

Thoughts from the Empire

The snow clumps are melting in the trees and falling to the ground like fractured white doves. Heavy gray clouds move in their mysterious way obscuring the top one third of the mountains. What is going on up there in the clouds is the familiar thought as I put a piece of wood in the stove. I smile at the stove as I often do in the winter. I found it in the weeds after a tip from a friend when I needed a stove. Saving it from a sure death in its second year of exile, I put \$30 into it and my Atlanta Homesteader responded admirably. Kept my ass from freezing the last four winters. I smile at her often in the quiet evenings of cold as she whistles and moans, sucking in air and singing her song while giving me warmth and comfort. The act of putting in a log and stirring up the coals to bring on the heat is almost sexual in a perverted, I've been out in the woods too long, sort of way. I was thinking of naming her but I better not. Sitting in my comfortable #7 rocking chair here in my Empire, I look out the window my brother gave me and wonder just what is going on up there in the clouds. I could jump in my 1960 Dodge 1 Ton Power Wagon and go find out but The truck and me both need to be worked on so I'll pass for today. Besides I like the idea of wondering and not knowing, kind of like a sexual fantasy. I really should start going into town more often.

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