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The Unidentified Saints of Misperception · *Mekeel McBride*

The funhouse. Distorting mirrors in which the thin woman appears as fat as a vat of harvest grapes. The tall man—suddenly as stubby as an overused pencil. They marry in the odd mirror and children appear. Some wearing paper-mache masks, some soft as strawberries, some in rags, some dreaming of bells, some as tall and timid as ladders, some with bees in their hair. He and she forget their former, unmirrored shapes. They try to escape from each other but this is the funhouse and the terrible children are everywhere. She will remember, vaguely, a meadow and he will recall a piano, but the two of them are too confused to recognize the real door. The door marked Exit leads to a room where they roam slowly, trapped gargantuas. Oh, they were in love once and once the rooms were all the right size. He sat at the piano playing Satie and the music made winter at the window go away, made a meadow appear with French cows grazing calmly on the lawn, pretty as porcelain milk pitchers. Play The Blue Danube, she said, please. Play something so lovely that even the most awkward, ordinary angel will not be afraid to enter.