

They Don't Save Themselves at the End

SG Huerta

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SG Huerta

They Don't Save Themselves at the End

I'm seven years old and my dad is removing a shard of glass from my now-bleeding foot. There is not as much blood as I think there is in my overactive imagination. I had taken off my shoes at my primo's graduation party and stepped on glass. My dad is not yelling at me. Not this time. I am seven years old. Or maybe I am twenty-two. Or maybe I purposely stepped on the glass because I wanted him. Maybe I wish I could learn to simply stop dancing where glass has been broken