

Of Leanne, Candice, Lana, Renate and the contingencies of fate

I used to be brave. This condition has passed, and certain contingencies of fate have converted me from an action hero/idiot, into a poet and a thinker. Now that I am in this position, I will admit it, I have a very dangerous job, and a deadly addiction. I am a self-taught logger, and even worse for a long-lived future, I am entranced and delighted by intelligent women. I am happily married, and will never see any of them, but still... I am obviously in grave and clear danger. However, I am happy of it.

I just escaped today, what a strange rush to almost be killed, and not be. I used to LIKE that. I was such an ass. Here...I will tell you of my day.

I no longer enjoy hazard in any way. But deep and intricate email...I just love it. Candice writes with an essay on the creation of miracle and the myth of the resurrection...the story yesterday, even more profound...what an intricate and detailed view, how fascinating! Ah! And Leanne will let me use the additional art work. This creature gets more beautiful each day, her brush technique and use of light in these still-life pieces, is so good, so superb as to be true master's work. Oh! And Lana is back! I am no longer in her favor, but still, she answers sometimes, and is the jewel of jewels, even if she will not read my new theory of the graviton, at least she could understand it if she wanted to...with one so very splendid as she, perhaps that is enough. At least Renate still speaks with me, I suppose there are too few men who are fascinated with new geometry, so I am still of interest. I will never stop constructing experiments to prove her theories...each as beautiful as she. I am fool enough to believe they can feel me think of them, and so, I walk, and dream...for I do love smart women, and talented ones too.

I believe, if anyone were to hurt these women, I would go mad with hatred, and kill whoever harmed them. They are all so beautiful to me.

After breakfast, there was no escape. I had to fell a large tree...a standing dead alder. Oh god...says the atheist, I would rather try to figure out some impossible paper on quantum correlations any day, than do this ... oh. But heat is needed in winter. After a few years of logging to live, I have begun to appreciate how stupid it is, to do this. Like chess, or pool, one must think well in advance, and see the interactions, only here, it is tons of wood smashing to earth in order to kill you, not a bit of humiliation for having been too stupid to guess the move, or set up the shot right.

Everything about it is wrong for me. I can see, the tree may follow the notch, but will probably twist and reorient itself improperly. The wife and dog, are directed away from the fall line, and I pull the hated cord. The saw leaps to life, scratching the air, snarled sound and mad vibration ruin the peace...the chain whirling and spitting oil, and I have never been more sure, that I do not want to do this. The tree may break in half rather than get hung, it may snap mid-way, replant, and come after me, reverse fall lines. I have the dog and wife at 120 degrees...no worries...OK. Here we go!

The notch is cut and I raise the blade, it bites into the trunk and down...be sure not to

over-cut the hinge...it becomes a widow-maker, and may come after me...I almost got it once that way...the thing "jumped the stump" as they say...Ah!... the hinge takes! Slowly the cracking gathers as a storm of wooden sparks in sound, building as a fire crackles fed with fresh dry leaves, and then...silence. Only the cloud of mosquitos biting and singing in my ear. Silence. It is hung. Now, I have no choice. I must do a cut against gravity and risk standing the mass on end. That appears to be the danger. Fear...great fear. I am no longer a fool, I can see, there are too many trees, too many variables...this is a chaotic system, and I can not see the complete organizational outcome. I must bite the bullet, and do it.

Screeching and howling, the hated saw cracks the peace of the world, and begins to cut...the blade moving upward through the wooded weight, the weight pouring down upon the slim swirl of fury and steel, cutting, and then...the blade is pinched shut...the engine is no match...! I back away, and listen, the trunk straining to snap, and, ...it holds. I must try to remove the saw. In a mad fury to mask my abject fear, I grab the saw and tug, pull and use all my weight...and the entire trunk—snaps.

Then, plants, leans... and snaps...clean in two, folding up upon itself, my eye on the massive tons of gravitational ballet, slowly sinking shaft into earth, looking here, at the two tons of falling death, so slow and inevitable, crashing through the canopy, looking here...and so...I do not see there, above: a lone branch some fourth mile high, a small branch, a mere 12 feet, 4" around...a mere twig, has snapped free, and plummets, missed amongst the cacophony of thundering wood and gravity, the earth is hungry, and gathers its prize.

As I stare at the fury of shafted chaos, the lone twig sinks as a spear, flung backward and down, from above...now slamming into the earth, and sinking as a spear perfectly aimed, straight down...but two feet from me. No...I did not see that coming. It could not have done that...impossible! But...it was not.

Later I read the note. Leanne was injured, gravity has been unkind to her, and her face is bruised. The tree, I could hardly blame, it was I who was so stupid as to fell her. But this! I will kill it...I will kill gravity for her! How dare it! I will travel into the background of flat space-time, find a fused photon, for that is what a graviton must be, and kill it! Not Leanne! Ah! I will kill gravity. Yes, I will. I do not care what happens to me. So, you can see, and judge by my reactions, how much more dangerous is my addiction, than my occupation. The tree may spare me, and if not, we can forgive, for I have invited her reprisal. But love, is so intoxicating, so potent as to find right of contempt for the inevitable contingencies, which bind us all...to this earth. It is love, which has poured, our wings of wax. —© Rich Norman