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WONTONS IN MY AMERICAN KITCHEN

by Hadley Griggs

We made you, pressing your dusty warm skin between our longing palms, piling you up on my chipped, pink plate. We made you, our fingers dripping egg yolks and desperate whispers onto my stained table. We made you, while he said with parched lips that you made him ache for home, asked *can you try using chopsticks?* We made you together, wrapping your skin like we were folding tiny arms, putting you on the plate like you were each praying to God.