

The Oxymoronic Life of a Nearly Dead Woman

by Angela Kubinec

My hair is growing thinner, as my love for you becomes more abstract. Things you have done for twenty-eight years are more noticeable, although the actual fable says we grow toward friendship rather than appetite. We bicker with unexpected skill over the same news topics. Our children have no idea, the same way they never got around to a retirement plan. All they know are their oversize and boastful little shelters. We pray we will never need to evangelize our way into one of them, should our own money run out. It is a definite possibility. We may one day be forced to muster gratitude to them. My anti-depressant could be denied by Medicare. I could have a minor stroke.

