

Dovetail

By Zoe Mays

Move back to Missouri and total the Jeep within a month. Run away from the scene, though it's your car and a light post and nobody's fault. Take the tapedeck. Remember: I am not what you're looking for, I'm where you lost it.

Watch her run a finger down her jaw and say the word *sarcoma*, and that she already knows she looks good shaved. Did you think all this would make sense?

From now on, address your prayers to the old gods, the ones who had sex. They seem reasonable. Remember: cancer's like a sad movie but sadder and nobody's crying.

When it's helpful, pretend you're a ghost. Slam doors and howl and act like no one can see you. Plug your ears and watch the birds on the rooftops open and close their beaks.

In diners pull the stuffing out of ripped booth cushions and pack it in your mouth. The waitress will be tired and won't say anything. Did I say this would make sense?

This is how things are: one mile is eleven laps around the oncology floor. She says *My nose hair fell out*, and when she pinches, her nostrils stick, caved in temporary collapse.

Zoe Mays is a recent college graduate currently living in her hometown of Kansas City. Her work has appeared in Zone 3.