

## The Relay of Inspiration

I'm not sure how to feel about the wind: it does so many things that I don't understand. Like when it blew Mamon off the porch and onto my pet chicken! Mamon was fine, but not so much my feathered friend; I was sad while the world was filled with gusty laughter. I was fourteen at the time.

Then there was that stormy night when we let the young storyteller shelter in our home (my mother has a soft spot for the handsome and vulnerable).

He sat before the fire, rugged in his ragged cloak, and we gathered close.

Each story is a body built around a troubled spirit, he said. Be careful what you let in.

With thunder and the howling gale as his Greek chorus, he troubled and delighted us with tales of ghosts, and villains, and lovers met, then parted, then met once more upon mysterious shores neither one of them expected.

One by one, each cousin, brother, sister, uncle, aunt and mother, father went to bed. The storyteller took me in his arms, my heart so glad that I went mute. By now the storm was packing up its lightning and its fury, knowing its set was finished.

There's one more story in my menagerie, he said. I was saving it for you.

He whispered in my ear; his breath carried words that were passed down from a distant dawn, a sorrow deeper than the stars are far (yet small enough for a heart to bear).

And I won't write them here.