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The Story of One Who Set Out to Study Fear

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THE STORY OF ONE WHO SET OUT TO STUDY FEAR

after a tale by the Brothers Grimm

All I wanted to know was where my mother had gone. I tried to imagine the dead were among us, walking with great caution, vases which the smallest noise might shatter. My father loved my brother, the practical man, so I left home and married well.

I return to watch my father’s face. Or simply I look out the window. Fires burn through the village. A woman approaches dressed in blue flame. I rise and run to join her down streets where each charred ruin knows my name. “Son,” they call to me, “my son.”