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# Resurrection on a Shiny Morning

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His cache—he pronounced the word as though it had two syllables—was safe. He removed one of the coins and put it in his pocket. Although he rummaged through his jacket pockets he could find nothing new to add to his hoard. "I'm king of the hill," he said quietly to himself as he carefully fitted the top of the can in such a way that the letters on the rim and on the can itself would not quite come together.

After he buried the can once more and smoothed the snow around it, he came over to the edge of the hill. He stood near a stump and surveyed his territory. The road curled beneath him like a scimitar. It was a good three hundred feet from where he stood.

He noticed with some contempt that the one or two people walking below in the rapidly graying light were bent slightly forward with the effort of tramping through the snow. They looked like bugs to him. He ran over the list of bugs he knew and decided on beetles. They were beetles. One or two slightly larger beetles crawled more quickly than the human ones. One of the cars had its headlights on, though it was scarcely dark enough for that.

He was tiring of this game, and he decided to turn down the path again toward home. He towered over the scene, straining forward to impress everything in his memory. He saw that there were just two automobiles now, one coming from the right and one off to the left. It occurred to him that he could see both cars, but it would be another minute or so before they saw each other.

"Let them hit," he said suddenly, aloud. He peered down at them. He whispered an ejaculation. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," he breathed, spacing his words evenly. He would close his eyes tight while he counted three, and then open them.

The bugs came together. The one from the right seemed to do a slow dance around the side of the other and then it turned over. He could hear nothing. Somebody at the scene of the accident thought he saw a small figure move near the top of the hill, but he could not be sure. When he glanced up again, he could make out nothing but a rotted stump and gray patches of snow that looked as though they had been trampled on.

## ***Resurrection on a Shiny Morning***

● Dan Rodden

I have known mornings to shine  
 Lucent, with a knowledgeable light;  
 Mornings meaning more of what was mine  
 And what you were, than ever I knew at night.  
 Mornings down a street, or in a field,  
 When somehow most of everything was clear;  
 And these were cool and shiny mornings, yielding  
 Confidence against our evening fear.