

Rocky 4

by Ann Bogle

Rocky, a Russian immigrant, new, I guess or never knew, gave no response when I stepped out of the car, expressly to wave to him. He sat on a bench near trees transplanted to a black-edged rock pile in front of April's house. I did not say "hi." Jack Y. and I were there to pick up his boys, born eighteen months apart, both under ten, to take them to the County Fair. Rocky looked iron-built, tall and lean, not round like April. Russian lawn ornament, I said, mistaking the thought as mine. Some year later, Jack said Rocky committed suicide. He was glad Rocky took it away from the house. The boys were told only that Rocky died.

Topiary statues bring that back.

"Is that Tinguely on the right?" I asked my teacher.

"Yes," my teacher said.

It interests me more than the one on the left.

