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Lament for Floyd

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Lament for Floyd

Mike Vanden Bosch

No one ever goes to a junk yard to follow the last fixer. Pete goes to find a car door; Sam goes for a wheel cover and a hitch; Matt goes to find cedar wood left for junk; Floyd goes to

find stuff to fix, then gives it to neighbors who couldn't fix a hangnail. He makes vacuums hum and sewing machines sing. He tunes lawn mowers like Josh, a piano tuner, tunes a piano.

He never sees a machine that doesn't work without asking why, and then bending over it like a baker, coaxing it with fine-fingered touches until it wakes to his kneading. He toys

with dead treadmills until they tug two-legged bods trudging toward infinity. He finds engines that sputter as Adam must've when God made him from dust, and soon he has them purring

like a horse nibbling oats. His own body rotting, Floyd breathes green into assorted wrecks waiting in roadside dumps for bedlam, sharing sunlight with resplendent vagrants on the way.