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A Little Charade Gray Jacobik

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Gray Jacobik

A LITTLE CHARADE

Every time I look up a school bus comes down the road. And huge white pieces of the sky keep falling in chunks on the lawn. The tough part about selling fish is your hands get raw. When we walked into the mist at the end of our tryst, it began to snow. She has an interview in North Carolina and another in Spokane and you know he's not about to change his job. Nothing as lovely as a primordial wood where mosses are ethereal and one sees the past by looking up, the future neatly through the trees. The boom came round and knocked him overboard; they called off the search after thirty-six hours. My mind's a calliope song, or a merry-go-round with canned calliopean music. The screen's flickering is a code and one day I will decipher it. Come with me little Rose, Rosy, Rose-of-Shannon the woman walking through the mall called to her three year old. Oh Rose. Rose. Neither silence or its bell-clappered duplicate. When she'd been married a year she stopped moving through the world with assurance. Quail eggs around the wind-fall peaches. A gale tore across the island as if chastening the land. I'm happy to bend down and kiss his forehead and just to see his eyes. The electronic carillon got stuck in the middle of its six o'clock hymnfest; the one long sustained note felt paleolithic. He was a full-time street cleaner and she a full-time woman-of-the-night. Dandelion wine hasn't the color or the taste of dandelions and no one has ever tried to sell it, still I ask when I stop by the spirit shop, "Have you any dandelion wine?" The clerk smiles, or if he's young, calls back to the manager. I'm simply going to tell you what the imbecile said: *Forgiveness has teeth and those teeth are unpredictable*. Smiles all around, cascades of smiles. Splendid was her favorite word and then grandeur was and citrine is the stone she wants in her engagement ring. "Events," Durrell wrote in *Balthazar*, "aren't in serial form but collect here and there like quanta, like real life." Her ex-husband grew close to his ex-in-laws and joined their church, later began driving them to their medical appointments. I would not gainsay him for he's the experienced one. *Hat rack, coat rack, give me back my cane*, the children sang skipping rope.