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Role Model Liz Rosenberg

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Liz Rosenberg

ROLE MODEL

I turn away from some acquaintance, laughing inanely, only to hear my two year old echo my nervous chuckle, his arm lifted like mine in some half-assed gesture of farewell, his shoulders hunched like a whining beggar. Better to bite the woman on the shoulder or wrap my arms around her legs and wail, or toss a ball at her head and run, or say to her “Move!” or “Don’t go!” or “Go!” but never to make a liar of this vibrant creature tripping at my heels, picking up scraps of every lunacy I drop behind.