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SELVAGE

Erica Plouffe Lazure

The back windshield of the ancient Charger would not break under Cassidy Penelope's hammer, and all she wanted was to tear that thing apart. She wanted to make the world's hugest mess in the backseat of the car, casting dangerous bits of smashed glass across the gas station bay. All week, as she helped prepare her Uncle Andy's car for its Saturday night demolition derby destruction at the Mewborn High School football field, she thought about the damage she'd do to that windshield. She thought about it as she spray-painted the number "68" in lime green on the Charger's doors and hood, then made jagged red and purple *Greased Lightning*-style flames over the rusted fenders. She thought about it as she rode her bike to fetch spark plugs and a fan belt at the parts store, and later that week as she lined the Charger's steering wheel, ceiling, and dashboard with egg crate foam from the five-and-dime. She'd gouged out the headlights and taillights early on, but Cass figured shattering that windshield would feel about as good as busting through the frozen crust of ice puddles—a hollow blistered potato chip sensation for the whole body, only bigger and louder and messier.

But here she was, hammer in hand, and the back windshield refused to grant Cass the effect moving metal should have on glass. She could not break the window. She knelt on the trunk of the Charger and, with both hands wrapped around the hammer, struck the windshield with every muscle in her thirteen-year-old body. She hopped off the car and stood on the bay floor in a baseball stance and swung the hammer like a bat. She picked a spot on the glass, spray-painted it with an orange star, and then hit, hit, hit the center until Joe Reilly, her uncle's shop assistant, poked his head out from under the Charger's hood to watch her.

"Isn't there, like, a law in physics?" Cass asked. She gave the windshield another good hit. The July heat made the hammer handle slippery in her hands. "You hit something, you break it?"

"There's all sorts of laws," said Joe. "Hey, how old are you, anyway?"

Cass adjusted the goggles suctioned around her sockets and tried again, answering Joe's question with a few more blows to the glass. She knew from her Uncle Andy that Joe was at least five years older than she was, a Mewborn Voc-Tech dropout who'd wanted nothing more out of life than to work on cars at the gas station. "Some people aim high," Uncle Andy had said once about Joe. "Others aim right for where they are."

What bothered Cass about Joe was not his vocation, but how he asked all his questions: how *old* are you, *anyway*? for example. As though her age were a big deal. Her last lob against the glass caused the hammer's head to slip clean off its handle. It skidded across the bay floor. Joe handed Cass a mallet. When the mallet failed—Cass could tell straight off it was far too rubbery to shatter glass—she found a wooden bat from the backseat of the Charger and let it rip. The windshield remained intact. Then Uncle Andy came out of his office, hands on his hips.

"Hey, Joe-Joe, what's all this standing-around business?" he said. "We got to get moving." Uncle Andy looked annoyed as he took the bat from Cass and, with one blow, put a spiderweb crack in the windshield. Another blow put the hole right through it. Before Cass could stop him, Uncle Andy did the same with each of the other windows, the sound of shattering ricocheting across the room. He leaned the bat against the tire wall when he finished.

"There. That should get you started, Baby Girl," he said. Then he kissed Cass on the cheek and put his hand on her shoulder so she'd meet his eye. She knew she failed to hide her disappointment. "Look," he said. "The Chargers they made that year were built to last and no little girl with a baseball bat can change that."

The Charger had belonged to Uncle Andy's daddy before he died, and for the past twenty or so years everyone in town told Uncle Andy they thought he was crazy to let it sit outside to rot in the back lot of the old man's station. But Uncle Andy said that it was his station, and that the Charger was exactly where it belonged. Its main flaw, Uncle Andy had told Cass, was that it had a weak universal joint that needed a few strips of metal reinforcement just under the front end. Joe had welded those in place the first day Uncle Andy decided he was going to enter the derby. "Gotta put something into it to get something out of it," he said.

Uncle Andy picked up the bat and handed it to Cass. Then he

checked Joe's progress under the hood, investigating the new, disc-shaped Magnum air filter perched atop the mechanical guts of the engine, the sets of spark plugs guaranteed to make sure the Charger would run. He shut the hood and looked proudly at Cass's paint job, which did little to hide how badly the metallic blue paint had dulled, how scarred red with rust its backend tire wells were.

"You done all right, Cass," Uncle Andy said, walking the length of the Charger. "She's a real artist, Joe-Joe, ain't she?"

Joe nodded as he took a drag from his cigarette. Uncle Andy went into his office and returned with a little white cowboy hat, which he duct-taped to the raised ridge of the hood. Then he stuck a skein of red Christmas garland across the single-panel grille.

"What do you think?" Uncle Andy asked.

"Like Christmas," Joe said. "Or something."

"You sure you want to put this in a derby?" Cass asked. "Aunt Carla said her church would take it as a donation. Paint it up and sell it."

"Over my dead body is this thing going to a bunch of Free Will loonies," Uncle Andy said. "This sucker is destined for the dump. Speaking of loonies, your Aunt Carla called to see when you were coming home for lunch. That was an hour ago. My recommendation is you get yourself home. We'll finish up here."

"But what about the windshield?" Cass asked. "I have to . . ."

"We got to get this underway, Baby Girl, and you got to eat," Uncle Andy said. "You don't want to tick off my dear sister. Go on now."

Cass rode her bicycle back to the house where she lived with Uncle Andy and Aunt Carla, annoyed about the windshield, her uncle's takeover ways. She was used to it by now. It was all or nothing with Uncle Andy, and for most of Cass's short life, Uncle Andy had given her all he had. Cass's mother, Anna, had left her with Uncle Andy and Aunt Carla when Cass was five, and their little house on Penny Hill had been home ever since.

She'd hardly had time to set her bike down on the front porch steps when Aunt Carla asked her to go upstairs and clear out some space in the hall closet.

"I got two more rubber tubs sorted down here, and there's got to be a spot up there for them somewhere," she said.

"Can't it wait?" Cass asked. "I got to get back to the shop."

"I need this done when I ask for it," Aunt Carla said. When her aunt spoke slowly, pronouncing each word as though she'd put a period between each one, Cass knew better than to fuss at her. Aunt Carla had grounded Cass for a lot less than back talk, and Cass couldn't risk it today. Given her aunt's struggles with diabetes—her heavy limbs and circulation boots slowed her down—Cass usually didn't mind helping out. But it always seemed to Cass that her aunt's efforts to tidy the house were somewhat mislaid. Aunt Carla didn't clean as much as she reconfigured and shuffled. She packed and unpacked. She organized, then stowed. Sometimes she hid things. But she never, ever, threw anything away. Plastic baggies and cereal box liners were hand-washed and hung to dry on the line alongside underwear and T-shirts. When the T-shirts grew holey, they'd be clipped to dust rags. And when they were done being rags, Aunt Carla would tuck them into the spaces between the walls and floor to keep cold weather and pests at bay.

So it was no surprise when Cass found a pair of suitcases on the uppermost shelf in the upstairs closet stock-full and heavy. One nearly knocked her off the stepladder as it fell to the floor and snapped open. Out tumbled a suede miniskirt with industrial snaps up the front. A half-dozen cotton sundresses in faded floral patterns. Thin-skinned, hip-hugger bell-bottoms, worn in the thigh and seat. In the second suitcase, Cass found scraps of fabric and dozens of patterns. Unused zippers, still stiff in the pack, and spools of thread. Yards of carefully folded fabric wrapped in plastic. Cass knelt in the hallway before the suitcases, surrounded by their contents. Aunt Carla came up the stairs with one of the tubs and found Cass holding a green dress to her chest.

"Your ma made that. Wasn't much she took when she left home," Aunt Carla said. She stepped over the piles and sat on the lid of the rubber tub. "She had a pack on her back and you in her belly."

Cass pressed the dress to her face, taking in the smell of sandalwood and cedar. She knew her mother by this sylvan scent, had learned it during an outdoor concert. Cass was three, sitting on a square flannel sheet, watching her mother dance on the lawn, her dark red hair swaying, arms raised over her head like a wobbling set of antennae absorbing the energy from the music that swirled through the air in a thousand colors. At one point, she'd

picked up Cass, swept her into that world of noise and movement, and Cass held on, burrowing her head into her mother's neck, her little legs and arms wrapped around her mother's moving waist and shoulders, taking in that sandalwood scent. That moment had always stayed with her, even after her mother had gone to Montana to fight fires, and Cass had come to live with Uncle Andy and Aunt Carla.

"Not everyone's mama can stick around to tend babies," Uncle Andy had told her, one time after her mother had come through town to visit, when Cass was seven. "That's why they make families, so we can all take care of each other."

Cass looked for tags on her mother's green dress and found none. She traced with her fingertips its inner seams, then its hemline, each stitch near perfect.

"Did she make these clothes by hand?" Cass asked.

"There should be a sewing machine up there," Aunt Carla said. She looked up into the closet and pointed at the baby blue Singer stowed in the back corner. "Yep. A present from her daddy. Mr. Breckenpaugh, wherever he is."

Cass tried to imagine her mother hunched over the Singer, assembling cut pieces of cloth secured by straight pins, driven by the up-and-down rhythm of the machine. Or whip-stitching the tethered thread for the hem, the needle sharp and pinched between her fingers. Cass had one small photograph of her mother that she kept in her room, a school portrait in black-and-white. She could just imagine her mother squinting with her wild hair in the sunlight of her yellow bedroom that now belonged to Cass, emerald fabric draped across her lap.

Cass took down the sewing machine and brought it to her room. Then she took an armload of her mother's clothes from the suitcase, the A-line skirts and suit coats and sundresses, and tried on each of them, stepping out into the hallway from time to time to show Aunt Carla, who was rummaging through the closet. There was a pair of skintight, store-bought jeans that fit Cass perfectly. A halter-top made of neckties, all sewn together in a silken patchwork. She'd saved the emerald sundress for last, and when she tried it on, the twin French darts at the bust line barely accommodated Cass's small breasts. The zipper down the back had a good two-inch gap between the teeth. In the too-small

dress, Cass found Aunt Carla in the hallway, sorting through the rubber tub of teacups wrapped in linens.

"I don't understand," Cass said. "Everything else fits."

Aunt Carla looked at Cass and the dress from over the tops of her glasses and turned her around.

"You know why, don't you?" Aunt Carla said. "She never bothered to wash the cloth. I told her to, but she was too gunned up to listen. Her first dress and, after one wash, it shrunk to nothing. Hardly fits a Barbie doll. I went out the next day and bought her five more yards, washed and ironed 'em myself soon as I brought them home but she never touched it again. Typical Anna."

Before she went downstairs, Aunt Carla picked up a book from inside one of the suitcases and handed it to Cass: *The Reader's Digest Beginner's Guide to Sewing.* Aunt Carla said, "Looks like it could help you out, if you had an interest."

Cass looked through the book's instructions about seam lines and zippers, darts and patterns and measurements. She'd taken home economics that spring, had made a pair of pillows and a simple skirt with the sewing machine at school. Ten minutes later, she was still reading when the phone rang. She heard Aunt Carla call to her from the bottom of the stairs.

"Hey, Cassie! Thought you were in a hurry! Andy's on the phone, waitin' on you down at the station," she said. Cass put down the book and slipped on the jeans and the necktie halter-top, feeling a little older than her thirteen years. Then she went downstairs.

"Are you coming with us tonight?" Cass asked.

"Like putting lipstick on a corpse, those derby things are," Aunt Carla said. She handed Cass a paper bag filled with lunch. "It's ugly what they do. Killing cars. And they charge you five dollars to watch, too."

"The last car moving is the winner," Uncle Andy had told Cass before he pulled out of the pit area and onto Mewborn High School's football field. But what he must have failed to remember, as his wheels squealed beneath him and as he pushed peels of black smoke into the bleachers, is that even the best engine won't do you a lick of good if you don't have tires to take you there. Uncle Andy had Joe yank the back brakes from the Charger, and, as part of the uber-macho, pre-derby, rev-up psych-out session that featured

the raggiest, nastiest auto swansong in four counties, Uncle Andy mashed his left foot solid on the brake as his right gunned the gas full-throttle. The Charger's back wheels spun and spun, tearing up the forty-yard line, and Cass could hear Uncle Andy whooping from inside the car. And the derby hadn't even started yet. A few people in the stands reported afterwards they'd timed a full minute of burning rubber revolution before the Charger's back tire blew. Maybe it was a pebble or some bit of glass or a bald patch worn thin that made Uncle Andy's back tire blow with the sound of a gunshot. For a moment, the bang startled everyone in the stands who knew the real story about that Charger—had he blown out his brains like his own Daddy?—before Uncle Andy started to cackle again. He revved his car all the more. The white cowboy hat hood ornament turned gray with rubber dust.

"That goddamn Andy. All that screeching," Cass heard someone say in the stands. "And going absolutely nowhere."

Joe had gone home. He'd borrowed a flatbed tow truck from his brother-in-law to bring the Charger up to the high school, and on the way dropped the car off the bed's back end at the bottom of the Frog Level crossroads. Joe'd been the one who'd driven the Charger up the ramp and then left the car in neutral. Then he forgot to secure the emergency brake, used no chains to attach the thing, except for one long one in the front. And when the truck stopped fast, the Charger rolled back, and its ass-end fell off the flatbed. The bumper kissed the pavement and nearly landed on Uncle Andy's trailing Crown Vic. Even Uncle Andy couldn't find anything to joke about as he got out of the car and found some chains in the trunk to help lower the other half of the Charger to the ground.

"Hell, Joe-Joe, you couldn't sell Band-Aids at a cat-fucking contest," Uncle Andy said. He downed some of his bourbon and tossed the chains to Joe. Together, they extended the ramp and got the Charger back onto the tow bed. Cass watched them from the passenger seat of the cab. She'd been riding with Joe on his invitation, and just before he stopped fast, he'd asked Cass if she'd ever had a boyfriend, if she liked it when boys kissed her. And when he touched her shoulder and moved down to feel the strips of necktie that covered her chest, it was then that Cass screamed and pushed him away, and it was then that Joe nailed the brakes to keep the car from rolling through the intersection.

After the accident, Joe smoked in silence the whole way up to the high school, and Cass kept her arms folded tight across her chest, feeling like she should apologize, even though she couldn't think of how any of what had happened was her fault. Was she sorry because she'd never kissed a boy? Sorry because she didn't think she wanted Joe to be the first one to do it? Sorry she'd made him stop fast? As soon as the Charger was on the ground, engine running, Joe left Cass and Uncle Andy at the high school and did not say goodbye.

Now that the derby had started and Cass was alone in the stands, she wished Joe had stayed, at least for a little while. Even from the bleachers, she could see Uncle Andy finishing the fifth of bourbon he'd started on just before the derby. She could hear him hollering cuss words to his competitors as the emcee announced the names of all fifty drivers. Finally, the bullhorn sounded, and as the black dust from the tires and revving engines settled in a smelly tar haze, the Charger surged ahead. But the flat back tire kept the car from moving like its engine wanted, and before Uncle Andy could get any traction, the first car hit the Charger perpendicular at a good fifteen miles an hour. Then the second car peeled out, donut-style, a double-hit sidewinder that crushed Uncle Andy's driver's side door, then the front bumper. It was clear to Cass that her uncle's engine-revved preening had irked the other drivers, because each one had made it his business to seek out the Charger, to push and slam against it in a crushed metal crucifixion, like chickens honing in on and pecking away at the weakened leader of the flock.

It was not long after a swift head-on collision that the flames started under the hood and Uncle Andy hit his head, helmet and all, on the steering wheel.

"It's not like the goal is to ride the car off the lot," Uncle Andy would say later, surrounded by the medics, as he swilled a fresh beer, the helmet on his lap. "It's not like I didn't have fun out there, revving everyone up. And you, Cassie Baby, running out there like Wonder Woman's kid sister or something. You coulda been killed."

Cass couldn't have felt more ashamed. She'd seen the fire coming up from under the hood of the car, the red garland strewn across the grille smoking, then turning orange with flame. She

thought only of the killer engine, some twenty years old, the special spark plugs Joe had showed her, the rows of valves that reminded her of rib cages, the acid from the refurbished battery: all of it, melting into a fireball, contained under that hood and dripping hot onto some bit of oil or gasoline that would take away her uncle forever. He'd passed out from the head-on hit and no one but Cass had noticed. If she'd thought about it, she would have found a referee to sound the bullhorn. If she'd thought about it, she'd have never run into the middle of that torn-up football field with everyone she knew watching, all of them thinking, *There's Crazy Andy passed out behind the wheel of his crazy dead father's car, and here comes his even-crazier niece trying to save him.* It wasn't fair of Uncle Andy to laugh at her for running out amid the clashing metal men—now that they were both safe and alive—for slipping into the passenger's side through the glassless window with the door welded shut to shake him awake and tell him his car was on fire. And only then did the bullhorn sound and the motors idle and the medics and the marshals come with badges and kits to put out the fire and carry Cass away. Her arm bled from a nub of glass left on the window. And she sobbed from the sidelines as the medics cut Uncle Andy free from the double-truck seatbelt and got him out through the driver's window. She heard someone call it extrication. And as her uncle came to, his confused slurs on the field turned to wildcat hooting, then anger, as he cussed out the men with extinguishers who snuffed the Charger's last chance of complete destruction. Then he cussed out the EMTs who'd gripped him tame by his arms, and the men were silent and dignified in their uniforms, and they let Uncle Andy say what he needed to say about them and their goddamn mothers. And he wouldn't let the medics take him anywhere, said he was fine, and the destruction on the field continued until the driver of a copper-colored GTO emerged grinning from the driver's side window to collect the hundred-dollar prize.

With the derby over, everyone had cleared off of the field, and Cass and Uncle Andy sat on the uppermost row of the bleachers and watched the tractors and crushers that had been waiting dormant in the wings to take away the junked-up cars from the ruined football field. They were mechanical undertakers, men at

work, serious and operating heavy equipment on overtime: an industrial plow, the powerful magnetic crane that lifted each car as if by magic and transported it to the crusher that stacked and stomped the steel, clearing the field for the grounds crew the next morning.

"I bet all these boys who put this on make a right nice penny from it," said Uncle Andy.

"Where's the money in a bunch of junk?" said Cass. "Isn't this just for fun?"

"Fun, yes, Baby Girl. But think about it. Everyone out there pays twenty-five bucks to be in the derby, right? And each person in the stands pays five. Best I can tell, everyone in town but Joe-Joe and my sister came out for it," he said. "That's a lot of money, not counting all the behind-the-scenes wagers, which is where the real dough is."

The crusher started to make a loud pounding noise. Cass could see what was left of the Charger on top of the heap, the number "68" still visible between blows. She covered her ears.

"What gets me is these guys here are paying to haul all this away, too," Uncle Andy said, raising his voice. "The derby guys own the cars after we're done with them, and they get, what, fifty bucks a car, scrap metal. Amazing. All they paid was the seed and labor to fix the football field and that hundred dollar kitty for the guy in that piece of shit GTO. Not bad for a night's work."

Cass thought of how wild Uncle Andy had been in the Charger, how different he seemed at the height of his liquored state, how he'd catcalled the contestants, spinning wheels until the tire blew, reveling in the destruction of a perfectly good vehicle. But she loved him most when he was quiet like this, when he just explained how things were. Last year, he'd brought her up to the roof to fix the TV antenna and they stayed there looking for satellites in the night sky, and he'd told her about the stars and how television worked. His voice was soft now, like it was on their dark roof, and Cass had no doubt that she mattered to him, that he loved her.

"Why did you get so crazy out there?" Cass said. "You could have won the whole thing. That Charger was as good as new."

Uncle Andy looked away for a minute, felt in his breast pocket for his cigarette pack, which wasn't there. He took both of Cass's hands instead.

"My daddy left me that car when he died," Uncle Andy said. "And he didn't just keel over like a normal person, or die in his sleep at the hospital like your Meemaw. Now, Aunt Carla don't want you to know this, but she's not here to stop the telling. You know that gas station was his. Going there every day reminds me of him, how I found him dead in the back bay, still holding his revolver. And in his goodbye note, that bastard left me the car, said he'd washed and shined it especially for me. That I could finally drive it now that he was gone. All I got to say is, if he wanted to do me any favors, he could have just stayed alive and given me the car. Or at least let me drive it sometime. Or hell, he could have driven his sorry self out west with it to live out his days. He never got over your Meemaw, even though it had been a good ten years since she left him for *your* granddaddy. I couldn't hear enough from people telling me what I should do with the car: did I want to sell it, did I want to store it, donate it. Hell, if I'd kept that Charger indoors, it would have been a classic. You could have driven it in a couple years, been the talk of the town, Baby Girl. That top-of-the-line Charger, all mine, rotting in the back lot."

Cass shivered a little; it had turned cool and her necktie halter-top didn't cover much of her back or shoulders.

"Did you know my mama used to sew her own clothes?" Cass said.

"Yeah, Carla told me on the phone today you'd found the sewing machine and all that stuff Anna left in her suitcases. Carla was so funny, she said, 'Looks like we got Anna living upstairs all over again.' You look just like your mama, you know. Same wild hair, for sure. Boys better watch out for you."

The crusher stacked and stomped the last of the ruined cars. It was getting late and Uncle Andy said he had plans to meet his buddies down at Duck's Tavern.

"Funny thing what we do with the gifts we're given," Uncle Andy said. "Don't let me be your guide on this one, Baby Girl. You did a good thing saving me from the wreck and all. But don't take any lesson from what I did tonight."

Uncle Andy drove Cass back to the gas station, instead of the house, so she could have her bicycle for the next day. Aunt Carla was sleeping when she came in. When she turned on the hall light,

Cass noticed that her new jeans were stained with blood. Her whole body was dusted with dirt and burning rubber. She went upstairs to find the mess of her mother's clothing on the floor. The patterns that made her mother's A-line skirts and drop-waist dresses and button-down blouses were scattered in their packs. Cass opened a few of the pattern packs to find them trimmed and folded with precision. It was impossible to refold them as they had been, impossible to remember which thin sheet went with which pattern, and to return them to their proper envelopes. The thin paper crinkled and threatened to tear with every fold. She could not find the pattern for the green dress. That first perfect dress made in haste. She could see her mother throwing away the pattern, too wounded by the rookie move she'd made in forgetting to wash the cloth. Or maybe she'd just had an idea in her head for the sundress. It was all before her: the tight bodice, the two-inch straps, the A-line skirt, no pleats, the hidden zipper. Maybe no pattern for this dress had ever existed.

Among the packages, Cass found just one pattern unopened for a little boy's sailor-style jumpsuit. She opened it and unfolded the rectangular sheets, like the skin of an onion, and laid it out on the floor. She found the green dress from the pile of loosened patterns and held it up again to her body as she consulted the *Reader's Digest* sewing guide.

She laid out her mother's dress over the sheet, as the guide had suggested, and adhered to the seam lines as she drew each piece of the dress over the old jumper pattern, careful to make her outline a good three inches larger than the dress itself. She used a soft carpenter's pencil, then a black Sharpie marker, and did not tear the paper. As she traced the bodice and skirt panels, she wondered about the factory-design outline for the tiny jumper pieces, the sailor hat and collared shirt. She thought of Uncle Andy, in those last moments of spinning wheels, his cheeks red from smiling and from bourbon, before the great pre-derby tire-pop, the double-sideline hit that knocked him out, the hood fire that took him out of the running. Who in those stands but Cass would have ever looked closely enough inside the Charger to know Uncle Andy had passed out, to see that his father's old car was on fire, to go out there and make sure he'd get out of there alive?

Cass went downstairs in the dark and found the scissors and

iron in the kitchen. Uncle Andy would be out at the bar for a few hours yet, looking for Joe, no doubt retelling his stories until his pals told him to shut up already about his screech-wheel flat tire, the smoky haze ricochet ride on the football field. How poor Joe had let the Charger fall off the tow bed, how his niece cut her arm and nearly broke her neck getting him out of the flaming car. And Uncle Andy would cast himself as the star of his very own minidrama, and unless you were there in the bleachers and saw it with your own eyes, you'd have never guessed he was the first one knocked out of the derby. He'd be in the tavern, all revved up with liquor that he liked, imagining he could cruise forever through Mewborn's bars on the shelf life of his tall tales.

Cass returned to her room and cut along her Sharpie guide, careful to replicate the line of her mother's design. The green fabric looked vast to her when she laid it out on the hardwood floor. Five yards. Fifteen feet. Even as she pinned the pattern pieces to the fabric and began to cut, and later sew, it felt impossible that she'd be able to create something to wear in the world that was of her own hand.

REPLICATE

Ashley Danielle Ryle

It comes to the point where I will only eat
things given to me, placed into my palm or mouth.

My mother feeds me applesauce with a white plastic spoon
as we sit outside a restaurant in her car.

I throw bits of French fries to the sparrows from my window.
They want it. I watch closely. I can feel the salt

on my fingertips, imagine each grain is an egg
ready to come out. I am a pomegranate inside.

If I could only lick my fingers, what might burrow into
my stomach, begin to make budded hands and teeth.