

# Northwest Review

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An emptiness persists. I think I have misunderstood what it means to lose one's mind. I have supposed that to lose one's mind meant to misplace it. And usually in a place that reflects the nature of your insanity. Like the man who lost his mind in his obsessive need to regain his lost overcoat. You are still in control of your mind if you misplace it in this way. It was you, after all, who put it where it doesn't belong, so it is possible for you to find again whole and return to its place.

—  
from *Something Very Beautiful*  
by Fulla Abdul-Jabbar



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