

Identical Twins

If one was in the room, you could never be sure if you had them both there. And then you'd hear a sound from another room. The sound of a second child. The one that you knew now had somehow disappeared. You'd leave the room, hoping that the first child would still be there when you returned. You'd walk down the hall toward the crying of what could turn out to be a ghost. You could never be sure here. In the hallway, you'd turn your head back toward the first room where you had left a real child. Your child. A real child that one, for sure.

