

## Five Women in a Bed

—By Edward Falco

Five women at a party jump on their host's bed. Women, not the idea of women. Someone takes a picture. After that flash preserves two red blouses, a blue skirt, shoes, curve of leg, curve of thigh.

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He stood by the door watching.

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I'm standing by the door, behind the woman behind the camera, below and to the right looking on. To see me, you must expand the picture.

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I'm alone at the party, he was alone at the party: outside the picture.

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A lifeboat floats on rough water. There are five women in the boat. In the foreground, a man is swimming, only the back of his head and shoulders visible. He is swimming hard toward the lifeboat.

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Once I.

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He stood by the door and watched the women as they clowned on the bed. They were all friends and he wanted to crawl into their arms and be comforted. He wanted them to destroy loss and death and bring him into their circle.

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Life. Boat. Swimmer.

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He was standing by the door watching and we all felt something we talked about it later. You could see it in his eyes. As if the bed were food and he were starving. It made us uncomfortable, and we.

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He was alone at the party and a man and a woman coupled make a circle. The muscles of his back and chest, the give of breast and thigh,

heat that builds to coolness. The last time you made love, right at the moment of climax, where were you where was your lover?

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He was alone at the party, outside the picture. You could tell he was looking for a way in a way out. You could see it in his eyes. He wanted to crawl into bed with them he wanted to walk away from them. He wished there were someone who could answer who could ask.

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This guy had this look like this look in his eyes like, this look.