



ALEX VIGUE

BIRDLEGS

“Are you a basketball player?” asked everyone that I ever met. I told them I wanted to be an artist instead. They kept shouting louder. “Why don’t you play basketball, you’re so tall?” I told them my knees grew in backwards. They called me Birdlegs.

I called them all hillbilly fuckers and ran away to live in the marshes on the outside of town. Thicketed land protected by flimsy signs which read “wildlife refuge.” My legs silted into rubbery, clawed stilts. Cattails and cockleburs shredded my skin into fat, gray feathers. My whisper harbored hatred for the town and everyone in it until my lips chapped into a long, hard beak. Grubby fish and scaly insects plentiful in my belly. I grew large enough to stride across the refuge in three steps.

I became a crane and swallowed the whole town. No one told me what to do ever again.