

**Truman**

Maddy McFadden

Metered Dose Inhaler with a spacer clenched in the sweaty hand while  
dreaming of Nikes  
and cherry blossoms fall like smoldering  
ash as the dark-salmon-skinned baby laughs and—

I wish I had a daughter to forgive me.

Do you feel that? An endless breeze when Eve doesn't eat  
the apple. Do you smell that? Tulips. (Ad Rem,  
but not quite). Perfect. Soft,  
but not quite. Canted towards the sun, but never swallows.  
The pistil is the first to shrink.

The little girl thinks under her shower,  
"What if there was no sin?"  
She fears Jim Carey in *The Truman Show*.  
You have to feel rage to feel good, she knows, but she hates  
when her mom chokes her for being a pig and—

did you hear about the Sockeyes  
bearing their children just to die? Useless. Like  
treadmills or plastic plants or forgiveness when you try.  
If self-respect causes pride and desolation, then  
what's wrong with grace or a different type of nothingness?  
I'm still unsure. Irresolute. Unresolved. Scared-of-fucking-  
everything-but-masked-  
as-a-mild-mannered-prick. Un-absolved,  
I guess.

The girl squeezes her eyes...  
a neck topped by sweaty curls running inside the sun and—

I wish I didn't have asthma.