

Smart

by Benjamin Matvey

At the very top of the stack of moving boxes that loomed over Mary and Stanley Swain's newly arrived couch a small box was precariously perched. Mary was not concerned. She was cozied up on the couch in the sweater her friend Julia had knit her as a going away present, with a book about James Joyce's daughter at her feet. Her thoughts were on her unringing phone...

[You can read the full story by clicking the link in the author's note]

