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## My Evil Twin

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TAISIA KITAIKAIA

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## MY EVIL TWIN

I feel nostalgic for my evil twin. He used  
To lurk around my yard like a goblin,  
Sticking his head into bags of leaves.  
We worked for the government together,  
That's how we met. Weird we didn't  
Meet earlier, but the twin was like that.  
He had a name like "Laredo" or "Marshall"  
Or "Le Faz," I could never keep track.  
He'd show up to Christmas and spit  
In the pudding. He loved to blowdry  
His tender bits at the dinner table.  
(What was he doing to keep them so  
Moist, breeding caterpillars?) I stopped  
Inviting him, of course, but he followed  
Me around like a moon-faced armadillo  
Through heaps of light. Heaps! He liked  
To carry marshmallows in his handbag  
Like a typical child. He was in love  
With me, that was the worst thing about it.  
His love and my repulsion made a sewer  
In which dolphins swam, growing grimmer  
Daily until they stopped smiling altogether.  
Plus, I was tired of the grind. Working  
In an office, stapling memos to my back  
Like an ancient Egyptian. Merciless,  
Merciless! That's the world and its lashes,  
Said the twin, and he got that much right.  
But the twin only made things worse.

His pots and pans always gleaming  
With clean urine, his toadstools ever ready  
With unkind wisecracks. My twin, he  
Disastered all over the place, tricking  
Pretty baristas into going a-blimping  
With him, and then lo-and-behold,  
There he'd be, jumping blimp, leaving  
The barista to fend for herself in the clouds.  
I grew tireder and tireder, it was time  
To do something. With great resignation,  
I wrapped my twin up with twine and  
Gifted him to a large, wealthy family  
Who mistook him for a clever goose,  
The kind that can nanny your children.  
Fair enough. I wept then, not for him  
But for the aimless struggle of my life,  
The never-good-nor-badness of it,  
Like a thick smear of paint over lips  
Trying to eat a grape. Like lying in a  
Ghost's belly and all the alarm clocks  
Are going off, but the ghost doesn't  
Give a damn. It's a miracle anyone  
Has ever looked at you or drawn your  
Profile on a napkin. I'm going to order  
An entire cherry pie, and when the waitress  
Kicks me out at half-past midnight,  
I'll leak what remains of my spirit  
Into this glass of milk like a criminal  
Powder, a poison that makes the waitress  
Glow radioactive when she steals a sip,  
And when we meet on the other side,  
Maybe the twin can solve my murder.