

from **Tinderbox Lawn**

Carol Guess

Don't think I've forgotten. I haven't forgotten anything to do with you. Not the stairs leading down into the sauna; not the sauna's broken knob; not you undressing; not you drenched; not you alone at the foot of the stairs, the clothes in your arms some damp thing dying. You're climbing the stairs, slick from the sauna. If the corpse starts talking, who will it tell? At the top of the stairs, the narrow landing, and then the living room. You're in the living room. You're in the living room, and I'm just no good. You hold the needle over the record, a song from childhood. We would not have been friends. At the center of the room, you drop the dead thing. When I touch your zipper, the diamond needle goes down.

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