

## Paparazzo

She never liked having her picture taken. Taken—as though she were giving something up. In each shot she has a scowl or reddened eyes, is struggling to get out of range.

Now she flips through scrapbooks gathering evidence of what she's known all along: she had a miserable childhood.

The only good one was snapped when she wasn't looking at a petting zoo in Texas. One goat nibbling at her shoelace, another chewing on her coattail. On her face, a look half-alarm, half-rapture as though she's afraid they will eat her and flattered that they want to.

Even now, she resists posing, won't comb her hair or put on lipstick. As if to say—  
*Take me as I am. I refuse to be what you want to remember.*  
Refuses to let me gnaw at the soft edges of her soul.

PAT JASPER