

# Good for the Gander

*by* Don P

"This isn't fair!" I rail to my late wife. "It's all right for you, why not me?" She never answers me directly. Not in whispers, or with knocks, or even dreams. She answers in the coincidence that always brings a cop around no matter what time I'm standing at the bridge. She answers in the mystery of a twice-cleaned automatic pistol refusing to fire. She answers tonight with a stubbornness that fights my hand as I try to draw a razor down my arm.

Strangely enough, each attempt leaves me feeling a little bit closer to her.

