Enemy

by Chris Ellery in the April 6, 2022 issue

Gray day, dry day. A front blowing in hard from the west. Good Friday. My walk to church winds through construction. Dirt work. Earth-breaker. Earth-mover. Huge blade peeling the ground, scalping caliche to level a wild field for building.

Billowing dust fogs the road ahead of me until the man in a silver hat pressing and tilting the joysticks sees me and pauses to let me pass so the wind will not choke me. He waves, I wave, our two hands tearing the veil between us.