

## In Season

Trees were everywhere. He was a composer and put in a CD and then another telling me to listen to the pain and get the feeling. I used to play piano and failed at a recital, trying to perfect a Clementi Sonatina.

I could see things. He was no good at painting.

Now he drove. After seven hours on the way up, I'd relieved him, and then there was a cop with lights. I gave the cop my license and as I shook, my guy tried to shush and calm me. But the cop came back, saying his system was defunct. "I'll just assume you're no criminal," he said.

It was a place my uncle built himself, stones hand-picked, wood from the forest he'd purchased. The year before, my uncle showed us the tracks in back, talking of how he fed the deer and watched them in their habits, shooting them in season.

My guy said he'd never been anywhere this quiet. He was from another country. We walked hand in hand, always touching.

There were only woods around. He sat on the sofa that used to belong to my grandpa, who'd disowned me when I was a teen. On his deathbed, he was sorry, though he didn't specify. He'd lived in his own woods.

I was a painter, getting better. I got down on my knees and he undid his trousers. He liked names and called me slut and bitch and whore and then I felt it. I knew what he needed and gave it to him, and then we moved into the bedroom. There were lots of bedrooms in that cabin. And he called me things again and I told him yes, sir, like I believed him.

We drove around the forest. I found ticks on my arms and buttocks, on my calves and even on my fingers. He didn't get ticks at all, but was afraid of them. "Don't be scared," I told him, handing him a tweezers. He picked them from me, one by one, while I lay on the sofa. As soon as one was loose from me, he ran into the bathroom with it and the tweezers, and I heard him flush the toilet. I asked him to inspect my body, and we kept on until I was clean, and then we took a shower, washing each other with soap we bought special in Chicago.

We went to a local store, buying spray and bottled water.

We went for walks, and he told me to listen to that bird, it was in C Major. I heard the running of the water and I felt a certain image. We lit the fireplace at night, arguing at how to keep it.

We ate lunch at the local gas station, where they served a dish called lumber. The waitress got to know that all we wanted was oatmeal and salad.

We moved to the upstairs bedroom. Furniture was everywhere. Upstairs, downstairs. Outside, even.

We trailed off, finding a pond, discovering circumference, following the croakings of a frog or toad. We trudged through the marsh, peeing on the skeleton of something.

When we looked out from the cabin, we saw deer eating seed.

The day we were to leave, I went out on the deck. "It's quiet here," I told him, hanging to the edge, kind of grabbing.