



1997

## Confessional

Kim Walters

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### Recommended Citation

Walters, Kim (1997) "Confessional," *Inscape*: Vol. 17 : No. 2 , Article 25.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol17/iss2/25>

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## Confessional

*Kim Walters*

The road trips through red rock and the early-morning birding, requesting the binoculars, and all the you-need-to-read-this's. Businesslike. Cutting off at just the right moment. But this mapped-out equity, this weighing and restraining—it's rusting things. Like me saying Hey instead of Hi or even Hello when you walk in the door. Do you see how uneven? And all this third person dialogue I script out in my head: "About Goblin Valley," he says, "maybe I shouldn't. The plane leaves early." "Yeah, maybe you shouldn't," she says. Sounds smooth, it's just that sometimes when you're there in the kitchen, or walking me home late from the stacks, your bike between us, talking and talking, I can barely keep from kissing you. Hard. You and your glasses and your short hair and your jammed thumb and all.