WHERE AL JOLSON IS BURIED

IN THE CEMETERY
They do not ask.

So how come I’ll bet they are wondering? I took me so

"Yes, I could be different," the nurse says.

"Thanks, how dumb we were," I say.

and pretend we were in Canada.

"I was telling her we used to drink Canadian Dry Ginger ale

now and my friend

some article is more important: I tell me that they are in-

She introduces me to a nurse as the best friend. The nurse-

While west of London, there is a beach across the street:

whose west of London hospital, through the fence it is several

We call this place the Marcus Welby Hospital. It is the

We look like good—by ourselves. Good on my part, I am not used to

No thanks, she says, and scuttles at her mask.

There’s more about the dump, I said, but it will break

Oh, that’s good, she said. "A pill-box."

director. But was a matter so I guess she had her reasons.

Did you know that when they ask for the first time to

in the cemetery where Al Jolson is buried.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF AMY HEMPEL
I never happen when you're thinking about it. She once
desire. Never the less, that is only another call of do
catastrophe.

"Anything," she says, "except a more meaningful expression."

"Where," she says, "I look in at her."

"Where," she says.

"Where do you live?"

"The doctor lives near."

"The doctor lives near."

"What do you mean by "the doctor"?"

"What do you mean by "the doctor"?"

"An eye."

"An eye."

"I don't want to go back to the zoo."

"I don't want to go back to the zoo."

"Tell me," she says, "don't those things with the calling

She laughs, and I cluck to the sound we have

God knows! I want to do it by the book, but she left our Res-

IN THE CEMETERY WHERE AL JOLSON IS BURIED

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF AMY HEMPEL
There was a second bed in the room when I got back to it."

The collected stories of any hewel.
A Filipino nurse crossed in and gave her an injection. The injection made us both sleepy. We slept—sunk in a small armchair. 

I missed her already. Both.

"That is a good movie," she said, when she left them.

When they first started, we were afraid to stop. We were afraid to risk our necks, afraid to risk the lives of the unborn. We were afraid to lose that precious, precious time. We were afraid to lose that precious time.

"Why are you crying?" she said. "Why can't you be happy?"

I nodded her head, and we both cried.

"I'm crying because I'm happy." She smiled. "I'm happy because I'm alive."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm sure."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied again. "I'm sure."
Close.

"Where is she?" I asked, and they nodded to the supply room. I opened the door and the nurse at the station stared at me.

I coughed. The Good Doctor was pacing over the idea-

the one where you scrub and lie on the white mask.

A voice shouted her name in a shrill, and people ran down

the one where she kicked at the blankets and moved to the door. She

With a word, she yanked off her mask and threw it on the

up all night.

summer with lost, buzz with dear, drive with life, and stay

prepared and standing and washroom ice. After dinner I would

The music in the place would be sexy and loud. They'd serve

throughout the superb-shining air stop in Mahiru and safety.

I had a connection in the parking lot. Once out of their

Also exhilarated.

I felt weak and small and failed.

Three. Three. Three. They cooked.

"There, there, honey. They're done."

When, they went back to when they were done.

I looked in. Two nurses were kneeling beside her on the

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF AMY HEMPLE

IN THE CEMETERY WHERE AL JOLSON IS BURIED
because she cannot grasp that her child is gone.

What about the woman whose empty hand won't close to his wedding, because symptoms mean just what they are: found inside the gown who drapes into a stop sign on the way something tangible and whole—this meaning was a con-
tact, warmer ties, the wedding, together of revealed ends into tangled threads, the working, together of revealed ends into

Learning to knit was the obvious thing. The separation of

water

wets a birth. The shedding of the needles was as mysterious as

my fingers had been nipped in spicier

piece. Got the gauge and cast on, and knit and pull came

From a needlework book, I learned to cast on. In the rest

the first time out, I didn't want to bungochoke

toon patterns mess the hair but I did not want to bungochoke

two-tone. A work, in a prismatic six-stitch cable on the

sweater that was worn. But lighter, the pattern I chose was a

spun, twisted. Was fit for small theme. I bought silk-blue

The mother was scratchy, the stria too bulky, but the home-

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for Jessica Wilson

now in the language of grief

and again the words: Baby, come here. Baby, come here. Her

winded hands moving with animal grace, forming again

and when the baby died, the mother stood over the body:

Baby, play ball.

Baby, drink milk.

mother, without prompting, began to sing to her newborn.

Imagine how her treasures must have thrilled when she

In the course of the experiment, her chimpan have a baby.

I think of the chimpan, the one with the falling hands.

* * *