The Lid Off Life

“...somebody had taken the lid off life and let him look at the works.”
—The Maltese Falcon

Flitcraft was walking by a construction site when a beam fell and missed him by inches. Tho not hit by the beam, he was smitten by the thought that life—or rather death—is unpredictable, random and he walked out of his own life—wife, family, job—into a random future.

How many Flitcrafts there were on eleven September: some who were still walking their children to school some busy fabricating their excuses for arriving late others just 'stepped out for a minute' to see someone.

The one butterfly fluttered its wings and caused not a tidal wave, just a conundrum. But these latter day Flitcrafts new witnesses to the lid come off life, had they fluttered—despaired, panicked, bolted—could have—perhaps all together—made a wave. Were they too utterly spent to create their own or bent on digging out of a deeper chaos?

David A. Buchsbaum
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