

maybe I said. It could be possible for two Kevins to be known to two individuals and for those two Kevins to live in close proximity on Church Street. It is a common, uninspiring name after all. It could also be possible that we knew the same Kevin, or that, less possible but more interesting, we were in fact the same person, talking to ourselves about peeing at Kevin's and what a douchebag the president is. Nobody sat next to us on the train and we were glad about that.

Kevin wasn't home.

"What do we do now?" we asked, confounded. Find a café and sober up like reasonable people, or try another bar. A discerning reader will correctly predict what we chose. (Hello, discerning reader.) When we'd peed like racehorses in the dingy john at the Pilsner Pub and ordered another drink, we cut to the chase. We have dreams about death constantly, we confessed. We don't know what to make of them. Last night a man was painting his body with some substance that turned him into a corpse or made him appear as a corpse—running a large paintbrush along his limbs like a housepainter, but his body was the house. It was not a particularly upsetting or frightening dream, in that way that morbidity can be utterly pedestrian and humdrum. Being afraid of our dreams might be a good sign but we weren't afraid. We wanted more. We always want more.

"The problem is," you said, or I said, "things are so tremendously catastrophic at the moment." And then I said, or you said, "Don't deny your own fragility, but don't assume this is where the story ends." We slurred our words, drooping over the table. We understood in a new way the term *shit-faced* and laughed sloppily about it until we cried, rivers of tears that we couldn't stop to save our lives. We were spinning out, monstrous, and through sobs admitted that we were quietly hysterical 80 percent of the time and noisily hysterical 10 percent. In the nonhysterical remaining 10 percent we got a lot of shit done. Just a couple of hysterical women—less than women: wives. We are hysterical wives, how has this happened? We aren't even believers in the patriarchal construct of matrimony. We staggered to the bar to get napkins to mop up our snot and the bartender pointed to a sign that read "We reserve the right to refuse service to hysterical wives" and cut us off and kicked us out.

So we stumbled and cried along Market Street, looking for a shred of reassurance and familiarity, eventually

forgetting where we lived, forgetting our selves, our wet faces and wringing hands, forgetting even whom we hated and why we hated them. We walked until we fell, exhausted, and then we got up and walked more, until we forgot about love, too. Wind and fog powered over the hills and we shivered, clean and bright. We stood behind the clock tower at the Ferry Building looking out over the water, the Bay Bridge sparkling to the right, Golden Gate looming silent on the left, and the sloping curve of the headlands dark on dark across the bay. We breathed it in: cold and dear and full of mystery.

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