

possible robbery - heart open to love -
style incongruous settings - contrasts - language
technique
contrast

picture of Christ painted on side of
brick building - hand lifted to knock
at closed (domed) door - pale blue
green

She is sitting under shade tree pulling off peanuts
while he gets car

at restaurant she keeps looking at its
doors with out locks

87

59

128

he would

try out

1-75

(has been there for 25 yrs.

rumbling at his back "door"

(snoring - (chiding him)

smell of warm peaches

(metaphor)

Adele stretching from regenerative slumber

(1987)

Doors Without Locks

(short story) Anniversary Breakfast
(Sunday Summer)

woman
left
line
cut - skin like creamed coffee -
kilny rimmed glasses - white hat with
~~reflected~~ nylon net around brim green flower -
heart shaped earrings he gave her
for anniversary

50 years of breakfasts she has made
on farm out by Add - he takes
her in to the only place he has
seen breakfast served when he's
gone into town early to wait for the
feed store to open:

Waffle House - shock -

Contract quiet of porch of land
shades to plastic boom restaurant
Doors without locks
~~where the doors never do~~

58 cherry - he cleaned for her -

don't speak on the way in to eat
- fresh sheet over seat to prevent her
getting dirty

- take interstate enroute (short span) (infant innocence)
innocent

blank faces - ~~more innocent than an infant~~

Anniversary Breakfast

The plan ~~was~~ ^{had been} simple enough: Willie would surprise Adele with a 5-mile trip ^{down} ~~up~~ the interstate - 75 to Adele for ^{supper} breakfast at ~~an~~ ^{an uncomplicated} ~~unostentatious~~ cafe he had seen ~~on occasion~~ ^{into town} when he went into town. The trip back was another matter.

Twenty-five years of the fifty they had spent together had been disturbed by the traffic at their back door, whizzing past, intercepting the crickets in the ~~pine~~ ~~southern~~ ^{southern} pines.

"Dirt roads will do" she always said when they set out for town to pick up ^{their} monthly 5 rits of flour & fat back.

In their ~~side~~ first ride up the interstate ^{that summer morning} she said nothing, merely sat on her side ^{of the car} with her ~~hair~~ ^{white} white chow pocket book perched on the lap of her lime green ~~skirt~~ ^{skirt}. Two white gloved hands ~~grasped~~ ^{grasped} the handles like the reins of a runaway horse. Her lower lip twitched in a self-satisfied way, dimpling ~~the~~ her creamed-coffee ~~skin~~ ^{cheek}.

~~Although cars~~
Each car, each truck that sped past, even honking its horns, received the same soft glance of her ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} neck turning slowly, with a ^{deliberate} ~~disregard~~ ^{disregard}. Primly crowning her lustrous black hair, streaked ~~with~~ ^{with} ^{springy} red hair, a white hat exhibited a ~~flat~~ ^{flat} brim full of fluted net, sprigged with ^{pink} ~~pink~~ flowers, it looked as if ~~the~~ ^{the} petals had ^{been} caught ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the net ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~while~~ ^{while} she stood ^{sedately} ~~sedately~~ beneath a ~~sky~~ ^{sky} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~shedding~~ ^{shedding} petals.

Her bosom moulded ^{across} her ~~band~~ chest, ~~the~~
~~wood~~ enough for all the ~~to~~ nestle there, ~~the~~
children of the world. Her heart larger, louder,
it seemed for the ~~precise~~ generous capacity.

A semi-truck, decorated with ~~bold~~ yellow letters bolder
than the sun light streaming across the tweed highway, honked
twice, smartly, and rumbled past, creating ~~an~~ aftermath a violet
draft, which caused Willie to swerve onto the emergency lanes.
Wide eyed he carefully maneuvered the '57 blue Chevy back
between the designated lines in time for a gray Mercedes
to glide ~~of~~ by. Clearing his throat he repositioned himself,
poised now for the next & the next to overtake him,
figuring, surely, they had all ~~fully~~ been spent. And in
that rigid manner, his rigid shoulders, tugged from
black suspenders, he peered ahead for the ~~exit~~ Adelle exit.

A fine veil of sweat had formed on his brow, which
he blew at on occasion, feeling the starched-stuff shirt
stick to his arm pits. His hair was more silver than
black, the black receding, blending into his black ~~edges~~
like ~~as~~ spots of scalp showing through.

When he thought that he could no longer bear
the itch of the anxiety & heat, the ~~unpardonable~~
unpardonable traffic, he saw the exit sign ahead,
make ready & moved out, leaning forward &
to the side to take the exit curve, wishing to
check on Odessa's reaction, but only hearing her
smooth sigh.

She was like that, ^{quiet & sober,} never given to much speech, simply long pauses which left him on the edge of things.

He could abate that, even preferred that, but sometimes he longed for the fuss of the world, had been curious enough about the destination of the traffic whizzing at their locks, night & day, day & night for ~~the~~ a quarter of a century.

He drew a long breath, coming off the exit to a familiar road bordered with shoulders of seeding grass. A hot breeze mingled with the ~~scent~~ acrid odor of asphalt & the scent of pines. Scrub oaks & palmettoes rustled at the base of the pines where the grasshopper ~~clicked~~ locusts buzzed.

Then he glanced at Odessa, smug in her ~~the same~~ position. Her expression never changed, was the same expression she ^{had} worn at sunset the day before, picking off peanuts under the china berry tree in the back yard. Odd glances, like odd numbers, ~~had~~ ^{had} evaded him. One, two he looked at her; she looked away on three.

She ^{had} never asked him why he was spit shenny the car, tucking a clean sheet ^{taut} on the seat, and checking the oil. Even when he gave her the ~~metallic~~ ^{silver} puffed-heart earrings for her anniversary present, she never asked him what he had in mind. She had simply put them on ^{dutifully} the next morning, feeling foolish, avoding the image in the disliking mirror.

4

"Ain't you a sight for sore eyes?" Willie had said as she modestly smoothed the bodice of her old Easter suit with her chest thrust proudly.

2 up

Adèle stretched ~~from~~ awake from its heavy slumber, ~~sun scattering from either direction~~ streets unfolding in the sun. A church steeple pointed its finger to the sky ~~in~~ ^{with} exclamation of its taut silk ~~quality~~. Drive ways from houses fingered out onto the ^{narrow} streets, with an occasional car ^{or truck} inching out. The indecisive breeze of dog days pulsed the ~~old oaks~~ oak leaves of the ~~streets~~ ^{streets} which ~~formed~~ ~~arched~~ ~~low~~ ~~over~~ ~~the~~ ~~streets~~ ~~arched~~ overhead.

Passing ~~by~~ along the downtown section, connecting rows of shops created one ~~solid~~ lazy Sunday facade. ~~Repeating~~ ~~fantasied~~ ~~repeating~~ In the corner a furniture store advertised rocky chair for sale, two ^{yellow} varnished, ~~spindle~~ ^{spat} backed ~~seats~~ squared on the street. The side of the ^{front} shop was ~~pointed~~ a mural of ~~white~~ ~~bleached~~ blues & greens creating a picture of ~~an~~ ~~blue~~ almost ~~found~~ Christ knocking at a closed door.

The doors swung ^{steadily} out & in at the Waffle House, emptying & filling with ~~the~~ customers, ~~the~~ losing the smell of hot legs on the air.

Wethie pulled up along side a ^{metallic gray} semi, feeling small as he was eye level with the wheels.

Doors Without Locks / Anniversary Breakfast

Hearing the traffic hissing at his back, ^{paper} Willie wondered if ~~she~~ ^{Odessa} could hear ~~it~~ ^{now} also, since their trip. She had only said, "Let's go to the house." Not another word had she said about it since then. She was a quiet, sober woman anyhow, never given to much speech, ~~so~~ simply long pauses that ~~put~~ ^{left} him on the edge of things! But he knew her, knew her better now from having driven her to their anniversary breakfast up 5 slow miles of interstate to that infernal Waffle house and ~~back~~ ^{back}, ~~adidentally~~ ^{adidentally}, to the end of the road. ~~himself~~, knew his limitations & the ~~limitations~~ ^{extent} of his world.

Sitting in the same oblique shade of the china berry tree, Odessa had sat ~~on that~~ ^{on that}, picking of peanuts ~~at that~~ while she had watched him, from the corner of her eye, as he had dusted & shined the old #27 Chevy. ~~He had~~ ^{He had} tented a ~~sheet~~ ^{fresh white} over the front seat & tucked it ~~in~~ ^{into} tent, smoothing all the wrinkles free.

Forty years they had been married. Twenty-five of them disturbed by the interstate stretched at their back door behind the pines. ~~Not disturbed~~ but not quite curious enough ~~to~~ to have rumbled onto the highway and heading out to Adel. Dirt roads would do, she ^{had} always said, leaving him each time more curious about what lay ahead of him, behind him, and to come. ^{construction} He knew from the first day in 1955 that he would someday follow the buggy path behind the house

to the road & follow it, ⁱⁿ one direction or the other,
until it got there. Just there. Not a
city nor a place but a dream, ~~an~~ an island,
~~the~~ unknown. If he could wait that long,
with time overtaking him.

So many nights while she read her ^{new} Bible, sitting
in the ~~sheet spread~~ ^{sagging} chair across from the
bed, he would lie listening to the ^{meditative} traffic
intercept the soft buzz of the locusts. Then he would
be lonely, not for lack of conversation. She spoke
with her soft black eyes, her gentle nods
in response to whatever he said. But lonely
for the undeclared spread of life beyond the
pine thicket encircling their ^{isolated} cabin.

Having had no social security number, nor needing
one, the man had eluded him. Half grateful,
the other half vague remorse, he had farmed on
in his routine manner, measuring time by seasons,
by crops, by children they never had. A son
would've gone to the last war he
had heard about on the radio, sending post cards
from overseas, coming home with foreign tales,
which did not pertain. But the Lord never saw
fit.

They had raised Sister Beatrice's two: a
girl & a boy, who turned out well

yellow ^{concrete} block gulf station in Mobile with ~~room~~ ^{apartment} overhead
stairs along outside

notes for store

could use many of novels - rethink, shorten
Asylum, Earl