

1974

Untitled (Artwork)

Rona Rosen
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Rosen, Rona (1974) "Untitled (Artwork)," *Exile*: Vol. 20 : No. 1 , Article 36.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol20/iss1/36>

This Image is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

streaming down gulleys in her face onto her chin. The radio in the dining room was blaring out in wiry nasal tones. It spoke of roasting chestnuts. Mrs. Greer sat swaying to the music, squeezing the can in her hands, sending lines of short-lived flames across the dirty floor, up the gas stove, across the blue cooking rings, onto the wall.

Jeff approached the house from the road, taking long strides, feeling light. The snow made everything look clean and new, there was none of the dirty slush that had covered the yard just before Christmas. He pulled his new ski cap lower on his ears with one hand and turned up the short driveway, holding a bag of toiletries under his arm. He had it down to a routine now--every semester, a visit to the drug-store for three of everything. He was eager to be inside, cold scraped the inside of his nose. He was eager, also, to crack his new course books. They looked good, and he was ready for a change, ready for a little less writing.

Pulling the door shut after him, he stood at the bottom of the steps, drinking in the warm air, pulling off his cap and gloves. Mrs. Greer's door was just cracked and Jeff could see her on the couch, apparently asleep. He tip-toed up the creaky stairs, reaching the third one before her voice caught him.

"Gregory, come sit down for a moment."

Peter Porteous

