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A Moment For Me

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Miles away or yesterday mean nothing to a moment. It's here with the speed of light at this meditative time. I can call it when I will, which is not often, since a moment, though it is for always, has no place always. But now is a good time. It is a moment which grew so quickly where the land slopes into the water which I now summon."

Cover Page Footnote

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A Moment For Me

By CHUCK WERGER

Miles away or yesterday mean nothing to a moment. It's here with the speed of light at this meditative time. I can call it when I will, which is not often, since a moment, though it is for always, has no place always. But now is a good time. It is a moment which grew so quickly where the land slopes into the water which I now summon.

No stairs, but only a mound, and there was the ocean. I would have expected us to freeze and stare and wonder at what was too much for comprehension, especially on a whistle-stop. But no, we stepped right over that mound and moved toward the bottom, the edge. It was overwhelming, but I had had no sun in days, so we turned our backs on that mass and looked for a place to lay blankets. All the blankets were behind shelters and all the shelters already had a blanket or two. Blind me found an open plateau though — a fine place for a tan . . . and a blind man. But like the hoond, the mass knew better. It threw its petals at me until I agreed to let it splash my eyes open. The agreement was sealed with a folded blanket.

The edge was the place to walk. It was cold, both underfoot and at the shoulders, but I discovered that this was part of the agreement. We rejoiced now at walking this undulating edge. My rejoicing had to be manufactured, however, as it only really came after I saw her leap the edge and come back again, not once, but again. For submitting and for being pure, the waters gave her a present of white jelly on brown wheat cereal, and she savored it. But I warned her that it was mysterious and wouldn't let her finish until she was satisfied. She was willing, I was still squinting, and we walked on.

We approached the hazy hills to the time's limit and turned to go back to the mound. It should have been an anti-climactic retracing, but somehow amazingly there was only a continuance. My rejoicing became louder as my vision widened and I too leapt the edge.

It seems that some enjoy remaining at the edge while casting a line into the swirls beyond hoping for a catch. We encountered such a fisherman who to me seemed so experienced. How did he manage to keep his line out there, she wondered, and didn't hesitate to ask. The answer was given to us, but since neither of us had a pyramid sinker in our possession, we walked on.

We reached a rock which meant the mound. In peace we sat on the rock and faced the mass quietly promising to return. We lingered until it seemed a whistle blew; the whistle lifted us away, but we never left. I still carry that folded blanket.