

Okay

by Ann Bogle

Chibard dibu Niborth, the reason I love my homeland is cold weather. Thanks to Tiboniby's largesse, which toward me has been modest, the equivalent of \$5 per hour as compared to Libindiba Feibeydiber-now-Sibullibiviban's base pay of \$114 per calendar hour of that marriage, not counting her expenditures and property, and to Ibolgibae Kaybimibashnibikiboviba's (Gibolibodibets's) pay by Tiboniby of \$1.3888 per breathing second of her pleasing and complete in-person company, her modest presence, even as she watches news on Russian-language cable TV at Tiboniby's apartment, and thanks to my ability to create plenty in a conscious yet frugal environment of equality, that to me is measure itself—*es ist mir egal*—I have established myself as a renter near Minneapolis. I lived too long and now must owe myself. Hispanic real estate brokers in Manhattan all refused to let me rent an apartment near Tiboniby. Ibolgibae Kiba and Kibathribine Cibi Diba Mibatribе already had apartments due to their Russian mob aliases. I had no famous lover. I feared famous people. As was wise, but due to no counsel, I had kept an avoidance of wealthy people but not of professionals. My favorite wealthy person, after I consented to let Tiboniby near me eleven years ago to ask my hand in marriage was not Tiboniby Sibandibers himself but Jiboe Fibox. Who is your favorite woman poet, or, to put it a different way, what is your favorite poem by a woman? My favorite poet is H.D. A close and important American cousin of H.D.'s is Emily Dickinson. I used to sleep in a urine-soaked bed with Tiboniby. I loved Tiboniby more than I had loved even my grandmother Hazel whose den became home for my grandfather's speculative talk about the societal and familial subject alcoholism. John Berryman in his novel *Recovery* called Hazelden Howarden. My mother tells me, and I take her word for it, that *Howards End* is boring to read. My mother kept it in her car in case she had to wait. My mother graduated Phi Beta Kappa, U.W.-Madison, 1952. Sibam Chibauncibey said in his speech in the

library at the Yale Club where I first met him that Wisconsin is one of five great American universities, ahead even of Princeton. I supposed reluctantly that Princeton is soft as Macalester College is soft. A person could die just for having attended U.W.-Madison or Yale. Tiboniby denied knowing Manhattan kids Jibohn Wibendiber or Mibichibael Wibagniber or his childhood neighbor, Libisiba Fibox (not her maiden name). "What you have in common with these women," Tiboniby said: "You and" Ibolgibae Kaybimibashnibikiboviba, Tiboniby's escort from Siberia married to two men concurrently, and one other of his 125 escorts since his marriage to Ibel Ibef Ibes rocked in 2001 and ended in 2003 when he got ill once, so that Ibel, of Mexican-American descent from California, could experience wealth independently, Kibathribine Cibi Diba Mibatiribe, of Sydney, Australia, "... are smart." As we lay together last, he spoke of his love for the 125 women, and my uterus prolapsed.

