

Not If, But When

by David James

She tells me I have to face the fact that I have the heart of the Tin Man. I know the story. He had none. She is very sensitive and I have to measure my remarks because words bruise her so easily. So, I smile and say nothing. I have to be very delicate since she caught me in a lie about the hotel thing. She phoned my room to suggest I look out to see the remarkable sunrise and my other woman reflexively answered it. I told her it was the maid, but she recognized her sister, Ellen's voice.

About a month ago when Ellen came by to return one of our snowboards I slipped up and affectionately touched her cheek. I think she picked up on that as a sign and probably caught Ellen's gaze then, too. I know she wants a divorce and would love to get her pound of flesh by fleecing me, knowing how much I love my money. Listening to the muffled sounds of her crying all the time in the bathroom has me feeling small as I wait for, as they say, for the other shoe to drop. I don't even have to crane my neck to lean out. The sky is milky.

