Sometimes I feel like a weird clustered monkey. I’d perform markedly better as a pickled egg, enmeshed in a jar or an unmarked dark box in an attic somewhere. Seeing as there aren’t any pickling plants on my side of the world—or at least no ads I’ve seen for one—I’ll hang on to my prehensile tail and unwieldy opposable thumbs. People opposite me oft gawk, trying to divine who, or what, I am, trying to close the distance between us like a palm pressed flat on glass at a zoo exhibit. I’ll admit it, I exhibit rather non-person qualities these days, with my yearning for climbing high trees and staring back as strange human eyes undress me.