

Girl

by Joseph Young

The tadpoles flipped on the brown mud bottom. She dipped one out and held it near, seeing it in her belly, shaping arms and feet and a small, blond head. She set it back and stood, breasts out, arms up. The ducks in the weed, eyes hard like hungry boys, waited for bread. She would call, I hate you, or, I love you, and the ducks would scatter. She would do neither. The mud sucked her shoes, the minnows showed their silver stomachs and rolled away.

