Advisor

Mary Honstead*
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Abstract

The office has the dry smell of a business supplies store. Behind a desk, lips tighten in imitation of warmth; a flick of fingers files me into the proper chair...
The office has the dry smell of a business supplies store. Behind a desk, lips tighten in imitation of warmth; a flick of fingers files me into the proper chair. I sit across from an ancient young woman with manila skin and pale eyes. A flat voice informs the hollow of my throat that dangling participles should be the world’s greatest concern. Any situation, complicated by a human mind, can be easily condensed into multiple choice form, with only one correct answer. Her droning voice reduces me to a decimal point. Eyes blink. Brain clicks. I roll out the door on cue.