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The Iowa Review

Volume 26
Issue 3 *Fall*

Article 26

1996

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Recommended Citation

Lish, Gordon. "Ghost Story." *The Iowa Review* 26.3 (1996): 126-126. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4497>

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Gordon Lish

GHOST STORY

MY IDEA is that I will maybe not lie a lot or anyhow not too much of a lot if I can maybe keep myself from saying one more word than needs must, not including the matter of my not having to sometimes say sometimes definite, sometimes indefinite articles, particles one need not be all that bothered about, but hear you, hear you, hear you, for I, widower, say, “Bother the unbother! Begger it, bugger it!” Which is really pretty darn interesting when you really stop to really think about it—the orthography of the three of them, the syllabification of the three of them, not to mention which course among them it went when they came—mild to harsh, harsh to mild—or was it came they when it went? In either case, wife used to—from time to time—wife used to reach to earth, used to give evidence of her having snatched something up from it, used to thereafter study seeming site of same in hand, used to then turn hand over and thence clench and unclench as if cleaning from it what had once been presence therein.

“Well, sir—what’s that?” wouldst say I.

“Crinoid,” wouldst sayest she.

Or I keep thinking Gordon, Gordon, Gordon, Gordon, was it, what was it that the woman was saying—was it crynoid?

But never keep thinking was it nought at all?

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