

**Letter A for Adult**  
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**Cover Art by Faye Mauro**



**A**round, always  
they're. These adults.  
They're by and they're near.

They think about things  
all the time,  
and time—why

they wear wigs  
of their own  
hair. They enjoy

their sodium chloride  
—have you ever licked  
a door-knob, or cried?—

because that's what they  
taste like, like  
ware.

They have wrists.  
So do you.  
They wear time on them.

They have to,  
and anyway, anyway  
they are dying,

dying,  
and who cares.  
They did not have

the same day you did,  
child,  
even though it was the same

day. Why? Because the same  
thing  
is not

the same thing  
as same thing, and so  
there.

