

Solomon the Wise

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Finally [Solomon] said, "Both of you say this live baby is yours. Someone bring me a sword." A sword was brought, and Solomon ordered, "Cut the baby in half! That way each of you can have part of [her]."

—1 Kings 3:23–25

Mom remarried and moved out just after I turned six. To move is to choose (which none of us wanted to do), as remarry is to wary, or to worry. Like what I did the first night my brother and I stayed at Mom's new house. Dad was alone. All alone. Burn. Reburn. So Mom drove me to his house to stay the night there. But I reworried I hurt her feelings, so Dad redrove me the ten minutes back. Four times. Back and forth. Marred, then remarred. Re- backwards is -er. Over and over. Redo. Redoer. To reseparate. That word sounds like a bad one. No, sounds sad. How to reword our new family form? Reform? Reformer? I wanted to remain with both parents instead of reshuttling for an hour; thinking it might be easier if I was cut in half.