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Trades

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TRADES

**GINA
KEICHER**

We hear wind and get sick of it. So we talk and tell stories of fish with parking garages built into the curvature of their jaws, our place in the far-off future. Then, we grow tired of the too-far-off future, so we go out in the storm. I make a boat from sticks and say, "Hey, get in this boat made of sticks," and you say, "Okay," and do that. When the wind comes, you say, "I didn't bring other clothes." The boat breaks and there is not much else to do. "We can trade," I say. We take our clothes off to exchange. Instead of dressing, we navigate the latitudinous option of each other's skin. Afterwards, you try to put on my clothes. They are too small. Yours don't fit me any better. We wear sand abrasions on our knees and shins. We wear what happens to our backs when we lay ourselves in the sand. Tomorrow, we will build another boat, weather permitting.