

# The Enabler

*by* Timothy Gager

I'm having premonitions of death which manifested last week in me lying in bed thinking about my own. I know. It's not going to be me, but I feel something coming, something so horrible that I'm afraid to say anything to anyone, even if it's about weather. My thoughts tell me that when it rains things will get wet. I know what water is.

When I was a kid, I'd place my ear on train tracks. When I heard the vibration, I ran. I've become deaf and slow. Now distance is too close.

I still see you lying on the tracks when I pay for the ticket. Trains move quickly.

