

# *As Any Approaching Might Smile and Stop*



In the wood print, the simple black of the bear's hide is achieved through thirty whumps of the press. It takes a lot to make such a simple dark. I wouldn't leave a woman like that, the cab driver said. Did he mean the way I was departing or her prettiness in that black dress? I suppose they're the same. He said he must drive the airport road thirty odd times a night. It was where his son died. Say you loved me once in a while, she said. I said I had. I smoothed her dress in a way she would feel, but not with any certainty. You know, in the wood print, you can't tell the bears from the night around them, except for a slight motion of the eyes. I suppose hers are the same.