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Vacation Notes

Robert Alexander

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VACATION NOTES

- 1) Out on Lake Superior a fog bank rises in the purple distance. It's still cold here on the Point-lilacs blooming at the end of June.
- 2) A starling nests over the front door. First morning there's a dead one at my feet, it looks like a miniature ostrich-hairless, stomach bulging like a fried clam.
- 3) I won't ever see Lee Johnson again on the Old Seney Road. I used to pass him driving out to his camp somewhere on the Whitewash Plains, a wizened face through the window of his pick-up, nodding or smiling, just the two of us on the dirt road through the woods-you hardly ever pass anyone else out there, sometimes a lost tourist going too fast.
- 4) I buried my old dog's ashes up by the river on the high banks, next to a good-sized white pine on one side, and on the other, a huge old stump-high, in the breeze, overlooking the river.
- 5) I spent the day there, looking out over the water and the forest, and as night began to fall a single gull flew down the valley, toward me and by me-cruising-just overhead, and down along the river toward Lake Superior.