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**Yellow Grass**  
John Bradley

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## John Bradley

### YELLOW GRASS

*Yellow grass*, she said to the wind, to the yellow grass stuck to her thighs, her neck, her cheek. All she could see was yellow grass, stalks the size of trees there in front of her eyes. She wanted to laugh, but it hurt, so she didn't. Besides, if she laughed she knew she would cry.

The wind touched her ankle, tossed her skirt up, looked at the bruises on her leg. The bruises must have made the wind jealous because there was only silence. Not even the yellow grass moved. She tried to look at the bruises before, but it only made her head throb, so she stopped.

At least she still had her skirt. She didn't know what had happened to her stockings and panties. And her shoes. But at least when they found her, they couldn't say she was naked. *Naked woman found in yellow grass*. At least they couldn't say that. She had on a skirt, and the yellow grass, sticking to her skin. Clinging even to the places where the knife had entered her, she imagined, the yellow grass envying her even that.

Was her blouse ripped? She couldn't tell. Perhaps the wind would tell her. The wind with its long, cold fingers. Now the light blurred, light the color of a bruise. Light the color of yellow grass. So, even the light belonged to the yellow grass.