

OF ALL 2,000 YEARS

by Joseph Young

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10 Point

The city after the snow was Medieval, the thousand paths wound as browsing deer. Inside her coat what wild heart.

Lethe

The beads were rolled-river at her throat, milk blue on a yellow string. I can't sleep she said, into his ear. The dog guarded her feet, eyes serious with cataract.

Turn

He folded a small squid eating sugar from the table top. The murmur of the room might have been plaintive, not for the smell of caramel.

Runt

One bright claw and it could have been done, all of that. The mothers drowsed and woke clamoring for the woods.

The Salmon-Falls

He walked the stone hall to the tourists' kiosk. She waited
touching the cover of a book. Men it seemed stood on hooves.

