

# 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.

