me, it's an unquenchable longing for a life that will never be mine.

they gathered in a group and spoke at length. i could recognise her voice but the others sounded unfamiliar. packet by packet, we were handed out to these strangers. in this short space of time, i had found a new family member. her tone was brisk and light-hearted; we could have fun but if things got wild, there wouldn't be any scolding. there was a comforting lilt in her accent. i had to remind myself that this was temporary; enjoy the glow but let it go.

in a quick flash, her hand scooped me from all sides. in the air, i travelled at great speed that i had never known before. time stood still and i saw the city in all its glory. glittery water submerged with the crusting debris of industrial construction, glossy metallic reflections overlaid with the dull tarmac. the down trodden faces flashed with blades of reflections from nearby towers, their pinky fleshy skin tones struggled with the hum of the city. as I descended, i sucked in the bottomless klein blue, the tail ends of fluff softened the electric hue. i inhaled one last breath before the inevitable touch down. i poured the view into a tall margarita glass and carefully rimmed the glass edge with crushed salt; a sip for later for this was wholeness in movement.