

CHARLES O'HAY

Good Dark, My Love

I want to photograph you in this light, I said. You'll need to step back, said the world, if you want to get all of me. I edged backward through a cornfield. How's that? I said. Further, said the world. I rowed out across the sea. How's that? I said. Further, said the world. So I moved outward through the dark, like someone leaving a theater in the middle of a film, until I reached a place where it was cold and all the trees were bone-white and bare. Funny, I thought, how we say frozen when we mean still. What if we said night when we meant dark? I stopped and looked back. That's fine, said the world, right there. Now, I said, hold the moon to your cheek and smile.

CHARLES O'HAY's work has appeared in over 150 publications, including *Kentucky Review*, *Cortland Review*, *Gargoyle*, *Riprap*, and *The New York Quarterly*. His two collections — *Far from Luck* (2011) and *Smoking in Elevators* (2014) — are available from Lucky Bat Books.

