Lock that tongue to the roof of your mouth, the therapist says, eyeing the trach at the base of her throat. (Memory pulses in her, replaying a lover eyeing her neckline.) Her gaze lasers the expert’s ear lobe, marking a place for a hammered gold stud, a cross, or a fish—Be amphibian: breathe, he says, slow, through the stoma. Good, he says. Good. (Like gills, pumping, pumping away as the barbed hook is withdrawn, the catch thrown back . . . Don’t go there.) Force air up your gullet. She gulps, then finesses a belch, and he cries, Yes! Now shape the noise. She tries, over and over, a first-time lover, kissing sounds old as earth, bracing as rain, words she’d thought forever lost, croaking: “Thank you,” tongue, teeth, palate, lips.