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The Dear Son Russell Edson

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Russell Edson

THE DEAR SON

A man who had read a Greek play picked a quarrel with his father, and ended up asking his mother to marry him.

Oh, no, dear son, a mother could never marry something that came out of her body. That would be like marrying a turd.

What about dad, you married him, and isn't he a turd?

We're all turds, but when we get married we become secondhand turds. He was grandma's turd before he was mine. When you get married you'll become someone else's secondhand turd. Otherwise it just gets too incestuous.

Does that mean I can marry grandma because I'm your turd?

Oh, no, dear son, for that would break all the toilets in the world, and there wouldn't be enough toilet paper to wipe away the shame . . .