

and down like driftwood on the flood; you tilt and right yourself as if tugged by a whirlwind; you shake, shrink, expand and wobble, vibrating, about to disintegrate, every atom about to fly away from every other atom.

If you feel the numb surge of panic, consider: what can you do? Stop, and let the danger grow in your imagination until you can't budge? Show your fear to others and confirm their own anxieties, undermining their ability to perform the most necessary tasks? No. Establish a fair distance between you and the other pedestrians. Refrain from making eye contact. If friends call to you, wave but do not stop. Tell them, "I'm taking a walk."

THE RIGHT HAND

The pawn of the ego, the right hand thrusts out to scribble its name wherever it can wedge a space: on checks, contracts, walls, inside books written by other right hands. It works at envelopes as if prying oysters, throws box lids aside, rips through wrapping paper. In all things it sees only a use for itself. When it wants to show firmness, it pounds a table. When it wants to show sympathy, it strokes a kitten. While the left arm lounges on the car's window sill, the right hand grips the wheel, determined on control, bent and dour as Jonathan Edwards at prayer. Even relaxed, the thumb and first finger lean toward each other, making a deflated "OK" sign, a "can do" waiting to flex its muscles.

THE LEGS

Goaded by the horns of a metaphysical dilemma, the mind gives the body its walking orders. The legs present themselves, first one, then the other. The dialectical motion of walking, the two-pronged advance like that of thesis and antithesis, would seem to make the legs the darlings of Hegelians. Yet the legs are of little actual help. They tend to turn and retrace ground just covered. Their appearance deceives. Dressed or naked, they appear twins, when in fact they are mirror images of each other, exactly opposite rather than identical.

The mind, like the body, works best with one foot on the ground. The legs are connecting cables. Muscular and hairy, capable of repeating without complaint the same task day in, day out, they are, if not pastoral, rustic and rude. They leave the stars uncharted and map only terra firma. Allowed to plod on in their customary way, they are uncannily accurate, presenting not a representation of a place, but the place itself. Their work is

arduous, and they have suffered over the generations. Their ends have frayed into toes; ankles sprain, knees scuff and ache, hamstrings tear, hips turn brittle with age. Yet they present the clearest hieroglyph of our standing, the "greater than" section of their inverted V opens toward the earth, but the pointed end, like a divining rod, arrows toward human sweat and blood.

UMBERTO BOCCIONI

Sit in a chair. Try to keep still. Concentrate: stare at the table. You see the vase in its center, then the right front leg, then the left back leg, then the crack in the middle where the panels join, then some dust near the edge. To say nothing of blinking. You can't keep your eyes still, even when they're fixed on one thing. And your lungs inflate and deflate, your heart throbs like a piston. When you sleep, your body tosses and turns without you. Your "I" is like the needle of a speedometer in a racing car. At first, it wobbles, swinging back and forth like a pendulum. Then it starts to vibrate, tensing. Finally, it becomes focused, firm as a muscle, even as the trees start to blur. All around you cranes nod, stiff gears groan like lovers, jackhammers and jackasses call out. The reds are so bright, the blues so deep, everything swirls and pulses as if you'd been hit over the head. Everything clears its throat, jostles elbows. Sit still. The racket swells: the noise of the street penetrates the house. The walls of the house are still here. You're still here. But not even the mirror's reflection is instantaneous.

— Mark Cunningham

Opelika AL

GARDEN TOUR, AUTUMN

Tiger Lilies, Periwinkles, Larkspur, Cock's Comb,
Red-Hot-Pokers, Geraniums,
Lupines,
Joe Pie Weed (eight feet tall),
The Bess Truman Rose, the
tea rose, salmon, tangerine, white, blush,
marigolds, elephant grass,
sunflowers, dwarf dahlias,
calla lilies, cannas,
dragon's blood sedum, ajuga, English Ivy,
Rattlesnake Ivy, Virginia Creeper,