

*originally published in Tweetlit, October 2017*

## Myths

by Jessica Lynne Henkle

When your father dies, you go downtown to sell your old engagement ring. On the street in front of the shop, you meet a horse who tells you it was high time to do this. With your blood-diamond money, you fly to Egypt to climb the tallest pyramid, for a moment buying into the myth that this monument was built by creatures from another world. Atop the sweat-soaked bricks, you stare out into the desert, sun searing your too-pale skin. You wake in your own bed, hair and sheets wetted through, vaguely recalling a dream of your father in a coma, your father not waking, your father not moving when you spoke to him, when you touched him, your father not speaking, your father not there.