

N₂MB₃RS

by Rochelle Wisoff-Fields

Miriam paged through the tattoo parlor design.
"Should I get a rose or a bird?"

Eva's faded eyes flashed.
"Why blemish such beautiful skin?"

"You've got one, Bubbe"

"I detest it."

Miriam skimmed her fingertips over the
numbers on her great-grandmother's arm.
"Why don't you have it removed?"

"The needle burned into me while they carried
my mother away. They silenced Papa's pleas
with a bullet."

A spectral smile spread Eva's withered lips.
"It took four of them to hold me down."

"I get it. You keep it so you'll always remember."

"No. I keep it so you will never forget"

