The Island

Danielle Rust*
The Island

Soft whisper of cotton as two bodies lounge together on a tiny couch limbs entwined flannel sighing against her Levi's as his arm turns another page she repositions upsetting the delicate ecosystem of the tiny island sliding shifting slipping her papers cast from his legs onto the hardwood sea

some float beside her desk in the corner other dark scribbled pages beach beneath his chair by the window fingertips stretch retrieving swishing fabric waves her arm reaching and retreating gathered they entwine anew bodies entangled seaweed minds return to separate worlds leaving cotton to again whisper each caress

Danielle Rust