

ANDREW TOUHY

The Part Way

Funny how people are a way, insistent upon being that way, and then insist on you being that way too. My response to this has always been no way. No way in my way, in my insistence on a way, in no way insistent upon others being no way too. Any way is a way, of course. All ways have their limitations. No way is not the exception. And so recently, for my own good, for the good of all, I have been rethinking ways. Perhaps, there can be a satisfactory compromise: some way in which all ways might meet? This way would be the one way that allows for everyone's way, the chord struck amid extremes, the perfect balance between, in-between. A part way: How I would prefer, though not insist, the rest of the world be.

Home Alone

His favorite sound was the sound of his someone's leaving: The loose, brass knob turned carelessly, the heavy door separating from its stop (here a sharp swish of air, and beneath that the hinges whining for oil), and then the vinyl snap of miniblinds slapping the longer, reedy matchstick blinds before both settled together again; two clicks against the door window.

This too, he realized, was the sound of someone coming home.

Wee Witticism

Once a wee old widow and widower, each with a widow's peak, met at a Sunday morning wares sale, fell in love, and wed midweek. Oh! No longer lonely the newlyweds made love for weeks; yet in making so much love both grew overtired and weak. Who would widow whom? we wondered (for here the old wives' tale is incomplete), though how sad we are to say that soon, too soon, our wandering wondering peaked. For they died together one night, in each other's arms while fast asleep.