**Rope Bracelet**

Olivia Piper

Little rope bracelet made of fisherman’s twine. Braided just so. A little ugly. Clunky. Everyone had to have one when I was eleven and twelve. In unnatural cotton candy colors and puke lime and egg blue. Everyone had to have one and I had to have six because I kept losing them. Remember when I said braided? Once you put one on you it was on you until you cut it off. So it’s kind of a marvel that I managed to do that—to lose five. Remember when I said fisherman’s twine? They shrunk when wet, like a good net should. Like something meant to catch and contain. So I was always cutting mine away after a shower or a day spent in the pool or the sea, because the little ropes, braided just so, would bore into my skin like wet razors. Like my wrist was a fish. Like my body was a captured thing—and I had to get free the only way I knew how. Remember when I said it was a marvel that I managed to do that? To lose five? Well, I think the marvel is that I kept buying new bracelets. I never learned from the pain. Remember when I said everyone had to have one? When I was eleven and twelve, I wanted something to hold me. It didn’t matter what it was. It didn’t matter how tight.