

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

