

[TD100 - 1] The Woods

by M. F. Sullivan

The second time I watched him, I helped him carry her to the woods. A jury of trees swayed against the inky stars. I think it must have been three in the morning, and I still felt exposed. I held myself, my back to a tree, shivering, my eyes on Richard as he stabbed the spade into the mound of loose earth, then jerked it into the grave. But I don't know if I'd call it a grave. Graves are for bodies. This was for pieces. Sweat beaded his brow. I wanted to kiss him. The birds started waking up.

