"Eyes Like a Lizard"+
"I'm not special enough to run out of ideas."*William Stafford

Some men don't know how to lose. They ride along in the car singing out with each glance, until the world shines with their delight.

Ansel Adams saw Hernandez, New Mexico, like that at 4:00 p.m. on October 31 in 1941. He'd been after a stump all day. It would not give up its particular self, real in the light. So now, he was driving back, a day's pleasure unfinished.

When he glanced out and saw the grave markers glowing, that whole bright little city on the twiggy sand, Adams hurried to play the game the sun suggested. How could he not remember from the anthology of his joys? The moon was 250 candles per square foot.

In that perfect second his camera opened on an astonishing sight, and the man drove on with the secret of who had won, Adams or the sun. Heads or tails, he had tomorrow and the stump.

S. Hind
Sept. 11, 1993

+ from "Humanities Lecture" in Stories That Could Be True

* from an interview in Roving Across Fields, 1983, p.17