

I Knew Her

by John Riley

We met in the theater. I did the lighting. She, the star, ran lines in bed, slept in a half-circle, knees below her chin. Often, mornings were wet. During the day we drank, and there was an oak outside the bedroom window. She's coming back to me now. She said I was a fake. Her shoulder blades angled like knives that could never cross. We smoked. I think this is right. One night she told me to leave. My hands were full. I had to ask her to open the door. I knew we would end one day but never knew she would get lost in the mind of a man who best recalls her saying, "You fucked the life out of me," one night, in the dark, before we fell asleep.

