

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.

