2-10-2012

A Hobby, Daylight Saving Time

Sandy Bot-Miller

College of Saint Benedict/Saint John's University, sbotmiller@csbsju.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/headwaters

Part of the Literature in English, North America Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/headwaters/vol27/iss1/11

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Headwaters: The Faculty Journal of the College of Saint Benedict and Saint John’s University by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csbsju.edu.
A Hobby

When she asks why I am never at home to answer early morning phone calls, I try explaining that I’ve been crawling out from under warm flannel sheets at the crack of dawn for years now, showing up faithfully for pre-dawn rendezvous with a muse willing to court my passion for making meaning with words. My aunt looks at me with a plastic smile pasted on lips properly pursed before responding to my disclosure with predictable disapproval:

_I don’t understand why you need to leave your house to pursue a hobby._

HOBBY! A hobby!

_Hobby_, an antonym of _work, vocation, calling_ _Hobby_, described by Webster as a _diversion something undertaken in one’s spare time_; Like a spare tire, hidden away stored in the trunk of a car for emergency use only; Like spare change, not enough to make a significant purchase or support a long term investment; _Hobby_, a word sandwiched between _hobble_: a shuffle, a stumble, a swagger: _lame and awkward_, and _hocus-pocus:_ _poppycock incantations: mumbo jumbo, hogwash._ I refuse to live next-door to such neighbors!
Daylight Saving Time

Dragging his bum leg through shredded leaves, a rod held in one hand and a tackle box in the other, he remembers that tonight he must turn back the hands on his clocks.

Glancing down at his own weathered hands, he ponders what he can still fall back on at a time when his whole body’s begun ticking slower. He rests his eyes on a weathered sign with paint-chipped letters: *Fishing is Permissible.*

The fish. The fish keep him going. Keep him coming back. To cast out his line as many times as it takes—to catch his breath—release his fears.

Watching him from a distance I wonder if he’s ever tempted to use bait that might help him catch glimpses of answers to life’s biggest questions—or is he content to release the questions and simply watch them bob up and down every time he throws out a line with an empty hook at the end?

*Sandy Bot-Miller is an Instructor of Education.*