Ignorance
Joel Brouwer
The authors you haven't read are cooking over campfires in your backyard. They've pitched tents and dug a well. You knew they'd eventually come to haunt you in their frock coats and togas, wagging ink-stained fingers: *shame, shame*. But they don't seem irked: they sing as they peel potatoes, they've set up a volleyball net. You say / thought you'd be angry, which cracks them up. *Hell no*, they roar. *Have some lunch!* Your mind floods with the morphine of relief. Someone ladles you a plate of soup. You can see your face in there. You can see right through it.