

SUNDAY MORNING MEETING

big crowd and One of the Mikes broke into another one how he'd turned into sand again the way he tells it this time he'd been in Saudi Arabia on acid golfing wandered from his foursome also tripping a sheik an oil baron's executive assistant and a guy named Jules no one quite knew who and why he *was* at all like sand he was friendly enough One of the Mikes says in present tense now he says that *in present tense now* he wanders off ends up in a sand trap on the 16th hole or the 17th he becomes the sand trap and Jules is there this time *as* him he says all he remembers about the little flag in the hole is the sound of wind going throughly into it he says *throughly* wind's different there he says wilder smarter *alive-r* but what he sees just now he says *just now* as though he could rest it in the palm of his hand is a runt of a wind storm just over there now right here floating above the green right over the little flapping flag content to bend wind its whole life he says the runt storm finishes its prayers and moseys he says *moseys* you can hear it if you can hear it he's from Baltimore or Frederick or someplace down that way always fusing his *Os* and *Es* and letting it all linger like a sweet hangover he sounds of the earth like that he sounds right like that not like a dentist so when he says *moseys* like that I can't believe that I believe him that wind storms pray and some storms are runts who mosey it makes sense he says you can't always be a huge wind storm now can you he says he says everything that is prays everything you believe that much anyway you're good and excuses himself and steps to the front of the room gets behind the podium *testing testing* he says *my name is Mike and I'm*