## 6 Thoughts on Love

## by Joe Sullivan

"Careful of the shells," you said. I wanted to taste your white, and make a table of your midriff.

Georgia's just a place with so little, but an island nevertheless.

Sky's a thing we seem to be, when the light focuses on our skulls.

"Devastatin'," she said,
"Jes, devastatin'." She couldn't
help but repeating. A Russia
had fallen.

Your keel was broken like a simple thought in the jackhammered pavement.

Available online at "http://fictionaut.com/stories/joe-sullivan/6-thoughts-on-love" Copyright © 2010 Joe Sullivan. All rights reserved.

I channeled your mother and beat you senseless, too.