

The Man in the Shed

I said thank you to an old man last night. <sup>It came out just as I wanted</sup>  
It was that ghostly hour when the sun has turned its belly to the creatures of the night.

He was making a nest in my yard.  
He was in the shed  
The shed door was open  
I watched entranced

There he was emptying some oversized vat of muddied water into some other contrivance that ~~was~~ I hadn't seen before.  
His ~~dark~~ <sup>darkened</sup>, gray ~~marked~~ <sup>marked</sup> overcoat and <sup>bagggy</sup> trousers.  
He ~~threw~~ <sup>thrust</sup> his head into the building <sup>not</sup> for his ~~constant~~ <sup>controlled</sup> but swift movements. <sup>slow and tense that was he so doggedly worked</sup>  
Through <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ kitchen window, as he <sup>dragged</sup> ~~carried~~ some electrical wiring <sup>thru</sup> ~~thru~~ <sup>across</sup> the yard <sup>and</sup> ~~ran~~ <sup>ran</sup> ~~came~~ <sup>came</sup> wooden planks that way, I ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~watched~~ <sup>watched</sup> his lips were muttering words, gentle words. Beautiful, sweet words. I was sure <sup>Expression focused, in the moment</sup>

I ~~wished~~ <sup>wished</sup> to ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> my wife to come take a look. She didn't share my wonder, in fact, she was none too pleased.  
"Who the hell is that?" and why he is in our yard?"

I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~entranced~~ <sup>entranced</sup> She didn't get it. <sup>At that</sup> The old man <sup>stood</sup> ~~stood~~ <sup>standing</sup> beside me <sup>probed</sup> ~~probed~~ <sup>probed</sup> for a moment and looked up, his ~~face~~ <sup>face</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~gaunt~~ <sup>gaunt</sup>, <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~kindest~~ <sup>kindest</sup> eyes.

or was too immersed in his work to ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~didn't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> care, <sup>we</sup> ~~stained~~ <sup>stained</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~hear~~ <sup>hear</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~way~~ <sup>way</sup> ~~going~~ <sup>going</sup>  
as he went this way and that through the darkness, all he would hear occasional <sup>we</sup> ~~making~~ <sup>making</sup> cough expand!

He either didn't see us through the window or ~~didn't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> care, and ~~after~~ <sup>after</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~gave~~ <sup>gave</sup> a hacking cough, that we both ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~hear~~ <sup>hear</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~still~~ <sup>still</sup> cool night, he continued with his project. "Can <sup>you</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~get~~ <sup>get</sup> him out of here, why are you standing here?" <sup>What's he doing?"</sup>

She <sup>pushed</sup> ~~pushed~~ <sup>pushed</sup> open the back door and in <sup>turn</sup> ~~turn~~ <sup>turn</sup> to see of my yard, <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> my <sup>astonishment</sup> ~~astonishment~~ <sup>astonishment</sup>, <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> excellently crafted ice sculptures.

As I stood, dumbly, I heard the old man scurry past and plug in two spotlights that lit up the faces as well as his own.

While still amazed, I felt it <sup>approach</sup> ~~approach~~ <sup>approach</sup>.

I ~~turned~~ <sup>turned</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~left~~ <sup>left</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~section~~ <sup>section</sup> of a wall, slowly wheeled and came to a stop against the fence. <sup>like</sup> ~~like~~ <sup>like</sup> the tiberic firm at the mist.

How the dastardly/ambitious man must have hired some college actors to dawn corvo masks and scurry across the parapets like <sup>secret</sup> ~~secret~~ <sup>secret</sup>

But it was then, I heard ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~crackling~~ <sup>crackling</sup>, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~darkness~~ <sup>darkness</sup> at the far corner of the lot I knew he was in the midst of a masterpiece