

The Forces of Flight

For years there was a man who sat on the cracked sidewalk outside the wall that surrounded St. Joseph's Academy for Gifted and Talented Young Men. He sat legs stretched out, back to the ivy-covered stone wall, beating a rhythm with a tin can on the sidewalk to the opening and closing of the wooden gate. He came to the spot as though attending the school from that position, arriving before the first bell, staying until the last of the staff had pushed their way out of the yard. He was there for so long that regular instructors and permanent staff came to know him. Although he did not beg, people dropped money into his can, brought him food and an occasional cup of coffee.

One day, the head of the music department, Dr. Abe Ada, bent closer, a little closer still, recognized the man beneath the scraggly beard and uncombed hair, and brought him inside.

To read the full story, purchase Issue 2 of The Lindenwood Review.