## **100 WORD STORIES**

## **Cubist Mother**

When I found my mother throwing dishes at the mortar wall behind our house, she said only, "I



forgot these once belonged to my mother." In her hand was the pale blue dish, speckled like a bird's egg. Once upon a time, I'd stamped my feet if anyone else ate from it. Watching my mother hurl that dish, I thought of that Duchamp painting, *Nude Descending a Staircase, No. 2.* The curves of the figure's hips and buttocks, the metronomic swing of her legs and arms—all multiplied. Or is she disassembled? Shattered like a dish thrown against a wall.

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## Under Essays Durable Power



I found the form giving me durable power of attorney for my father's health care. He died eleven and a half years ago. I should throw the form out, or, in keeping with my husband's data-theft paranoia, shred it, burn it, and place the sodden ashes in trash receptacles at least a hundred feet apart from each other. Instead, I put it back in the filing cabinet, where I put everything I don't want to deal with, even when dealing is no longer necessary. Besides, one day I might use my power to bring my father back from the dead.

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