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## **The Old Man Who Flew** Russell Edson

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**Russell Edson**

THE OLD MAN WHO FLEW

An old man had learned how to fly. He'd open his arms and lean his breast on the thin evening air, and lift away into the twilight.

Nothing matters any more, this is why he flies. He flies because he doesn't care. It's when you have ceased to care that all things that you no longer care about are suddenly possible.

One night he opened his arms to the night and lifted into the dark; going higher and higher...until at last, forming his arms like a diver, dove headfirst into the earth...