

*Would I sleep  
with Genevieve?  
Sure.*

machine that was loud and drew attention to her nails and hands. We talked about *The Portrait of a Lady* (her pick for the last meet-up) and asked about each other's family.

If it was love, then which love? Or are they all the same, the apparent difference a difference only in the people involved? Cry me a river. Would I sleep with Genevieve? Sure. Could she be my one and only lifetime companion? Absolutely.

I went to help Mom unpack in her new apartment a block from mine. It was evening and there was a thick evening vibe in the street.

"Happy Mother's Day," I said, stepping through islands of stuff.

People in her life, such as my father, rubbed her the wrong way until they were in her past. She said she was looking for her calendars, a gift from her friend. "What friend?" I asked. "Jeanine," she said, stooped over a box. I took the box beside me to the kitchen table and extracted a bronze model of the Tower of Pisa, or something very much like it, by the base as though I were unsheathing a sword. The rest of the things—pictures, shoes—collapsed to fill the space.

"Who's Jeanine?" I asked.

"There they are," Mother said.

The calendars were by the window, under a lampshade. They were old. Faded, with white spots, but the paintings were nice. The months and years were long gone. The untouched pages made obsolete days seem not yet molded.

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**CARLA CRAWFORD**

*The Watershed*, 2017  
Oil on linen, 18 x 24 in



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