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# A Factory by the River

Some girl on a bicycle flags you down.

The male duck pushes the female under water. We hang our legs over the riverbank. We can't go on like this, touching each other's hair.
Empty wrapper in the dirt.
Sticky dead stalk.
White smoke from the factory.

I walk up and down the hill. I tell the girl on her bicycle my theories about love. They float like factory smoke, visible, now nothing. I should not love you.

I am the girl on a bicycle. Why don't you show some consideration and stop me?

I tell everyone's secrets then lie to cover it up. Spend a little money, spend more, and what poverty is in store for my heart?

Kathryn Rhett