

# The Angle

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## Godiva

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## Godiva

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"You're really going out like that?" I said.

"Why not?" She said.

"You could catch cold like that."

### Cover Page Footnote

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Run then! Be gay!  
You'll know  
Too soon the day  
You'll slow . . .  
When then  
With halting gait,  
Denied  
Your place, you wait  
Aside  
And helpless stand,  
Forbear  
To reprimand;



And there  
Beignly greet  
These boys  
Of flying feet  
And joys  
That mock defeat —  
But *pray*  
As now do I  
That they  
Will one day fly  
To truth  
That never bends  
And youth  
That never ends!

CLARENCE AMANN

# Godiva

By G. KOEPEL

"You're really going out like that?" I said.

"Why not?" She said.

"You could catch cold like that."

She laughed for a moment, and came to me smiling and bit my finger.

"Ouch!"

"That's what I think of catching cold. You are absolutely priceless, you know."

"So I've noticed. Much more of this, though, and I shall depreciate quite quickly." Her teeth were very even and small and left great, bruised dotted lines on either side of the finger. "Sometimes I've a good notion to send you packing back to mama."

"You wouldn't dare. I'd pluck out your eyes first."

I decided to change the subject.

"What are you going out dressed like that for? People will think you are very naughty indeed. Maybe I should beat you once in a while? You know, the neighbors have suggested it to me on occasion." I went to the couch and picked a copy of *Time* off the coffee table. My picture was on the cover. I was famous; according to the lady of my heart — notorious. "It's not a very good likeness."

"True," she said, "they've forgotten to include the horns."

"You've touched me to the quick!"

"I might ever."

"Hmm." I was in a difficult situation. The last tax passed by the legislature was becoming unpopular — especially with my wife. As far as it affecting my political future, I was unconcerned. I was sure not to be re-elected in the forthcoming election. The public was thoroughly devoted to my opponent. It did worry my personal life. I didn't mind so much when my wife began working on the other party's campaign. However, this matter of demonstrating in the streets of the state capital did cause me a great deal of concern. I had ordered the police to clear the streets along her route. The city was deathly quiet this morning. I had decided to go hide in the bomb shelter until it was all over.

She was on the intercom, calling the car around to the side portal. The parade would start from Webster Square.

"You must admit, dear," she was saying to me, "that it *is* quite ingenious to protest with a recreation of Godiva's ride. That was over taxes too, you know."

"O, yes, yes; It's so very true." I've no time to waste, I thought. Forward to the fall-out shelter! "I wish you wouldn't though. Godiva didn't have national television coverage."

"Don't worry, princeps; I love you very much, even while I'm working for you-know-who. Every envelope I lick, I think of you. I love you madly!"

"You've been reading Dostoyevsky again."

She grinned at me. "But active love is labor and fortitude. I think it's absolutely lovely."

"It's subversive, is what it is. I've a good mind to lock you in the closet and not let you out."

"Don't be angry with me." She said, "If you do, I'll cry; I do anyhow, sometimes, because I know I make you unhappy. But I do love you." She threw her arms about me, dug in her nails and began to sob softly.

"I appreciate that, I really do, but please stop crying. You're clawing my spine all to shreds. Besides you'll be late for the procession if you don't hurry." I slapped her on the posterior, and led her towards the door. "I'll see you to the car." I threw her coat over her shoulders. "I don't suppose they'll mind if you wear this until the demonstration begins. Now go and picket to your heart's content."

She got into the car, threw me a kiss and roared off. When I was no longer governor, I'd have a terrible time keeping up with her traffic tickets. I turned up the steps and walked back to the library. I took her copy of *Crime and Punishment* from the shelves and took the elevator to the bomb shelter.

## Valentown, A Ghosttown Hall

*(Dedicated to J. Sheldon Fisher, who saved and restored this 1869 Shopping Plaza for future generations)*

Near Exit 45 that takes you  
woosh! straight east or west,  
ghost Valentown waits,  
a gaunt height of timber walls,  
panes stretched to weathered frames,  
staring blankly into the wind.

Its wood once unseasoned  
with the greenness of hope,  
a springtime community  
exulted in its young earthdays.  
Now it looms a strange thing,  
cast up from the sea of time  
on our sands of steel and glass.

