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## Slippery

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# Slippery

Kylie Walsh

I was a slippery child.

Baths just worsened the situation so I was  
set free in a perpetual state of murkiness.

My sheets may be gritty but sleeping needed a certain amount of friction  
when I was so far inland.

There's something delicious about salt water-  
clean inside but it'll leave its mark as soon as you leave it.

Scrub hard. Run. Chase something.

Hang your laundry from the curtain rod to let it dry because  
the dryer costs \$1.50 but the washer only \$1.25

and if it was good enough for Great-Aunt Jo then it's good enough for me.

It adds a certain bit of color to the room.

I still can't see the sea but I can smell it and

I keep track of the tides by marking up my ankles.

I wouldn't call myself a fish out of water because I can breathe just fine here  
but maybe I'm a leopard who peeled off all my spots to mark my path  
and never bothered to go back.

I'm slippery, remember,

so once I've been let go it might take a while before I choose to return.

Don't take it personally

I just need to get good and filthy before

I want to rinse off these memories and set off again.