

Supergirl

by Kyle Hemmings

Supergirl

On TV seasons ago, she played Supergirl. Now running along the slip of beach, performing her mile jog and panting, she slowed and collapsed before my sand castle. Her body was no longer a fiddle, but rather, a cello.

"It's what being out of work does to you, " she said, with that innocent air of the everyday tragic, that inarticulate murmur after her sentence.

We turned and forked our hands into sand, piled wet clumps of it onto the castle. We were still like kids, I thought.

Later, we rolled over and welcomed the sun into the plexus of our pale bodies.

"You still don't love me, do you, Supergirl?"

She turned one slow sleepy eye towards me.

"It'll be the way it always was. I'll be your Lois Lane and I'll fuck just like her. But when it comes to love, this old Supergirl will fly away."

She closed her eyes and turned her head towards the sand.

"That season ended a long time ago," she said. Her words were mumbled. I imagined passing clouds in a fast forward version of today.

I reached for her breast under the white bathing suit. It felt like ice or maybe, an imitation ice sculpture of a breast, melting.

