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Identical

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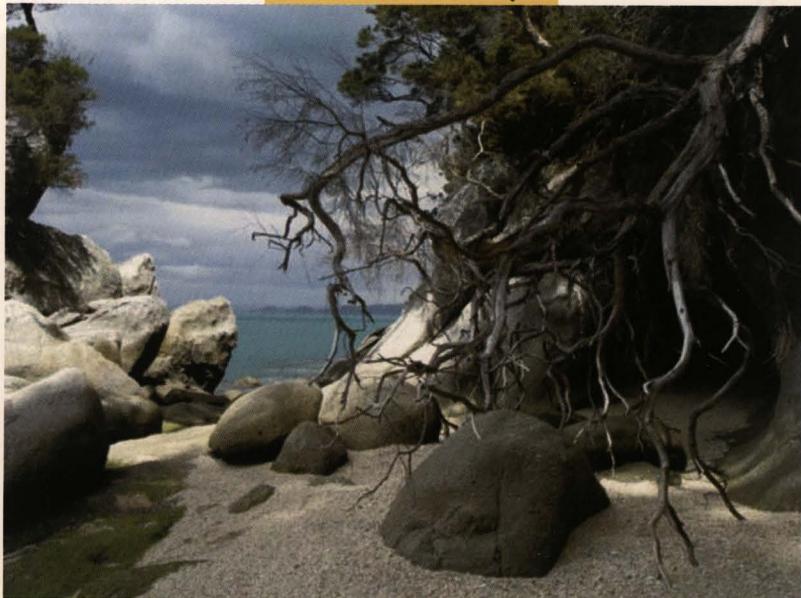
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Erin Kandlehart

Lasting Memory



Identical

It's sharing a room and a body before you know what breathing is. Standing side by side, waiting for strangers to point out the white scar above your lip and her bigger eyes, her rounder cheeks and the way your nose turns up, just slightly. Saying "we" when you mean "I," hearing "you two" when there's no one there but you. Turning your head when you hear a name that was never yours.

Emily Hunt

It's carving a line down the center of a desk. Cooking chicken soup and dividing it noodle by noodle into two blue bowls on the stove. Switching beds for just one night to see what it feels like to sleep by the window, to crawl right into the sketch of her contours.

It's being strange, and different, because there's someone so much like you. It's living inside her gestures, watching yourself grow up from the outside.

It's guilt when you're happy and she's not. Fear that she'll find love and you won't.

It's riding a train through a stretch of August green (her on the left and you on the right), feeling the vehicle split down the middle like a zipper, clutching your luggage and scooting closer to the window, hoping neither half will crash. The next morning, it's thinking she's sleeping parallel before opening your eyes to find an ocean between. It's diving in dazed and hungry to a world so suddenly deep, where the branches are pink and stars undulate along the rocks on tiny little feet. It's swimming, swimming, swimming in search of something bright and solid that you can call your own.