

drowned dead. The boy had set the alarm pretty general by then, and when Jed and his wife got there, they was quite a crowd gathered. Jed's wife jes gave one look at Jenny and moaned sorta low-like, then set down beside her a-crying soft-like and running her fingers through Jenny's hair until I couldn't help but think of how she used to braid it up so nice and put ribbons in it and purty it up all she could.

Marshells don't live there any more; Jed's wife and the boy moved back down Arkansaw way where they come from, after Jed got killed.

Yep, Jed got killed. Seems like trouble kinda comes in threes, don't it? First Asa getting killed, and then Jenny a-drowning herself, and then Jed only a couple of days after Jenny's funeral. Him and his wife was a-sitting in the kitchen, and Jed was cleaning his gun when it went off accidental-like and shot him dead. Right through the heart.

Kinda funny too; for all his being queer on religion, I never thought Jed Marshall would be such a fool as to try and clean a loaded gun!



Impulse

By Alice Wortman

WHEN I see a blank wall,
 I want charcoal
 to make unrestrained, indiscriminate
 marks on it—
 circles and rhomboids,
 reeling triangles,
 meaningless lines.
 That is what you did to me.
 I want to write
 I H A T E Y O U
 In letters a mile high
 But no one could ever see them,
 not even you!