

Between the Trees

by Mark Waldrop

In his head the moment would have been different.

It had been several things before, but always perfect, between the Willows, usually with her and food.

But sometimes his mind would wander and others would show up there on the grass.

A girl from class when he'd attempted to study Accounting, or a lady from his office.

Now, though, he thought the trees were much more peaceful from the road

Where he could see them.

The busy four lane street was the distraction, not her.

She was smiling and eating and just fine, but they were too close to the light.

One man, stopped in traffic, had honked and waved at them.

They spoke with raised voices over the noise of tires on the road, And the Willows loomed over them like a failure in the desert.

