
CODA

On the lunar eclipse—about three months after I throw that first orange—I'm sitting on the sand clutching a black crystal in my right hand (for giving—away my sorrows) and a white crystal in my left (for receiving—wisdom) and talking to a rainbow while hot hard tears etch my sweat-stained cheeks.

Rewind about five years. I'm at an artist residency in Northern California. There's a historic, hundred-year flood, and for three weeks I'm trapped in a farmhouse on a boutique vineyard. When the storm breaks, I break an old bike out of the shed and traverse the storm-swept, craterous Northern California country roads to the closest winery. I order a glass of their finest rose and get out a poem. One demented moment later a man who was once cited in the Guinness Book of World Records as the world's strongest man arrives with his beautiful, young girlfriend. They order strong, red wine. He tells me that when he gave up weightlifting, he took up literature and is reading every book awarded the Nobel Prize. The sommelier treats us to some Grand Cuvée. The World's Strongest Man asks me to recite my poetry. Another demented moment later, he's my

#1 super fan and his girlfriend is taking our picture. We're in a soggy California vineyard and he's hugging me as a double rainbow arcs over the dormant grapevines.

I send the photo to Neil, who immediately sends me a photo. Hundreds of miles apart, we are admiring rainbows on either end of the storm. In his, it's a classic High Desert skyline—scrubbed clean, all angles and volcanic ash—with the two rainbows soaring over a pasture and the light cutting through, hard and true.

Five years later, I see a rainbow and assume it's proof that Neil is here. I starting talking and I can't stop. I talk, and I talk, and I talk. Out loud. To Neil. It's like confession or a prayer or a song—a gorgeous existential exhale.

I snap some footage and send it to Neil's wife, to his best friend Henry, to his best friend's wife Sandy—because we are tethered together now, in our grief, by our orange throwing, and now by this rainbow. And there's some beauty—joy even—in that. Henry texts back: "Ok. The Oregon State daily briefing sent a rainbow out as their header image. Neil is here. With us."

This is wilding our sorrows. This is joy. This is manifestation.