The Idea of Two

Charles Freeland
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In the dirt, under the floorboards of a shed, Grubb finds a mummy. The shed is falling in, with ivy creepers on the walls, inside and out; Grubb can’t tell if it belongs to anyone in particular or has merely been forgotten like a horse. The mummy is paper all over & it rustles when he picks it up . . . he thinks if he had a pen he’d write a note to whoever might find the mummy next . . .
discovered mummy whilst panning for gold.
This is a lie, of course, but a certain misdirection is to be expected when commenting on the dead. Grubb gets homesick & drinks from the bottle of rum he finds in a corner. He weeps. O! he says, who will make a mummy of me? Outside, the coyotes move about like water, he can hear them in the leaves; the moon pokes its head in through the creepers, and then, for a moment, Grubb thinks he sees a second universe. Excited, he shakes his companion by the shoulders . . . soon, there is nothing left of it but the seams.