

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 42 | Number 1

Article 71

Fall 12-1-2019

Hitting The Fan

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Recommended Citation

Hill, Tom (2019) "Hitting The Fan," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 42 : No. 1 , Article 71.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol42/iss1/71>

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HITTING THE FAN

Everything gets older; it's not just you.

But knowing what to do is difficult, impossible really, and if life is a series of mistakes (some happy, some small, some mean), then there must be a way to honor a day like this: the wind tepid but thrilling when it lifts, not so much a chill as a stirring.

Leaves toss occasionally, and years scatter too, and reemerge like shot, like a bruise.

I remember.

There you were in your parka, beneath some kind of large tree and you were smiling, I think, and I was a ways off still; sullen, smoky, unaware of time's tug against my skin, the sun's ancient, ugly leer.

You were saying something like, "I am always west of where you are." Profound maybe, but maybe not.

Sometimes distance is strictly spatial.

And since you ask, everything since then has seemed to slow and dim until just now, when all my mistakes rose like little balloons, full of color, opaque, (and burst).

It's not only possible, but likely, that the things you care about will change, or slip away.

People say, "Life is funny that way."

You get older, you keep getting things wrong.

You get a few right. You get older.

You feel the same.

TOM HILL