

Lake Chelan

by Cherise Wolas

There was something plainly beautiful about each of them. Together, they were beautifully plain, unadorned and true. Verbal and vocal when clothed, they turned meditative and contemplative when naked. At dusk, the street quieted, as did they, Amish-like, between the sheets. Pure in their twined silence, they were freed from embroidered fantasies. All they required was the other; the two of them bound limb to limb. Overwhelming sighs at the end. Two pairs of black rubber boots, her rain boots, his waders, overturned in the corner.

