

Cool Gray Redemption

by Larry Strattner

Night is coming. The last shafts of sunlight wink out between the big trees. Mist creeps across the forest floor dampening the leaves. His shoes grow wet, his feet chill. He is lost.

Dear God, he says in his head. Don't let me die in this damp and moldering wood. Don't let it happen now. I've been such a fool, so reckless and untrue. Save me from awful death. Or if not, at least save me from myself. Deliver me from my fear; my all-consuming abject fear; of not knowing; of loss.

As he prays he begins to grow warmer. He looks about him from his small hollow of shelter on the forest floor. The woods seem welcoming, even nurturing where he lies. How can he fix it all; his broken life? How can he hold together and mend? All at once, in a burst of brilliant light, his mind clears and he knows, as all men know; Duct Tape.

