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# The Failure Of Forewarning

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## THE FAILURE OF FOREWARNING

HAILEY LEITHAUER

A man and a woman are walking  
down the street, although it might be better  
for the story if the man and woman  
were walking into a bar.  
Obligingly, they walk into a bar,  
and on closer inspection we see that the woman  
is the wife of Lot,  
appearing mussed and disheveled in old clothing.  
We understand the reason for this  
as she has had to leave home  
on a moment's notice, having had just  
enough time to throw her husband's scratchy  
wool overcoat over her shoulders  
and slip into the oversized  
galoshes of her son.  
All afternoon since leaving the house  
a trio of red deer have been following  
them through the town and laboring  
to lick at her chin, which has become  
a source of escalating concern.  
Also the way at breakfast  
the spatulas and kitchen  
knives began instantly to rust  
and corrode in her hand.  
She is thinking of this as they sit down  
facing themselves in the smoked glass.  
The barroom is dark and smells of mold.  
Lot orders a rye and says nothing.  
When she speaks to him he finds himself looking  
over her head and through the diamond  
shaped window in the front door of the bar,

47

watching the clouds as they change  
into a rope of red and violet light.  
Already we see she is beginning to flake,  
unaware of the perfect white crumbs  
that Lot is brushing quietly to the floor.  
Already she is developing a craving for peanuts,  
turning her back to the evening news, nostalgically  
opening and shutting the toy parasol.