

The Summer My Cousin Grew Taller than Me

Amanda Galvan Huynh

The coats begin to fear the dark
heat of his breath. He wants to know
what a burning body tastes like

and my flame is the only one
within reach—a telenovela flickers
on the television. Dr. Pepper cans

are wet. Outside the dog's chain runs along
the dirt. The house empty of adults.
I become a whisper of a match

as my cousin leaves me to my charred edges.
The closet door opens to breathe. Abuela's shoes
are crooked, and a coat's shoulder hangs off the
hanger.

