

At any rate, when he put the last one in place, I was there to watch him go over the hill.

Well, this went on for months. Every day, except Sunday. On Sundays I worked from dusk to dark. Watching him work on that wall, I neglected my own work. What he was doing wasn't particularly fascinating. He was building a wall of stones, a fence of some sort, where before there had been only a bare hillside. My own work did fascinate me. Or at least, before the morning he first appeared it fascinated me.

He built a very good fence. One morning, I sat at the window and was aware that it looked good. Then I realized that he wasn't going to come. I looked at the fence or wall, or whatever it was. It was finished.

The next morning, I got up early. I worked all day. I worked all the next day. I worked all the third day. And for a few weeks I continued to work all day long. Then one morning, I got up and sat by the window with a cup of coffee and looked out at the bare hillside a while before going back to the old work.

-- David Madden

Athens, Ohio

### The Big W

We spent a weekend in a house  
in what was once a little woods  
through which Walt Whitman walked

& on Sunday morning the sky  
got lighter and lighter, & then  
the sun came up.

-- David McFadden

Hamilton, Ont., Canada