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W. C. W.'s Moment of Suspense

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W.C.W.'s Moment of Suspense · *Sherod Santos*

As he was walking past a mill shed on his way
home late in the day,
a wood-chip flew off an axe

and nicked him on the temple.

He nodded politely
to the man inside with the axe.

The sun rolled down.
The marsh dropped casually into place.

So little trembling.

Hardly had the shops closed that night,
and the townspeople begun to sort through their pockets,
than a wind came up

and bent down the grasses,

and he turned from his dresser to look outside
at the few leaves
blown darkly across.

“A splinter flew off an axe,”

he said to himself. “What was
my mistake?”

When he went downstairs later that night
he found his wife had left out

a cup, with a packet of cocoa beside it.

And he was also surprised by the sound
of the rain starting up
which sounded to him like thousands

millions of splinters ticking the windows.