

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

*Ramon Collins*  
**TRIO**

### **Visitor's Day**

Mark paced back and forth and ran his left hand through his close-cropped hair. The door opened and he sat down.

Cynthia said, "I miss you. I have your picture to talk to, but I miss the way your eyebrows move, your crooked grin."

He turned away. "I made a mistake."

"We made a mistake." She studied the floor tiles.

Background noises blended in with muffled voices as Mark fidgeted in his chair. "It's all my fault, but I guess this isn't the time or place for future plans."

Cynthia's upper lip twitched. "Not all your fault."

"I've had time to think. I'm gonna be a changed man."

Cynthia leaned forward holding the phone.

"And I'll be eligible for parole in four months."

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### Sycamore Today

Police cars weren't seen on Sycamore Street often. Today lawn mowers hesitated and living room curtains parted.

An officer got out and followed the girl up the sidewalk. The woman on the porch wiped hands on her apron, touched the girl's shoulder as she brushed by. After a brief conversation with the officer the woman shut the door and walked to the girl.

"Two days with no word – two days!"

Suzie clenched her fists. "Don't start on me. Okay?"

Myrna folded her arms. "I suppose you were shackled up in some scumbag motel."

"No-o-o— it happened to be a very cool summer cabin."

"Were you drinking?"

"Some rum and Coke."

"How 'bout activity?"

Suzie turned her head. "Activity?"

"S-E-X, ever hear of it?"

"I'll be eighteen next week, Mother. You were married at eighteen."

"That's the magic word, married."

"What's so magic? Dad left four years ago."

"And if you're pregnant?"

"Don't worry about it. I'm not pregnant."

"Did Dr. Robbie graduate in gynecology at eighteen?"

"Mom— I was with Lydia. Ever hear of it?"

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### Near Samoa

People said Marvin Miller was flat-out born miserable. After flunking out of an Ivy League university, miserable Miller inherited a fortune, cracked up and retained the counsel of Dr. Beatrice Kukuber, psychiatrist.

Seventy sessions later, Marvin refused to talk anymore and sat staring at Dr. Kukuber for the entire appointed hour. When she suggested he retreat to a South Sea island to find himself, he booked a flight and checked into a resort near Samoa.

One night Marvin went for an underwater walk. The suicide note read:

My darling Kuku,

I found myself. But I'm here, too.

Forever love, Marvin