

MADONNA'S RESPONSE TO ANN LANDERS' "70 PERCENT OF WOMEN
WOULD PREFER CUDDLING AND HUGGING TO 'IT'"

wonders what
happened to
good old
fashioned
wall rattling
window steaming
hot cha cha

MADONNA OF THE MAN WHO WRITES BORING LETTERS

not hearing from him
is like hearing from him

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

BETRAYAL

For the first 23 years of my life,
I felt secure. My parents, I knew,
would have walked through fire
for me. My first marriage
when I was 19
may as well have been arranged
for all I had to do with it.
I stayed at the campus
and my mother
got to book the musicians,
pick out and rent the hall,
choose the decorations,
set the date up with the church,
and make all the other plans.
And she loved it.
All I had to do was be there.
It didn't occur to me
that if I didn't care enough
to make my own wedding plans
then I didn't care enough
to be married. His military job

sent him away for a year,
so I went back to school
and I was delighted.
By the end of that year
I'd found the man
I wanted to live with
and did so
without my mother's arrangement.
Not only did my parents scream
and yell and try to kidnap me
-- I still don't know
what they thought
Arthur was going to do to me
-- but they wouldn't come
to our wedding.
I had the grace to come
to the one they planned for me.
It's been eight years
since Arthur and I were married.
It's been two years
since my parents were inside
our home, and also
two years since they've seen
the granddaughter I gave them.
Now, it's nearly Christmas.
I wonder if we'll get a card
from them. They didn't
send me a birthday card.
Arthur's parents
are flying 3,000 miles to spend
Christmas with their son and
the granddaughter I gave them.
My own can't even drive
the 40 miles it takes
to visit me. Neither can
my brother and his family
nor my uncles and their families.
I know all about betrayal.

-- Kit Knight

California PA