Julia

by Bill Yarrow

One day she took a lover, a Québécois mortician, who mollified her spirit as he mortified her flesh. She found her escape in a letter from her sclerotic brother whose neurosis demanded companionship. She'd fly to Escondido to be his renewal. On her way to the airport, her cab was rear ended by a bus. She suffered three broken bones.

Six months later, she was teaching theology to refugees from EST. Her brother was in rehab, his prognosis good. She felt healthy and happy. No clouds anywhere. Pseudocyesis does that.

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