2003

Fool for Love

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5659

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Fool for Love

Fool finds himself smitten by a judge’s daughter, who’s been reserved for someone like herself: tycoon rich, Ivy League, Greeky statuesque, and no fool. When he spotted her among the other women on the planet, Fool’s heart needed high-powered binoculars just to see whether she had blue eyes or brown. Fool imagines that she loves old movies and city landscapes, exactly as he does, that he’s found his missing half so he no longer has to stumble around on two left legs like those down-the-middle amputees in The Symposium. See the newly-rejoined on a balmy Union Square, discussing the vault scene in Citizen Kane; in winter see them snowball-sparring by the Flatiron Building, in late spring dining on the Via Veneto. Divine love, earthly love: fast as Chan and Eng? The calendar flaps through the months as they choose the silverware, coochie their first-born . . . who looks away like Hitchcock in a cameo.

The iron park bench chills beneath the cloud just abandoned by Fool’s violins and French horns. Is that hail?