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Corkscrew
Louis Jenkins

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CORKSCREW

The woman next door comes over to return a corkscrew. "Thanks for letting us use this. I'm sorry you couldn't make it to the party." I don't remember being invited to a party. I just stand at the door with the thing in my hand as she goes. I look at it dumbly and don't recognize it. This isn't *my* corkscrew. Well, I don't really own this corkscrew or anything else, for that matter. That has become more apparent to me as time goes by. This is just another thing that came to my door of its own volition, out of some instinctual urge perhaps, the way bees swarm into a tree, piling up, forming what seems to be a single living shape; or came by accident, the way the wind makes a dust devil out of dirt and straw, whatever is at hand. It careens across the field, picks up a newspaper, picks up a college degree, picks up a driver's license.... "Margaret, I'd like you to meet Louis. He's not the guy I was telling you about." "Really? Who are you then?"