

Linda Russo

Exactness

she said o she's just closing her eyes because she's bored they laughed was something wrong? by now the other had gone into the other room they stood in a way that didn't warrant response their two faces were pushed together attached with unnatural smiles it reminds me of the bribe, she said that keeps them awake their response was palliative, agreeable and awkward it eased her into a position of tempered regret the cold feet surely had at their root a disorder of the highest order the truth shot out of her body like limpid glue

they took what was offered she said it recalled the botched assault they looked askance their breasts were pushed together in emphasis raising their awareness without them in sexual confusion bodies rolled on the floor yet everything was in its place

provocative images were laid bare she said it was liable, or pliable in unison their pinched looks dissolved was her predisposition apt? the date rape statistic achieved an all-time low others moved out of the room to exchange assertions pushed their thighs together fluids were shared in a way that suggested controversy though the offending document remained that evening clothes flew off

I won't know the result of my campaign, she said they twisted in their seats to satisfy an itch the literacy issues remained the others admitted their love of malice went unmet her shoulder squinched up to her teeth to receive a bite that was the end of the meeting

sipping coffee he lost control of the car the essential history canonized with a gradual movement their shoulderblades met was it likely to ignite discussion? she insisted, then she broke off completely that's it for the book on sexual statistics