

Christopher Citro

Single Male Seeks Someone Who'll Stay

I opened the door to get the paper last Sunday, and there was a goose standing on the front step. It looked up at me, then took one step to the side making room for me to pass. So I did. What else was there to do? I walked out onto the lawn, picked up the paper, and walked back to the door. When I opened it, the goose stepped inside and waddled into the living room. I stood outside holding the door. Did a goose just walk into my house? It turned a corner and went into the hallway to the bedroom. I stepped inside. "I'm following a goose into my house," I said out loud as I did. I walked through the living room, turned into the hall just in time to see the goose fly up and out through a window I had not remembered leaving open. "And then the goose flew away," I said out loud to no one. In fact, it was at that instant that I realized finally just how empty my life was.