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For Supper

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Wade: For Supper

FOR SUPPER

Julie Marie Wade

In the kitchen, abalone shells. Abundant. Several, at least, though she has never been to the Tropics. We don't discuss where they come from, the blistering heat, or how the ocean rushes through it: conch—subversive shell—cobwebbed on the windowsill for want of touching. Listening, at least, though she has never been one to cup her ear. It is nearly time to eat. Bees humming at the screen. Hanging plants, fuchsias overflowing. And this again: uncustomary heat. In the summer, awnings creaking. Sweaty agates propagate in pockets. Loose change. Up from the shore, a cool breeze. The pickle jars shelved, clamped tight. No cars on the road now, at least none within earshot. Her hands grating. Candle wax in clam shells, hinges snapped. *Call your father.* Salivate. Pressure. Release. The first, salty bite of the brine.