When you tell me your mother is in the hospital, I begin the hunt for bad omens: onions left to burn, oranges given to mold, sugar leaking into the cabinets. Because a bruised peach is no silence.

Because it can be weighed in the palm and sliced to pieces so inconsequential you could put them down a drain.

When my father died, my mother only had to say, It’s Daddy, and I could fill in the rest—the way he dragged the patio furniture into the garage and turned both cars on, the swell of his body as the gases started working.

Because there is in these moments a soup-can telephone between daughter and father, humming with secrets.

Because I can’t tell you when we stopped being part of our parents’ bodies, but you can still feel the blood clot inside her and hear the nurses’ shoes clicking. Because love, too, comes this way.

I’ve left the bread out in the snow just so I can give you something to dissolve in your hands.