## Wilderness House Literary Review 12/1

Alan Britt
MISS QUACKENBUSH

Miss Quackenbush, 60 something, stringy hair rinsed like sardines in rainwater, braids coiled into a nest, told me something.

Miss Q described an accident involving a '49 Ford bullet grill on Southern Boulevard, if memory serves, & man bleeding her couch, the very same couch my 5-year-old bones relaxed upon that day. The last thing this man, according to Miss Q, his final act upon this earth was to empty his bowels, releasing penultimate humiliation. Attendants scooped him up & out the door, vacuuming their footsteps along the way.

My mother, disconcerted, suggested I spend less time at Miss Q's.

I found reasons to return.