

that interview that you knew it, but how? Did you know what they'd done? Or did you get some kind of sign or warning? And what *had* they done? Please know that I wouldn't ask except to compare. Because I can't figure out what my boys could have done that was so wrong. I'm not questioning it, of course! I wouldn't do that. I just have to know what they did.

Unless you think it's different because our tree was a pine? Do you think different trees mean different things? And what about their ages? My husband was forty, and the boys were ten. Sixty years—same as the tree. What does that mean?

My daughter thinks the boys had a secret. *They were always whispering*, she said. They had green eyes. I don't know if that would have been in the news. The rest of us had brown. Brown eyes, brown hair, brown skin. *Marked from birth for something extraordinary*, we said. No, whatever their secrets, they didn't deserve this. I can't believe anything else. What do you think? What does it mean? Is it us—you and I? Is it *our* sin? Is it worse to die in your sleep or to live with the memories of a life you couldn't live, missing the lives they couldn't live?

One tree on our property. Only one, and it was always green. Like a tiny oasis in this horrible, fucking desert we raise our children in. A pool and one tree. That's what I gave them. A pool that we could never keep clean, that I wouldn't let them swim in because I was terrified that they would drown. A pool we had so we could say we lived in a Tudor in Las Vegas with a pool. But they didn't drown. My green-eyed boys were crushed to death by our evergreen tree. Asleep in their beds, breathing in the smells of Christmas. In separate rooms, because we could afford them.

There was a reason to destroy one hundred and twenty years of life in one night. It couldn't have been the boys, so it must have been me. What other explanation could there be?