

Baby Blanket

It fiddles through my fingers, whether I am aware of it or not. While I am reading, while I am watching, talking, and thinking, I run my fingers through it. The motion helps, like tapping your foot on the classroom floor or twisting your earring, pinched between fingers. Sometimes when I do it, my mom covers my hands with her warm ones and sighs. It's the best when it's cool from lack of touch and smells of laundry. It comes with a moment of satisfaction like fingers through hair, a perfect position in a rickety seat, and the smell of a fond memory. You can scratch the embroidered "Molly Ryan" or the "January 25, 2005" if you want; I never do. I'm with it asleep more than I am awake. There was no "getting it"; there is only "always having it." Like my curls and my curiosity, the faded pink blanket has always been with me. Why wouldn't it? It was given in what was probably a too-white hospital room in Vegas from a relative I don't remember. To Grans house, to beach trips, to sleepovers, it followed me. Because why wouldn't it? Even as it shrunk in my hands, even as the color muted, it's never anywhere else but where I'm sleeping at night. In times of roommates I don't know, places I've never been, and furniture I've never had, why wouldn't I keep it? And still, my hands glide through the worn fabric when they can. There aren't as many things with me that have been there since I walked around barefoot and couldn't be left alone. The list continues to get smaller, I think. It will never be zero, though, even here, because my baby blanket is with me.