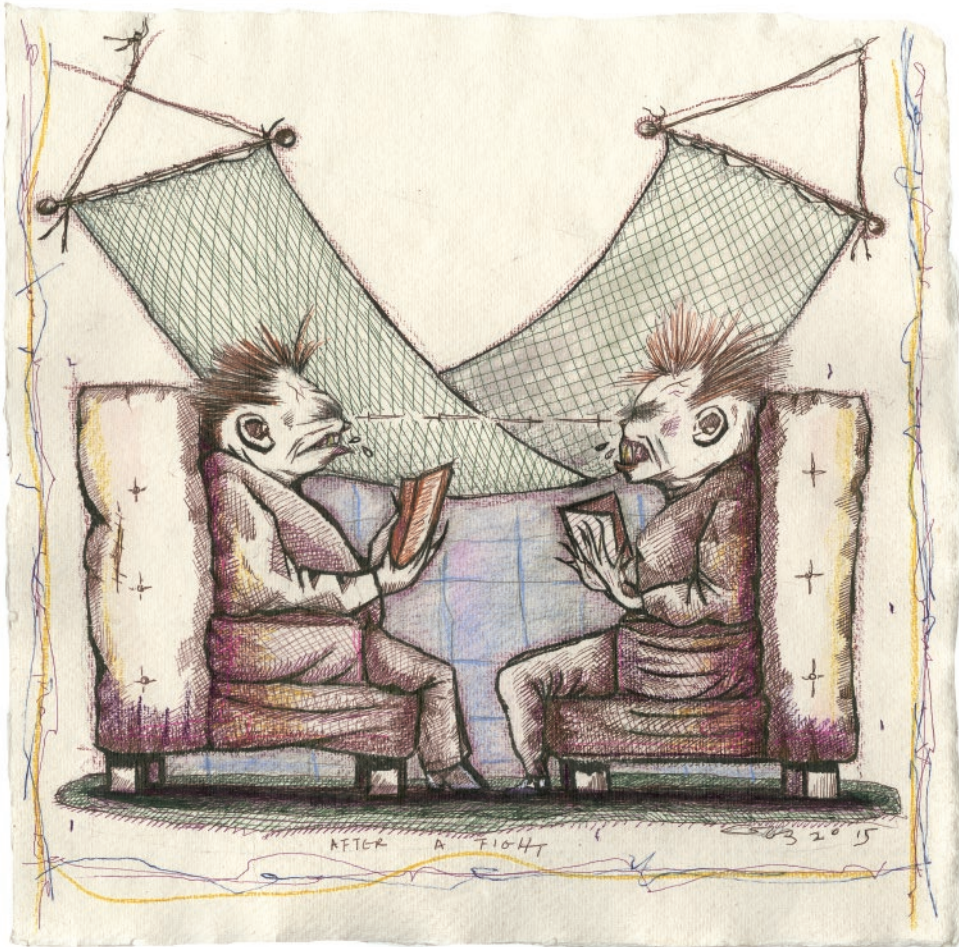


After a Fight



Anger scours the house, filling his dark sack with our antique laughter, silver evenings in the hammock. Nothing left but the sharp words we keep locked in our mouths and the unforgiving chairs where we pretend to read. When I look up, you look up, and we know something is missing. We stay that way for a moment, like two people who have heard a strange noise outside late at night: our eyes fear-fired—ready to strike if we have to.