

# We Get All Kinds Here

*by* D. Ohana

A toothy grin greets me at my Public Storage counter. He visits every week. Peering through the wire first, he opens his cage door, gaze lingering. Finally he departs.

Nothing ever placed or removed. Emptiness, that looming endless void bracketing our lives, is that what he guards so fervently? Why dare open that door? Ever.

