

A VELVET INCIDENT

Jennifer Brown

if they ever ask why I came, say it was destiny. I could smell the mildew on the stairs. waxy leaves were shining outside in the middle of the month. there would be a time called the first days of dolores. my steps sank out over the spillage of a water truck.

he was reading a book about cars that were never built and flicked his tongue across the bottom of his upper teeth while saying he had helped someone make something out back, a saw and the basketball hitting a chain link fence. his hair fell onto the porch under a string of christmas bulbs.

it was still the heat of something then when he came to the skin between my shirt straps. his work was a remote and imagined place. the store on the corner would light up. this happened in the room at the end of the house. we saw stars, satellites.