

We Made Knives

We made knives out of everything we could get our hands on.

We turned our food into knives. You killed your father with a carrot and then turned it on your mother in the name of love. We Tweeted about it afterward but we were each other's only followers.

I am still waiting for the other shoe to fall to so we can pick it up and turn it into a knife.

"Every good road trip turns into a murder spree!" we wrote on the chipped paint inside toilet stalls. "Candy never lasts long enough to expire!" These were our battle cries, our mating call.

You convinced me we had invented the term "shit-eating grin." Later I heard it in an old movie and felt dumb, but also something else: Nostalgia.

Everything was "for suckers" that summer. Luggage. Tipping. The trees spreading their seeds in the wind. All suckers waiting to die.

We drank from small rivers filled with brown foam. We kicked car doors in parking lots as we walked past.

I wore sunglasses that hid my eyes. Behind them were just holes. If I removed my glasses, you could see through my skull. You could see the places that were behind me as I walked, old horizons, things I should not have left behind. Instead you looked in my mirrored lenses and all you saw was yourself.

You saw your reflection in everything.

It was an easy expression to look at, until it wasn't.

I never understood how so many people could just be considered a thing like "Missing." You told me to stop counting. I held my lighter to a caterpillar's back and felt nothing. You taught me when it was appropriate to laugh.

Anything can be turned into a weapon. That was the critical lesson here. Anyone, too.

If you press hard enough against a file when sharpening, it too becomes a blade.

We sharpened each other until it was not safe for anyone to hold us.

We made knives.