

Gloss

by Cooper Renner

It's whipgloss, ladies: the grasses steep-edged in the storm, dense with hornets trying to trick their way under the roots while the stains keep creeping out of my fist, moistening the knee of my pants, your pants, our pants leaving us stranded like creatures that gurgle under the waste as the mud hardens. Follow my finger up the canyon wall, past the Chevy wedged into its own ferocious orbit. It was that innocent, the ball of his thumb on the inside of her elbow, that long life-line that leaps the pulsing vein. Her lips pulled back over her gums as soon as she said yes.

