

ADRIENNE MARIE BARRIOS  
AND LEIGH CHADWICK

## That's Still Short Term. I Care About Long Term.

Adrienne Barrios spends her afternoon chipping commas and drinking tea that goes cold the minute it's born. She says, *I care little about what's said in the short term.* She cracks her shoulder blades. She wonders if she waters them, would they grow wings? She says, *I care about what happens tomorrow or the next day or the end of next month when the doctor pronounces my heart obsolete.* Adrienne Barrios imagines Leigh Chadwick standing in her kitchen, drinking a margarita. She asks, *What will we do when the trees stop growing fruit?* Leigh Chadwick answers, *We'll mix tequila with tequila and forget that anything ever existed.* They both nod. Adrienne Barrios imagines white feathers sprouting from her shoulder blades, grazing her neck. She smiles. That seems right.