parody of what an index should be; e.g., “Gabriel (the angel): 98; Helen of Troy: 173; ‘Valhalla’: 117.” As a denizen of another polysyllabic American country would say, “Oog!”

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MILLAR MACLURE

ROW OF DOMINOES

David Cornel De Jong

There is nothing on the pinewood table except a row of dominoes, nothing moves the tablets—white dotted on black—but my hand with gardening fingers—symbolic green thumbs and genuine joints.

It is mid-morning, and around me insects ramble through the leaves and grass, while inside the remote house a quartet of women talks about recipes and patterns, and may say indulgently: “You’d think he’d realize how wasteful it is for a man to give his wits to dominoes when the day is so exacting.”

It does not rain, nor is it warm; I sit divested of both time and haste, asking no one to join me solving or unravelling anything, or to undermine my surrender to serenity and peace and my confidence in both. Only my fingers do little more than set up and then allow to clatter down repeated regiments of dominoes, while my ears catch the familiar rumbling of the train through companionable hills and my eyes embrace green enclaves of everything.