

why are we feeding the lawyer?

by Erica Hoskins Mullenix

High and fashionably late, Zelig's toes were cooled by the morning dew as she dangled her sandals over the back of her chair, obliquely squaring off with her mother, their accountant and Zelig's lawyer over brunch. They were pressing her about the money, it was always about the money. There was plen.ty.mon.ey and the constant arguing over it...gah...I'm losing joy, mama. Losing joy.

Her mother swooped in with a lethal *don't give a fuck about your joy*, and Zelig's high escaped through the portal in her soul only mothers can rip apart, the one near the base of the brain and distinctly different from the portal usually chosen by men who disappear into the goodnight leaving you for dead and island police searching your apartment at sunrise.

