

A D I N A S I P E R M A N

Army Wife

He says I wouldn't understand because I'm from Minnesota. He says that while I was snorting drugs up my nose and getting accidentally pregnant in the back seats of cars, he was on reconnaissance missions taking shits into plastic bags and shooting terrorists with M16's.

On Remembrance Day, he says he would rather be alone. So while the rest of the country stands at their windows or stops their cars on the highway to remember their fallen fathers and brothers and friends, I stand in the shadows waiting for the siren to finish. He always walks away from the window with tears brimming his eyelids. That's the only time I ever see him cry.

Sometimes, just to test it, in the midst of our fights, I hurl obscenities I don't mean. I tell him that I don't love him. That he is going to die alone with no one left trying to mine through the wall that he has built around his heart. But there are never any tears for that.

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