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FOREHEAD

Upon hearing that a high forehead was a sign of true intelligence, I proceeded to shave off my bangs and expose my scalp. Although this made me look like an egghead, I decided that if it impressed other people, I could learn to live without a mirror in the house.

It was then that I began writing books of great acclaim. They were massive books, some as large as my front door, and I found them as difficult to read as they were to carry. Critics loved them though, calling them remarkably advanced for a woman my age. I often found myself in libraries asking for my books so I could stare at the back inside cover. There I would find a picture of my forehead, sweat splattered and displaying a fine network of tiny purple veins, like rivers on a roadmap. I had the picture enlarged and hung it over the head of my bed where it still hangs today.

I am losing my hair now. My skull seems to become more and more oval shaped each day and the purple veins now resemble cracks in a sidewalk. I don't write books anymore and often stay in bed all morning, fearing breakfast.