Passwords

Volume 13 | Issue 1

Article 8

12-20-2012

log cabin

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Recommended Citation

Fisher, Milia (2012) "log cabin," *Passwords*: Vol. 13: Iss. 1, Article 8. DOI: 10.5642/passwrd.20121301.08 Available at: http://scholarship.claremont.edu/passwords/vol13/iss1/8

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log cabin *milia fisher*

> most days I wish we were back in your little log cabin where I was constantly afraid of ghosts and rat-borne diseases.

that summer we couldn't fit in the same bed with your dog making my nose itch, hungry because the pizza wasn't very good and you didn't like pineapple.

the cabin where my mind was syrupy with sulfur so that my naked shoulders couldn't tell the difference between your skin and the soft wood of the red-green bathhouse where you asked me, "how are you so tiny, my love?" "how are you so tiny?"