

# Hitting the Wall

*by* Bill Yarrow

I hadn't seen her since Carter was  
President. Everything about her had  
turned white, even her beauty marks.  
I faced her strangeness and fumbled  
for the past. The time we went crabbing  
on the Chesapeake. Her imitation of  
Barbara Mandrell. Playing lawn darts  
at my Mom's. I tried to talk, but only  
whispers slithered out. She pretended  
to understand what I was saying,  
then said, "Wasn't it fungible to have  
run across each other?" Fungible? I  
questioned. She slapped me—hard.  
Then her perfume returned—with a vengeance.

