

REBECCA MORGAN FRANK

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*Fishing Tackle and Fine Wine*

That's the sort of city it was. You could find everything you couldn't want within a block. Bloodworms, feathered flies, a Bordeaux that would put you back a week or two on bills. The corner market carried charcoal for the yards no one had, and the rats were disgusted with the take-out restaurant's scraps. You had to wear your flipflops in the shower and your coat in the bed. The sidewalks went from salt to dry dust that the fan stirred around when it wasn't missing a beat. We'd stretch out in the median and slurp popsicles in psychedelic shades, watch the pretty girls in flowered dresses ride by on bicycles, baskets full. We wanted the coolness of their circling limbs, the loose ponytails easing across bare skin. We watched the cars and wished for wings, cold things, the pond on the far side of town. We didn't talk about how you'd drowned, or the way we both missed your skin, your lips, red, then orange, then purple and cold.