

SON DOWN

He's taking himself to the basement again, squeezing into a corner. The place of the travelling brain, in the house's belly. If you found him now, you could dismiss certain things. How he wouldn't like to return to sodajerking at his father's drugstore, how he might sneak cigarettes, how how how. But down here near his father's workbench, where mallards get carved for hunting in winter, there's nothing like the death of a duck to turn him old. And he slowly removes the 12-gauge shotgun from the wall bracket. His hands tremble. A thin coil of smoke issues from him mouth. Are you about to tell him you didn't realize that he's you, after all these years. With a sort of cry, and crossing his lean arm over the brilliant upper part of his body. Don't leave him now. There are things he needs to know.