

Skinchanger

We put on our evening faces. First, you are Olivia de Havilland to my Errol Flynn in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, then I become Ingrid Bergman to your Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*. We settle on something more age appropriate: Katharine Hepburn and Henry Fonda in *On Golden Pond*. You place the fish on the grill. You continue to sip the Santa Carolina Sauvignon Blanc, sunny yellow in colour, aromas of dry citrus, orange blossom, and hints of tropical Chilean fruit. And you say, in your best Katherine Hepburn voice, *You're my knight in shining armour. Don't forget it.* We imagine a time long after we're gone, when our strange bodies are discovered, a forensics team applying tissue thickness markers and modelling clay to our skulls, smoothing it over with their thumbs, fingers, sculpting tools, adding prosthetic eyes. One of them will say we look like Ryan O'Neal and Ali MacGraw in *Love Story*. Or, will it be Harrison Ford and Kelly McGillis in *Witness*? We open another bottle of wine. Later tonight, a sliver of moon will place itself among our memories.