**Standing At The End Of Time**

I remember one January after a snow storm standing at the kitchen window looking out on the patio. In New Mexico due to the warmth and high altitude snow melts usually in a day. As I was looking at the snow hanging on the juniper branches, and piled on the patio table, I noticed

a slow methodical movement.

A being with a long brownish tail and a round brownish black body ambled past the patio table. On the outside it was a pack rat, going somewhere, I imagine for food. With my inner eye, I saw an ancient gentleman, hunched over, worried, looking at his watch as he moved low to the ground.

My fear of rats was blocked by the amazement of watching something so ancient navigate the snow. In this suburb that passes as a rural community, I attempt to coexist with the animals, and also the pest. I am constantly catching spiders, and ants and putting them outside. I use non- toxic items to dissuade them from coming into the house.

Last night I woke and a six inch centipede hung from the ceiling. Wiggling and twisting. Fear then curiosity captured me. I goggled centipede and found that gamblers think they are lucky. And that they are considered King of the insect for its ability to defend itself. This wonder saved the life of this centipede. It fell from ceiling to floor scurrying somewhere under books or maybe a chest back into the dark reaches of my bedroom.

As it scurried back into the darkness, it totemic qualities still linger in the

light. As I stand on the edge of fear and wonderment there’s an opening for these ancient beings to have a place. There is a truce between the swatting, stomping, and poisoning of that which is other.

I wonder if I can live with a centipede whether someone will find the courage to live with my otherness. Maybe as I accept the otherness and amazement of packrat, there is space not only in my psyche but in the world psyche to accept the otherness of me.