Lesson

At some location between the rod itself and the hook, which, having shot straight on its filament through the locust-sung summer air (all sun-blistered and clover-hung), at the flick of her cousin’s right wrist until it reached the soft crease of her inner elbow, where it snagged and he laughed (she cried out)—that tender purchase of dart in flesh allowing him to reel her bleating back along a taut line of rancid animal pain she couldn’t unfasten from—at some point along that axis humming casual violence (and his boy heat and her blood just beginning to bubble under the barb), a false idea she had about this world and her position in it was corrected.