

Explanation

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What should I tell you? That it rained for five straight days, that the gutters leaked in spite of the duct tape, that a rat ate through the cellar screen and killed the cat. Today, a bus exploded in Israel killing eighteen people, and no one is paying attention. We pour our oatmeal, cover it with bran, with raisins. We rev up our stainless steel juicers and kiss each other goodbye. "In a brazen daytime ambush yesterday," I read. "In the first lethal assault on civilians in nearly a month," I read, then feed the dog, take her for a walk. It's been one year since the world was silenced by a ringing in my ears, my jaw tightening at the thought of leaving home. Gone was the trail left by any stupid thought. Gone the long conversations with friends on the phone, or killing time with a raisin bagel in a loud coffee shop with absolutely no fear we might get blown into another galaxy, one much saner than ours. But I got used to the ringing, just as I get used to the headlines, to the lies and counter lies, barely audible over the bad music of the nightly news, over Sunday sermons as useless as a clock we once buried inside a snowman's brainless head – its tick, tick, ticking. "As an armor-plated bus lumbered up the winding road to Emanuel," I read. "As a powerful bomb exploded, riddling the vehicle with shrapnel. . . ."