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# My Neighbor Has Not Read Ray Carver

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*Dinty W. Moore*

MY NEIGHBOR HAS NOT READ RAY CARVER

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.