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Twenty-Two

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Twenty-Two

My mother-in-law gave me peaches.
I wonder if they are a peace offering.

After all, I broke the peace by fighting back
when she said she'd done her research,
When I asked about why she believed them.

Why do people see truth so differently?
My moral compass claims to point to true north.
But maybe invisible magnets stand in the way,
tainting the integrity
of an object made solely for navigating reality.

Maybe I'm off in the weeds,
dragging ruts in dizzying circles. All the while,
convinced I'm on the right track,
but covering no real ground.

I can't trust my own thinking.
My mother is a nurse,
and she says women's brains are cooked through
when they turn twenty-two.
Not mine, though, she says,
laughing.
Mine is still too immature, undeveloped.
I'll understand when I'm older.

Or maybe I'm entirely without logic.

After all, the logic games did give me the most trouble on the LSAT.
Who sits where and
what order the speeches are given in
and whether a plastic tyrannosaurus toy can be mauve in the first place—
Speaking of dizzying circles,
it's no wonder I'm so lost.

“Love your neighbor” may have clear logical implications to me,
but then again, I didn't get the tyrannosaurus question right.