

# Mad Love

*by* Bill Yarrow

cheek, Galatea”

“There's blood on your

—Dr. Gogol in

## Mad Love

The time they drove through Delaware  
listening to Poogy, planning the future

and she sat up like a Chagall bride, told  
him she was afraid. “Of what?” he asked

“Of an icy life,” she said. No fear of that,  
he assured her, and she believed him, madly

