

Just Like Him by Joe Giordano

Before she passed, my grandmother squeezed my hand white telling me that my parents were as good as married. My mother was eighteen when she went to St Croix with the man who fathered me and that was an elopement for grandma.

I have the beach vendor's Polaroid of the two of them. I keep it in my wallet with his face folded behind. The blue of the sky and sun's glare off the sand raise tears. My mother has a small smile and her eyes look sad. She's wearing a gray two-piece. She thought she looked fat. She always did. His arm is thrown around her like a boa. He's smirking.

The thought enters my brain, as it often does, that my mother wouldn't have needed to work two maid's jobs, look old at forty, or die of breast cancer, if she didn't have me. I shake that off. It's time to go. I found him on Facebook. He agreed we could meet in the city, away from his family.

He didn't attend my mother's funeral or even telephone, but he has time now. Prick. The worst thing; I'm probably just like him.

Joe Giordano was born in Brooklyn. He and his wife, Jane, have lived in Greece, Brazil, Belgium and Netherlands. They now live in Texas with their little shih tzu, Sophia. Joe's stories have appeared in more than seventy magazines including *Bartleby Snopes*, *The Monarch Review*, *decomp*, and *Shenandoah*. His novel, *Birds of Passage, An Italian Immigrant Coming of Age Story*, was published by *Harvard Square*

Editions October 2015. Read the first chapter and sign up for his blog at <http://joe-giordano.com/>



Dumas by David J. Thompson