

## *Part of Eve's Discussion*

Marie Howe

It was like the moment when a bird decides not to eat from your hand,  
and flies, just before it flies, the moment the rivers seem to still  
and stop because a storm is coming, but there is no storm, as when  
a hundred starlings lift and bank together before they wheel and drop,  
very much like the moment, driving on bad ice, when it occurs to you  
your car could spin, just before it slowly begins to spin, like  
the moment just before you forgot what it was you were about to say,  
it was like that, and after that, it was still like that, only  
all the time.

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