The doctors say there’s a mountain between your stomach and esophagus. They tell me the area is blocked and that’s why you can’t swallow the spit I crave when you jam your wet tongue inside me searching for treasures. The tumor is described as malignant, a burnt-orange mountain that might take you out. The doctors whisper but all I hear is the mountain’s howl.

I grab your frail fingers, strap on my boots and climb.