

Blind

by Jamie Iredell

A woman's hips like an Appalachian crest, her breasts foothills: these among infinite eye-pleasures the blind never witness. Take this blind man: his older brother mouthed out descriptions: a dim wood-paneled stair leading to the ladies' rooms, candle-lit. It's like a mouth, the candles its teeth. The browned gold of whisky drizzled from ivory-stained bottles. Among what his brother would never see: the grunts of ramped hips below him, the brine smell of sweat, the air licked their skin, a cavern where sight should've been. The sound of his brother in the next room, not fucking, but sobbing and talking. Whispers about not taking it anymore, that it's too hard. Our blind man, he thinks his brother must mean him, the sight of him, one hand upon his brother's shoulder, as they shuffle after one another down a sidewalk. That is what he thinks—even, what he sees.

