

Knot Eye

by Bill Yarrow

The diagnosis was peculiar, the doctors agreed, but so was the condition. He had knot eye. He was unable to see a piece of string, but he could see the knot. He was unable to make out a plank, but he could see the darkened whorl. He was unable to see his girlfriend's discomfort, but he saw her stomach tighten as they discussed Thanksgiving. She wanted to get married. He was afraid. Their bickering led to lumpy disagreements, but he knew sooner or later they'd fall back into each other's arms. That's the way it is with the world. What waits for us at the end is embrace. He stared into the large mirror in her living room and watched as she wound her stringy arms around his skinny neck.

