

## AFTERWORD

The limits of our imagination are bounded by the realities of everyday. A person stops dreaming about space travel if he can't even get gas for his car. Stranded on the side of a hot dusty road, he hopes for rescue from some sympathetic type in an air-conditioned vehicle with a full tank of gas.

The random waves swirl all around us. What we know, what we see commingles with what we hope for, what we want to see until the mirage is solid and staring us in the face.

She gives us a look of recognition. We seem to melt in that glance. A gasp goes off when we realize that she is looking past us at someone else.

But for that moment different paths connect. We contemplate stepping from one wave into another. As with ripples in a pond, or waves on the shore, these cascading forms mix and intermingle. For a brief moment, we can leave one life and enter another.

Wallace Simpson delays too much at Stephanie's house, and that becomes the wave of his life. His history with Ashley and Nicholas is only a fading memory, a temporary dream. Or he decides to come home to get his wallet, and he finds Ashley upstairs with the man who has been occupying her nights while Nicholas has been at her sister's.

The story teller lives in the midst of the tides. She throws herself in the raging waters and comes out with a different identity and a whole new set of possibilities. All she needs is a drink and a willing listener. Wallace Simpson will abdicate a whole past of agony and passion to follow along on a new adventure.