

# PORNOGRAPHY

*by* Joseph Young

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### First

He went across the floor to where she sat. One sleeve of her shirt dropped to show her shoulder, salted and brown. One hundred fish filled the wave. Now, he said. Now is now.

### Second

The car wouldn't start, sputtering time in falling snow. Crows stood in the tree above. Give me, she said, reaching over the knees.

### Fourth

They walked the dog, hardly filling a black space in the dark. The houses had lit their windows red.

### Fifth

Don't watch me, he said. I feel frail. She kept at it though, the bottles in the windows having broke the light.

### Third

It was second to longest day. The swimming pool gleamed green under the calving sky. She curved her hip to the water and pushed. Now, like ever, he would not keep pace.

#### Sixth

As they ate their lunch, a thousand flowers the size of periods. Your hands, he said. Though she had no embarrassment.

#### Seventh

The ring twisted. It rained burnt gold on the black street.

#### Eighth

Leaves were bright crusts of bread in the grass. She filled her shirt to parade up the street, rocked back on her heels. That's too easy, he said, misunderstanding again.

#### Ninth

Her leg held steady the tree. We should rest, one of them said, for Christmas. The floor was a wasp of needles, the house a caught fire.

