

## WHO KNOWS?

Some of his long time friends don't recognize him. They see a subdued person who appears to be obsessing on a few recent, humiliating defeats. He's uncomfortable to be around because it's taking him forever to find there's no one to blame for his failures but himself. Who knows when he'll wake to the humor of his behavior & learn to laugh at himself again.

## EVEN IF IT'S WRONG

Gordon is a dead shot with his scoped 38, but yesterday at Cordova range he had trouble keeping all his shots inside the ten & nine rings. Day before he put a new engine in his dune buggy & his arms ached. After an hour he put his revolver away & said I gotta go home & do something even if it's wrong.

## POTENTIAL

He steps up behind his wife & hugs her. She reaches a hand back & feels his oversized pocket knife. Hum, she says, is that you? No, he answers. Move over a little. Hum, she says again. It's got potential.

## BLUE SUNDAY

Today I'm confused. Familiar emotions are clouded. Friendly routines stymied. Each night I make a list of chores & activities for next day. Today I rushed my tasks & deciding to stay home can find nothing I want to do. 13 good books at various stages of completion wait to be read but I balk. I try daydreaming of wide open spaces of Modoc County, a rare virgin forest in Eldorado County I've yet to see, my Blackhawk being beautified by a custom gunsmith, reveries that usually carry me, but there's no life in them today. My emotions have scrambled since I had vet put Bear down & buried him next to baby cedars at our place in Pollock Pines.

## HIGH GROUND

Today Heidi & I hiked up Silver Fork past the Y into Government Meadows, light rain falling all the way. We stopped for lunch under a giant ponderosa at meadow edge where it was dry. There was a roundish depression dug in needle mulch & numerous piles of bear droppings nearby. Heidi sniffed the place over without raising her hackles, but it made me a bit nervous so we moved to high ground, wet but with a good view.