

Wheelbarrow

by Cooper Renner

He was ready for the rub. Tense. She could always tell. The legs, the shuffles. He had to be frantic before he would come to her, his own wife. Vanity, fright. She could read him like a book open on the table, turn his pages the way a fish flakes. "It's comfort night, sweetie," she called. He was practically glowing. "Your wish is my demand."

