Autumn in Enigma, Arizona

So, my friend, a geologist, pensioner, with great legs shows me her snap-shot of a large brownish bear put-down by the sheriff’s deputy, a marksman, with great legs, just returned from Afghanistan.

The bear was mad with (this is completely authentic) bubonic buboes, but is now just crumpled in a high desert meadow—two men in bone lab coats poking him with electrical wands—so,

I told my friend that she’s probably not mistaken about everything going wrong, lately; by wrong she means arbitrary, inevitable, absurd—further, arriving at that she really means, perfect.

That is to say she fucked the young deputy twice that night. She says, old man, sing “go-beck-ly, te-pē.” A hillside

in Turkey. I say, O.K.!