

The Weather in Paradise

by Carl Santoro

As I looked up from reading a book on the teachings of Krishnamurti, I noticed the weather in paradise was perfect.

Sitting in a chair near the driveway, I spotted a squirrel checking me out as it carefully explored its way past me.

Suddenly it froze, raising its ears as we both realized the town fire siren was sounding off.

For some seconds, my gaze became curiously fixed now on the crabapple tree on my lawn that I forgot to spray since cutting off many of its limbs. I immediately felt anxious guilt, being the one responsible for opening the way for infection.

I turned to the empty chair beside me and lifted from its seat my wine glass.

Preparing to take a sip, I too froze and could hear the siren almost becoming muted by a new symphony of police cars, fire trucks and helicopter noises all whirling about nearby at the Meadowbrook Parkway.

In three minutes everything fell completely silent.

The weather in paradise was still perfect.

