

Cover Letter

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Esteemed Interns, Clerks, and Editors,

Whatever nights of discomfort and days of distress you may have endured up to this point can now, thankfully and mercifully, be placed firmly in your past.

You have an opening and I, my fine women and men of respectable emplacements, am your person. It would be belligerent, violent even, of me to claim to contain within myself a capability of adhering to your lofty standards, unless I was so overwhelmingly confident of my steadfast commitment to said standards that I would rather dash my young brains out on a table corner, like a ship on the rocks, than disappoint your potential trust in me, this potential trust beginning today, this morning, this minute, on this paper of this letter.

Let me speak like mountain water. I am she. I am what you seek. If you need sharpness, I will stab. If you need dead men, I am a murderer. If you need life, I am a midwife. If you need saving, I am you know who.

If you wish to see my references, the place to start is in your mother's handshake. A trustworthy impression of my character has been made across the clouds in your hometown.

Let us be frank and serious. You know it's me.

In Sincerity