

# sex at antioch

*by* Gary Percesepe

my friend, a woman who checks her  
closet for labels that say large  
(thinking that one may have shown up

during the night while she lay sleeping)  
picks a popped button off the cold tile floor,  
hands it to me, then pulls the tag

off her new dress and says, with no hint  
of a smile, the definition of beauty is easy:  
it is what leads to desperation

cervantes's windmill on fire again  
a suitcase of snow in summer  
seven spills you make across her  
    across the body of your memory.

