

Real Estate

How do I write of Mike, recently diagnosed. The slings and arrows of a life laid bare. His father who died of a heart attack the night before he was due to move in; his brother with MS *and* his brother's wife with a rare form of skin cancer. His father's inherited dogs wagging wildly, locked out on the balcony (a bull terrier, bloated with age; one blind eye, one goggly: iris swimming) smearing the ranchslider with eagerness to be touched and seen as we viewed the house. Toadstool fairy lights leading up the path outside where he had fixed three heat pumps, their sharp metal corners threatening to tear out our eyes as we moved carefully along the side of the house following the real estate agent in the rain. His Harley and his teenage son's ZR1, gleaming in the garage. His indomitable cheer. Putting his money where he loved, not the house, in disrepair. A banner filling one wall: Bob Marley, the famous photo of his head slung back, mouth open in praise and blessing.