

Madi's Love

by Tiffany R. White

Madi hated that Briana's hair was beautiful and lustered even when windswept. The depth of her love for Briana could only be heard on the 80's ballads station tumbling from the stereo in Madi's car, awkward, just like her smile.

"I'm not one for domestication." Briana said. "I'm not going to be tied down or let a man humiliate me by calling me his own."

They crossed the street, out on the town. The midnight air was thick with lust and vodka. Two men with modest mouths looked at Briana and wet their lips. Madi felt like a leftover, a fragment of what a woman should be. Briana gleamed as the moon and stars shown their gaudy light like proud parents over Briana's face.

"I think I'll be single for a while, too," Madi said although they both knew it was never going to be her choice.

"Mmm hmm." The affirmation stung like a rag to wet skin. But Madi loved her, blinded by vicarious pleasures and the size of her breasts.

Cicadas played a symphony as they walked from street to street, opposites in flesh, soul mates in one mind. Madi touched Briana on the small of her back. Briana shivered in the heat, jumping with hopscotch feet over puddled corners.

