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His thin black dog is out back, walking in circles. His wife, red-eyed, stooped and sorry, stands at the kitchen sink for no reason she can name. In his yard, his lawn mower flung open, pieces of red, shattered metal in his hand, my neighbor knows I’m watching, wonders what I think. His dog is working loose the rusted chain, and my neighbor, who has not read Ray Carver, stands beside the garage with its sagging roof, and does not know his life is art, his dog is symbol, his fragile wife is beauty in the eyes of some beholders. He does not know this, nor can he fathom what the hell to do, where to turn, how to stop the slow rot of timber, of despair, of wet metal. His dog is out back, walking in circles. His wife is red-eyed, threadbare, and none of them has a blessed clue what to do next, how to end the story, where to find that sad, sweet, perfect ending.