

Silk

By Mara Buck

I lie on my bed. My silk pajamas are charmeuse, unbearably soft, shockingly expensive, an extravagance in designer mauve, clinging to my body as eloquently as if created for me alone. A subtle breeze caresses from the open window and the silk moves along my leg, delicate as the touch of a courting lover.

Two ruby specks bloom on the silk. Tiny puncture wounds. Pinpricks. I feel giddy, dizzy, muzzy-headed. My brain a-fizz with champagne bubbles is not an unpleasant sensation.

She appears. Confident.

Arachnid eyes never blink. How does she see me? Surely not as I view her. I smile down at her, a smile unreturned, yet we are connected in the greatest intimacy.

I lie here as the room spins and she spins and I am wrapped and I find that I no longer care in the slightest, for I am swathed in silk.

The End

Of Ice and Remembrance

By Mara Buck

A white fox stands in arctic snow, the full moon alert above his shoulder, and I see only his eyes, onyx jewels reflecting my image. We stare and my own eyes adjust and details appear, blue shadows on the snow, a tinge of umber on his underbelly, the hint of dried blood on his muzzle, forepaws --- or maybe I'm mistaken. I lie here naked, pale skin paler by cold, my blood retreated into my core, my hair (whitened by time) whispering about my ears in the windchill, my eyes faded by age and misuse. Is their light too dimmed for reflection? Does the fox see

Writing Raw

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himself in me as I in him? On my person there is no clue of a final meal, no remnants of activity, and my feet have left no footprints on this frozen world. I can only wait.

He stares into my eyes, fascinated by his own perfection. He approaches with the halting grace of a Nureyev and he closes his teeth over my ankle. His teeth break into a cacophony of tinkling ivory because I am frozen solid as marble.

The End

Mara Buck bio: Mara Buck writes and paints within a self-constructed hideaway in the Maine woods --- she hopes to leave soon. Awarded or short-listed by the Faulkner Society, the Hackney Awards, Carpe Articulum, her work appears in Drunken Boat, HuffPost, Crack the Spine, Blue Fifth, Apocrypha, Tishman Review, Stepping Stones, Living Waters, Orion, Pithead Chapel, The Lake, The Linnet's Wings, plus anthologies. A novel is forthcoming.