

## The Corner

Yeah, beer, drinks, loud music and a live-wire bartender.

But they hung out there. One a guy from some mean streets, raised in a house in an alley just off those mean streets. The other from a town an acre wide in North Carolina. Both survivors and here they are in 'the corner' of the bar and tended to by the 'live wire' lady with the smile.

Her customers, the corner guys, are ancient but they still do what they've done for the last twenty-five years. They are dart players. Not really good dart players but not bad either. One is eighty, the other eighty something . . . no one's sure.

It is the 'corner'. Within this corner, two walls right angle to each other, there is hilarity, good will and occasional despair when the darts choose their own path. The two ancient guys are often joined by a younger, pony-tailed, baseball-capped, device-addicted dart player of a different stripe. Though he is getting better, his talent is short of his two friends.

Over the years, so many years, with camaraderie, a parade of spirits driven bar folks, some of them dart players, some of them not . . . passed by the corner and contributed to the hilarity by deriding the ancient two with quips about their age, their waning dart skills, their ability to get to and from the dart line . . . all in fun. They were many! At times, Ron or Jim or Darrell would simply point a finger with no apparent meaning except, wholly germane . . . 'you guys are still here'! Obvious praise for the old guys apparent longevity. Laughs all around...

Joining the pony-tail, the ancient guys, in a recent year or two, is a smiling, incessant hugger of all, a widowed woman. She is obsessed with pony-tail because he reminds her of her pony-tailed craggy looking recently deceased truck-driving husband. Pony-tail isn't having it. He likes them tiny, almost boyish. Widow woman is all heart, always smiling emanating love for all but, she isn't tiny.

Unrequited love!

All good things come to an end they say. And so it is with the corner.

One of the ancient ones, the eighty-year-old, happened to be married to one of the establishment's bartenders. Not the live wire, a different one, one that had been there for 23 years. She was working two days a week for travel money. Cruises and such. She was let go after all those years. No one, the owner, the general manager, no one bothered to say thank you for twenty-three years of spotless service.

The eighty-year-old corner guy, in support of his unappreciated wife, after his twenty-five years of being a customer in the establishment, has left the corner. His friends except for one, have stayed behind.

He doesn't expect them to follow him once he has found a new 'corner'. They may? But he knows that his issue is not their issue and, though he will be missed at the corner, it is understood by all, that new inhabitants will provide new enthusiasm and the hilarity will carry on. All aspects of life change. Throughout all the dart houses out there, thousands of them, many with corners....change eventually comes to all of them.

When *man*, with his incredible talent for invention...computers, flying machines-- can create eyesight... just eyesight...from scratch...then I will consider the *absence* of a Divine presence...If the common man *cannot* create eyesight, and the *Divine presence* can create the immense complexity that is the *human body*,...then *airplanes* and *computers, recently among us*, after countless centuries, insist to the common man...*there is something out there*...and just because there is *something out there* does not mean that *we*...you and *me*...will not one day become...*celestial flotsam*...