

If I were not me and overheard me from below, as a neighbor, talking to him, I would say to myself how glad I was not to be her, not to be sounding the way she is sounding, with a voice like her voice and an opinion like her opinion. But I cannot hear myself from below, as a neighbor, I cannot hear how I ought not to sound, I cannot be glad I am not her, as I would be if I could hear her. Then again, since I am her, I am not sorry to be here, up above, where I cannot hear her as a neighbor, where I cannot say to myself, as I would have to from below, how glad I am not to be her

Suddenly Afraid

—because she couldn't write the name of what she was: a wa wam owm owamn womn

Susie Brown will be in town. She will be in town to sell her things. Susie Brown is moving far away. She would like to sell her queen mattress. Do we want her queen mattress? Do we want her ottoman? Do we want her bath items?

It is time to say goodbye to Susie Brown. We have enjoyed her friendship.

We have enjoyed her tennis lessons.