

# The Residents, The Thing About Them

Now there ws this thing about them that caused me at times to doubt them, or created conflict in my mind. Usually there was a he one, and there also was a she one, but somehow they came out differently. And one of them, when she was she, would smile and burn a hole in me; a hole that was too hard for me to hide. Once I had a dream bout her, in a filed, alone outside a tiny little cottage made of sticks. It was much to small to use it, so she bumped her head and bruised it trying to get through the tiny door. Afterwards, I went to tell her, but it was he I felt who nodded at my words indifferently. And of course when this would happen, there was still a she to tap up on my shoulder fromhe other side. But it wasn't her who looked then, close perhaps, but like some bookend that had come misshapen from its mate. So I told myself there must be some way I can make them just be who I want to be with all the time, 'cause it kept me at a distance, but my sensees kept insisting it was much more interesting inside.

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