

My Dream Job

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My dream job grew up with me in the green-fenced house near the river, ten kilometres from the exit of the highway. My parents always worked, let us non-biological twins roam and ruin the house. We read Cán Xuě in the morning, drank last-night coffee throughout the day, taught ourselves how to talk to see-through fish before we went to bed. Cán Xuě, the brown snow that refused to melt. We were also exceptionally dirty, two brown chimaeras of meat and mud, as my dream job liked to flirt with the hot afternoons, swimming along the baby mosquitos. My dream job spoke crabs. My dream job walked with me to where the school bus waited for us. Inside, my dream job would just give up their seat. With the sisters encircling us at school, my dream job learned about the world with me. In the library, we gathered the Greek and German and Toba Batak word for *river*. We wed the three of them, alchemised a linguistic polyamory. The liquid trinity gave birth to countless amount of rivers, a new generation of water. For a moment, we were giving out rivers to anyone for free. Neighbouring strangers venerated our rivers because our rivers remember. After the night's Hail Mary, my dream job would whisper at me in the dark. We would reach for one another. Each time we succeeded, I found our hands were still covered with prayers. I'd lick the prayers away. My stomach would go *full of grace*. One day, I was supposed to grow up and wear my dream job like a sweater. My dream job was supposed to stay the same. I was supposed to go to tall buildings and play with money. I was supposed to buy back my parents from their houses of work. This was the way of the world, the sisters said. They hinted that money was water as well and that was why they were called liquid. One day, I would grow into my dream job, the sisters said, walk around tall buildings, play with money. One day, everyone would forget my dream job, the sisters said. But not our rivers, I said. Who will remember.

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