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The Cradle of All There Is

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It had not been raining that day or the day before,

though the forecast was mostly grim most of the time, as if the talk of rain might keep it away or at least harbor a bit of hope for those outside, such as a friend I saw on campus that morning, an acquaintance, really, and we talked briefly about the leaves, the fires burning, and even the way the days are named by the glow of light above their horizons, which led me to ask her what she was teaching that semester, but she told me she wasn’t teaching, which was fortunate because she had found out the day
before that she had cancer, news that changed the name of that day in such a way that I didn’t know where we were or who we are. Of course, I asked what we, my wife and I, could do for her and she told me to have another baby in such a way that it seemed like putting one foot in front of the next or like handing the husk of a season to the next, saying: “Here, this is yours because you will know better than I what to do with it and what to call it.”