

out of the blue it showed up.

my out of body experience returned home.

he was extremely upset.

ranting.

cursing.

i had rearranged the furniture.

i had sold his favorite old chair.

i had converted his bedroom into a study.

the bathroom had been repainted with unmanly pastels.

the big game hunting posters had been removed.

nothing but anger and frustration.

that is his part of it.

for my part of it

he did not bring back a single present or memento

from the souvenir shop in the great beyond.

not a single photo.

not even a simple revelation.

he expected me to pay the bills without answering a single question.

what was he doing in places like that.

who was he doing it with.

how can you call those purchases accessories.

he had smuggled his suitcase through customs and hid it from me.

i refuse to become paranoid

but the next time he goes on a cruise

i am going to buy a new house

and not leave a forwarding address.

rethinking paranormal obligations.

wf.h.

2022