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Hangers

Martin Malone

You pick your way through his last things, aware that you are struggling. And here’s this, just wood and metal pins. What else off which to drape a ghost? Rubberstamped 23116988: one brother, conscript, Private, standard-issue. Failing to clear some sense of anniversary, you put it back on the rail and close the door, then polish a cap-badge, put his medal in your pocket and head for the beach; thoughts of your last conversation worn against the silence. How it ended, hanging...