(No Title)

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Abstract

pale, pale whisper. haunt me. scream into my quiet blood. you are nothing, but my very pulse...
toward the open door of the feed room, surveying the straw
and dry excrement underfoot. Stepping into the bin, I
groped on the dusty floor for an ear of corn, found one and
tossed it out kernel by kernel until I held a bare cob. The
ducks sifted the last kernel from the dust and waddled off.

As I adjusted to the dim light, something lying on a brace
under the eaves caught my eye. I stepped closer, standing on
tiptoe for a better look. In the dust of years lay a rusty ham­
mer surrounded by half a dozen bent spikes. I reached for
the handle, then hesitated. “Probably the only one who
knows it’s there is Grandpa.” I stood for a moment in the
half-light of the bin. A sound of fluttering came through the
doorway and I stepped out, squinting. “There’s nothing in
here for you. Get out!” I hurled the cob.

A breeze sneaked between the rotting boards of the south
wall and stirred the dust at my feet. A shingle clattered into
the weeds beside the barn, and the breeze lifted a speck of
dust—wasn’t it the dust?—and left it in my eye.

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