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Abyss

by J. Alan Nelson

His wife gripes he downloaded a ringtone and she hasn't. She gripes as his business partner prattles on the phone about his mother-in-law, who does Pilates, looks great, that he needs to get a look at her. He reads about his wife's ex-boyfriend, head of a 12-billion dollar energy company a man who she implies she slept with thirty years ago, then denies, but her sister says, yes, she did.

He wishes that she married the energy executive, so she'd be happy buy all the ringtones she wants, and he'd be a vague memory of some guy that she knew thirty years ago, that she'd have look up his name in a dusty annual stored in her vast attic to even remember his face. *Well, cry me a river,* she says.



Photo (detail) by Jenny Mingus



