

When I drive by, I see the skiers, like little ants going up on the lifts. It's a highway, so I don't have a lot of time to look. Down the slopes, they seem like little dots in a game of Intellivision I used to play when I was younger.

I've only been on the magic carpet: a kind of elevator that slopes up to the top of the bunny hill.

When I ski, I wear the skis and boots and helmet and goggles and poles my boyfriend's mom stopped using once she turned seventy.

I'm the same size as his mom. She gave them to me seven years ago, months before her son and I broke up, years before her son and I reunited.

She's eighty one now.

Me, I just turned fifty.

I've just come back from Hawaii, visiting my son. He's married now, to a woman with a Southern accent. She leaves him Post-It notes. She cuts potatoes the way he likes. I like her. She has the same first name as me. And now, she has the last name. We are, as far as I know, the only Kim Chinquees.

After arriving home from Hawaii, where I live with my boyfriend and our dogs, the thermostat reads sixty. There are dishes in the sink. The dogs bark—since we live in snow country, we call them our snowdogs.