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Becoming a Miser

Suddenly the world stops turning.

And every crack in the ground collapses within itself. Tiny pieces of bark fall from the trunks of trees, tumbling upon each other at odd angles, causing the birds overhead to circle again, look out of one eye, and fly toward something secure, an old nesting place or the sturdy branch above the river, where the wind is always from the east.

It is this way with so much. My mother used to speak of an uncle who wore only one pair of suspenders, the same pair to work and to church. who drove his sputtering truck on empty, for miles, to sell his dead wife's shoes. And there was the lady down the block who had keys for everything: the garage, the cupboards, the heavy drawers in her dresser. In the end she couldn't escape from her own house. The smoke had crept up from the basement and turned the locks inside out while she slept.

You, too, have seen it all happen, the smallest things turning on themselves, leaving you with your arms extended, your eyes on the ground, looking for a footprint, a single leaf, a broken twig.

And finally you tuck your hands in your pockets and move toward the open field, searching for the pile of rough stones someone else has assembled and forgotten.

James Langlas