

**THE FACTS OF HER LIFE / *Sandra Sprayberry***

If she craved to know, she would hire a detective  
to tell her everything about herself she doesn't remember,

why, craving chow mein, she has come to this restaurant  
to stare at her nails, which she feels an urge to bite.

She calls for the waitress and orders a dish  
the waitress calls her favorite. How could she know.

While waiting for it to be cooked, she reads in the news  
of a set of twins said to share one mind. From China

they smile at each other while cooking, holding hands.  
She prefers to be inscrutable as possible. She resents

the twin she doesn't have, a woman who would know her life  
like a story and copy it. Her earliest memory

is of smiling into a camera, but she refuses to confuse  
her life into fact, a photograph her father exposed

twice. It is impossible to say what she felt at that moment.  
The waitress, smiling, serves her familiarly,

but she won't believe this as a sign.  
She has already changed, her face and hands. Searching

the table's surface for reflections, she is relieved  
to feel no stab of recognition. She traces her thoughts

on the table with water so clear it is invisible.