Cake

by John Riley

The girl's hand is pressed against the tree. It's early summer and her skin is still white with winter. Her boyfriend stands beside her.

Both are laughing, their teeth two rows of washed shells in the watermelon-stained sunset. There is the scent of lighter fluid and meat and now at last I reach the memory of cake between his lips, and how he wanted it, and wants it still, standing beside the fire-escape, where birds lift into the alley air.