Justina Three

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Citation Information

Morrison, Toni. 1931-Justina Three

1 folder

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Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:15:36 PM UTC

Available Online at: http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/zs25xf050

I met a woman some time ago. I knew her for nine weeks.

Other than a few opportunity couplings, I've known only four women. Three of them were serious affairs and I was enchanted with the small breakable thing inside each one of them. Whatever their character, strength or size, inside each lay something fragile. Like a breast bone shaped and chosen to wish upon. A little V, thinner than bone. barely hinged that I could break with a forefinger if I wanted to, but I never did want to. Never would. Knowing it was there, hiding, was enough.

The fourth woman, however, changed that. Changed everything. In her company the little V took up residence and made itself at home in my own chest. It was her forefinger I dreaded.