

# Reiki Master

*by* Linda Simoni-Wastila

The morning Merilee disappeared, my lover died in a fire that started and ended in her queen-sized bed. The fire department declared arson, perhaps self-immolation, although they never found traces of accelerant. But I'd discovered *Twenty-One Love Poems* spread open on the rug, and remembered the heat from her hands stilled inches above my mons.

