

## Salt Lake City, 1957

*Judy Darke Delogu*

Sunday morning in Salt Lake City, when  
faithful Mormons flock to worship  
at neighborhood wards, my father's  
secret psychiatric patients slip inside  
the back door of 508 East South Temple,  
for fifty-five-minute appointments.  
A nurse impersonator, I greet them,  
steer them into the doctor's office,  
return to *Atlas Shrugged*. We might  
argue in the car, but on arrival my father  
and I team up. He exchanges his suit  
jacket for a white coat, ducks out  
for a smoke, while I pull patient charts  
from the wall of alphabetized folders.  
There's the homosexual bishop,  
the alcoholic Relief Society president,  
the man who pees on his wife. I align  
the waiting room magazines, feed the fish,  
flush a dead one, and replace the Kleenex.  
Everybody knows the drill. No one arrives early,  
no one stays late. Crossing paths with a friend,  
neighbor, or relative, means questioning  
why some problems require more  
than prayer or a patriarchal blessing.

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JUDY DARKE DELOGU {judydelogu@gmail.com} was born and grew up in Salt Lake City, Utah. She graduated from the University of Wisconsin–Madison and has an MA from the University of New Hampshire. Her fiction has been published in *Potato Eyes*, *The Sun*, *The Nightstand Nightshade Reader*, and *Portland Monthly Magazine*. A poem, “On Viewing *The Execution of Lady Jane Grey*,” was published in *Ekphrasis* and nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She is currently at work on a memoir.