A POINT OF QUIETED INTEREST

It was my overriding hope that in setting down these memories I would give the story a shape and a final shading, most of all so that I could say to myself that it was done. For it seems to me that everyone needs to arrive at a point of quieted interest in his past, after which it becomes, if still influential, nothing more absolving or provocative than that.

But I've not been able to do that very well. For still, when I come back to the astonishing fact that my mother was able to go away and not return, her actions remain no more fathomable to me than they were the day she left. In the fantasies of leaving we shared when I was a child, neither of us ever left alone.

-Douglas Bauer