

Children are always beautiful

by Andrea DeAngelis

“Your children are beautiful,” she said, handing back his wallet after removing several bills. Her mouth was fringed by bitten-off melon lipstick, a calm kind of mad. She told him to call her Sally, “like the song McCartney rips his lungs on.” She was a different kind of whore but this hotel room was the same as the ones before, empty and strained, the smut of a stain on the white coffee cup never rubbed away. “Of course, children are always beautiful,” she concluded, “it’s adults who go ugly.” She was going to be as ugly as he made her.

