How Come?

I don’t know, and I don’t know that I don’t know. Maybe about 20 years ago or so, late July or early August, I was driving back to work after having delivered 7 or 8 clients from the group home to a two week summer camp in central Ohio out in the middle of nowhere, and almost right after leaving the camp on a tiny

**What if this world is in fact the “up side**

**down?” That place where Hell is all there is? It**

**makes for a great story, but scary ride**

**in reality, an unfortunate**

**bad joke with worse punchline, nothing you could  blame on mirrors and smoke. The author seems**

**to have very hidden lessons that should**

**warn as well as teach, like nightmares and dreams,**

**like bad and good, but not this evil ic-**

**ing on a poisonous cake, where choice is non-existent, but always tempting, a price-**

**less voicing in this forever dark, con-**

**sequently hazardous, a never plus:**

**just cage, with no door, key, or lock for us.**

                                                lengthy straight country road, I witnessed something that has periodically haunted my memory ever since; not that it bothers me all the time, it doesn’t; but I will occasionally remember the whole thing every once in a long while, and its unfathomable devastation renews itself with the same vividness as when it happened. On barely two lanes of unmarked country road I came upon three very dead infant raccoons scattered close together  across about 15 to 20 feet of the road and simply drove unavoidably over them with the huge wheelchair bus I was driving. In about an 8th of a mile further on in a dip in the road across a bridge over a stream, I came across what I assumed was the dead mother of the babies in the middle of the road. All four raccoons were obviously very recently dead, as they had

**Job swore. Yes I know, the Bible says he**

**could not have done so. But he was human.**

**Look at the crap he lived through. Run the e-**

**normous abuse through a computer scan**

**for statistical analysis. The**

**data will show that the probabili-**

**ty for swearing was off the charts, and a**

**reason for Bible editing. He di-**

**dn’t say, “Gosh, uh, darn it, now, gee wiz,” af-**

**ter his gauntlet through  Hell. I bet that string**

**of profuse profanity, with harsh laugh-**

**ter, met with worse verbal torrents, would bring**

**on divine threats of war, what fiends adore,**

**an ever present plight, because Job swore.**

                                         not been there in the road earlier in the day even when I’d dropped off the campers. And I ruminated on the two hour ride back to work regarding many of the possible scenarios relating to their deaths. Had the three curious youngsters wandered away from the den first together and accidently been wiped out all at once crossing the unfamiliar road, and the mother, out searching for them, had found them all dead and simply given up in desolation and waited for her own demise just a bit down the road? Or had the mother gone out first in search of food

**I can’t affect the world at all, but Grace**

**will raise me up, perhaps, if I am wor-**

**thy, and refuse to drink Hell’s cup. My space**

**is never easy, as decisions pur-**

**pose all. But choices I refuse to fil-**

**ter end at Heaven’s wall. But then, again,**

**I have no say; my purpose, less than nil.**

**I wander aimlessly forever, when**

**there’s no free will. That’s all pretend,  and such**

**a joke, that compounds every lie. The fierce**

**reward we’re offered is a lasting touch**

**to die: remaining Hell bound, never pierc-**

**ing, through the veils of time, that tortured mime:**

**reality, a priceless token crime.**

                                     for her young ones and been accidentally hit near the bridge over the water course where food would have been, and the hungry youngsters had gone out in search of their mother when she didn’t return and were killed on the road together as they searched? Or had the fates after the death of the mother chosen a swifter death for the youngsters rather than a torturous lengthy starving-to-death when a hurried death would be considerably more merciful? But maybe the fates recognized that these four

**So when is life really over? Who de-**

**termines the place and time? That final bell?**

**“Your time is up, Son. Time for gracefully**

**ending. Take a breather and rest a spell.”**

**Are we puppets, with zero determin-**

**ation? Or can we be allowed some say**

**in this decision? Or are we that pin**

**in the lane, struck by Fate’s bowling ball, play-**

**ing a part in God’s AMF tourna-**

**ment with no recourse? I’m here because I’ve**

**got work to do. I’m never done. And the**

**only thing in mind that keeps me alive,**

**is when Death comes, dead set, with one last threat.**

**I will fucking scream, “No! I’m not done yet.”**

raccoons were infested with Rabies and took them out together before their infestations were transferred elsewhere. While the separate but somehow connected deaths of these four raccoons still seems intolerable, and unnecessary, I still ponder the circumstances surrounding their demise as if it’s a necessary puzzle to be examined, deciphered, and solved.

But in meditation the morning after this writing I got this: sometimes questions are simply answers, and sometimes answers are simply questions. The One cannot live without the Three, and the Three cannot live without the One.