

## Love Story

She scans the traffic  
from the eyrie of her bedroom window,  
her hands discarded on the grainy sill.

The afternoons roll in and out like waves.

Across the road, across  
the easy accidents that time permits,  
she sees the beach slope backward  
into raucous mornings of seine-boats  
rowed in circles of whitening water,  
evenings of a young man  
walking into grace beneath her urgent eyes,  
an afternoon of white light in the body  
and the taste of salt sweat on his shoulder.

Her mother cleaned the daily catch  
somewhere within the belly of the house.  
Her knife would open silver flesh  
to spill the slippery rush  
of guts and blood.

Upstairs, her eyes grown rusty  
from exposure and the salt, she meshed  
her hands into a net  
to hold her swollen breasts.

He cast his rod in different water.  
Her child, stillborn,  
sank like a stone.

One night she cut him open  
without malice, without fore-  
play, knife easy  
in its barracuda elegance.

She's hardening now  
into a photograph, she's framed  
for life  
behind the apertures of memory,  
stilled by that leaping rush  
of white light in the body.

DAVID WILLIAMS