

Nan Sequiter

by Bill Yarrow

Nan couldn't follow. She was a leader by default. She'd organize the orphans, the waitresses, the paralegals, the instructional designers. Anywhere she saw a mob, she'd leap in and take control. Inherently coherent, there was no mess she couldn't manage, no chaos she couldn't tame. I met her in Manhattan and I became her greatest challenge, for I was recalcitrant to order, reason, logic and sense. She looked at me and saw someone wrecked by recipe, ruined by lunacy, consumed by juvenile nostalgia for a manufactured past. Well, that was twenty years ago. Now I only make sense.

