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Correspondence

Eleanor Zilius
College of DuPage

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CORRESPONDENCE

At 7:23, an envelope arrived marked personal. Josi read it on the train to work, expecting some big revelation. The letter to change all letters. Instead, the scratchy script sunk into the page, dragging her into the black, inky hole they created. She shouldn't be surprised, she realized. Ron had never been one to change the way he felt once things were settled, but still, her hope persisted until it didn't. She took a few, slow deep breaths (the kind Dr. Markes suggested when she felt like passing out) and tried to think logically. She could drive the 537.65 miles just to scream in his face—that's what she really wanted to do. Her mother would lend her a car or, if not, maybe a neighbor would. It would only take ten hours. She had calculated this when she was planning a much nicer visit to his villa. He always had some pretentious name for his shit. It couldn't be a house; it was a villa, and he slurred the ll's together in a pseudo-Spanish accent to sound what? Suave? Intriguing? Boy, had Josi eaten it up.

For over two years, she had played the fool. Now, all that built up stupidity, she thought was love felt meaningless. All the sadness she was supposed to feel, just wasn't there. Anger. Only anger was there. Anger filling up a cup of hot water until there was no more ceramic to fill. Water passed the lip of the cup, burned her hands, and spilled all over the floor. Josi picked up her phone and dialed her mother.

ELEANOR ZILIUS



Red Raincoat. Jim Waters, Photograph.

Light Spectrum (at left). Colin Nugent, Photograph.