

Sticking My Head Out of the Car Window

by Steele Diamond

Standing on the beach, watching the waves crash onto the shore, before the storm. It is easy to understand why dogs like sticking their head out of the car window. Standing on my favorite part of the beach, merely feet from the beach house. The house you weren't supposed to be, when I showed up, to shut it down for the winter. The house *he* most certainly shouldn't have been at when I showed up, to shut it down for the winter.

One day, twenty years ago, when he was six, my son asked me if anything ever scared me. I told him everyone had their fears. Even fathers. He said he didn't think I was afraid of anything. When he found out his wife had cancer last week, he called me. He told me he finally knew what I meant, that day.

Standing on the beach, watching the waves, I feel scared. I feel lonely. I feel like I didn't watch my heart close enough. My son needs me now. My wife doesn't want me now. In spite of it all, the wind feels good on my face.

