

ERIN PRINGLE

This Bomb My Heart

Out in the vast field, she kneels under the wings her brother made when she lost her arm. He sawed them from a storm-fallen tree then picked a wheelbarrow of Queen Anne's Lace from the field and ditches, spreading the stems across newspapers on the porch as their mother once had. When the flowers dried, he glued them over the boards then spray-painted the wings white. He screwed the wings to the front of his drum harness from marching band. She wore the harness backward, as she does now over her winter coat, though the wings are patchy and he's dead.

She wears his old gray stocking cap rolled down to her chin. Under the cap she has his belt buckled around her eyes. To make the belt snug, she punched a hole in it with a screwdriver. She had tried the belt from her mother's robe, but with only one hand she couldn't keep it tight and knot it, and her father's belts were too long.

If she opens her eyes, which she won't, she'd see the sun around the belt like light around a closed door. Even with her eyes closed there's a glow, but that's shut out by the stocking cap, shrouding her in the darkness necessary to dig her grave but not know where. All this morning she walked out here blindfolded, worrying at first that she couldn't get lost behind her own house but then doing so. She can imagine the field around her and around it the barbed wire fence—rust in the knots that hook a plastic bag here or a ribbon there, but she isn't sure how far from the fence she is.

The nearest house is four country roads away and on the other side of the stone quarry, but no one even passing would see her out here digging between the dried cornstalks that ribbon up and down the field that could easily be a vast desert, a plateau, a forest unending except to the birds flying high enough.

The dirt makes for slow digging. The hand shovel and trowel broke early on and now lay between the watering can and her leg. She can't waste water on the soil because she needs it once the hole is dug.

She pauses to suck the sting from her fingers cracked and bleeding from the dry dirt. The ghost of her other hand also stings, but she no longer looks or tries to touch her hand. It's not there. It hasn't been for years. The dirt turns to mud in her mouth.

She digs her fingers into the dirt again. It hurts, but she's used to hurt, and the tangible kind like this is easiest to handle.

She has tried to forget her brother is dead but can't. When he died, all her memories of him changed. To forget his death means returning her memories to how they were before he died, but she can't remember how they used to be except different, more scattered, unpolished.

She tried to pretend him alive, but that felt no different than his death. Pretending required her to know she was pretending, and the only way to pretend was to imagine him just out of sight—having just left the room or just turned the corner, like when he was gone to the war.

And so she digs because she can't bear to keep imagining him at the end of the road then remember he's not, where he is—in the never again. During the war she'd have a feeling he wasn't truly in a foreign field but almost home. She'd look at her cat on the windowsill—fur against the glass, eyes shutting. If it perked its ear and opened its eyes, as if hearing him, she'd go crouch by the window.

Chin on the sill beside the cat's head, straining to hear her brother's boots turning in the gravel at the yield sign as he peered over the corn tassels, as if he could see her waiting from that far.

The afternoon would pass with his almost but never appearing and the cat would keep waking itself then falling asleep and finally she'd run out of the house and up the road, past the red barn, the silver silo, the sheet-metal shed where the farmer kept his tractors.

Up the small hill—on one side, hay bales—on the other, the watering hole where cows stood chewing down the days to their deaths.

Down the road, past the windbreak and the ditch where a dead fawn once lay—its spotted fur deflating day after day until only she knew what the bones belonged

to. Another cornfield, another beanfield, row after row rowing along the oil-and-gravel road, her calloused feet slapping the black patches softened under combines and tractors and quarry trucks and hot summer sun.

Maybe she'd run through a puddle but puddles have never stayed long on this road, so shallow that when she tried to kick the water into airy sparkles, a layer of skin off her toes. The deepest puddles hammock the ruts closest to the quarry. They rise over her ankles and only one to mid-calf, leaving itch on her legs when she steps out. Sometimes, they hold tadpoles and once a family of dragonflies.

The bottoms of the holes are more gravel than dirt, the sharp bits hurting her feet no matter how thick the summer has worn her soles, but she always jumped in them anyway because her brother once told her she was tougher than most boys—even the tough ones. She liked being the girl he saw.

The dirt is dry. More clay than anything, her mother would say, shrugging as she crossed the yard carrying the annual cardboard tray of geraniums and snapdragons and petunias.

Every summer their mother strolled up and down the tent greenhouse by the grocery. She'd stop to read the plastic tags that named the plants and explained how to keep them alive. The ones she liked most she never bought. The soil's more clay than anything—kills more than it grows. And so every early summer she arrived home to plant the same pink, purple, yellow, and white annuals with the shovel she yearly threatened to replace, its wooden handle gone gray and cracking.

When their mother died, the flowers in the cardboard tray were replaced with landmines but still kept in the laundry room on the metal shelves by the washer.

After her brother died she started hanging the clothes on the line and sold the dryer. A few days later, the young couple who bought it started leaving messages about their discovery of her brother's cold and wrinkled jeans and T-shirts. They asked her answering machine if they should return them or throw them away. She didn't know.

Then she found a trash bag filled with his folded clothes by the front door. She left it there. The trash bag grayed. Rain collected in the folds. Then wet leaves. Then snails. Then the hot sun dried out the leaves and snails, and the rain brought new snails to visit the shells of the dead.

She sat in the living room at the picture window, eyes closed and cheek against the pane, her hair making spider webs in the frost. She listened to the wind around the house and at the trash bag, the wind trying to unknot it, lift the clothes to drape the branches with the remains of her brother.

A hole wore in the trash bag, and the damp crept in, the clothes putrefying until, when she tried to pick up the bag, it was so heavy she had to alternate dragging and rolling it out to the burn pile.

She doesn't know where the landmines came from just as she doesn't know if her brother had a soul—if, when he died, his soul fragmented inside her like the shrapnel he dug out of her shoulder. One day they were just there, like her brother when he surprised them by having a taxi drop him at the end of the road, and then there he was—rucksack on his shoulder, his dog throwing its front paws up to his heart as he had taught it years before, and then there he was in the yard, the house, hugging their mother then grabbing her up, swinging her into the air and against his chest, asking why she didn't stop growing, and then he was out the back door but their mother caught her eye and so she stood at the screen door, following him only with her eyes as he walked into the field, waving his hand to their father who waved his.

That or another night when she should have been sleeping, she crawled out her window onto the roof and listened to her father and brother talking in the back yard. Her brother handed a shadow to their father, pointing at it with his finger and voice, his voice a murmur—out in the field—run in circles.

Pretty bad? their father asked.

He nodded.

The locusts wailed.

Their father handed back to her brother the shadow she later learned was a grenade. The two looked out at the field. When their voices came again, they talked of rain—there'd been too much—what happened last time it rained like this—how much longer a farm like this could last. She'd heard the same words between her father and mother, between her father and the men at the diner where he went at dawn, taking her with him if she woke to the sound of his truck reversing out of driveway.

The conversation had gone on before her birth, but before she knew this she had nightmares of what happened when a farm like this stopped lasting. A terrible man walked up the road at night, sneaking over the fence and into the fields, cutting up the rows and rolling them into his briefcase before catching the train to the city where, according to her father and the men at the diner, farming now took place. The men and her father shook their heads then as they stared into the coffee cups they held between earth-stained hands. The ones who stared longest were floating their farms by moonlighting at the factory in town.

At the diner, the men never spoke of the factory. On smoke-breaks at the factory, they never spoke of their farms. And, nowhere and with no one did they say they feared their sons chose the war over the factory and the family farm. That maybe they should have done what others had, sold off to one of the two families who owned most the town, and then gone to work for them.

When she woke screaming and her father hurried to her bed and she told him of the monster and briefcase, he held her, whispering not to worry, that as long as he lived, he'd fight off the monster.

But what about your heart?

I'll steal his briefcase and hit him in the head with it, he said.

She giggled. And you'll live a long time?

Sure, he said. What else have I got planned?

And she laughed again.

When her brother returned to the faraway field, she asked her mother if he killed people. Her mother said it was his or the war's business but not hers.

She asked her father who said, It's a war.

When her brother came home, she followed him around the house, asking him over and over inside her head have you killed people, but he couldn't hear her.

She sat across from him at the kitchen table. He pretended not to feel her eyes and pretended not to watch their father who also sat at the table. Their father's lips moved over numbers as he counted his pulse. The oven timer dinged, and he took the small notebook from his breast pocket and recorded the final number. He had begun doing this three maybe four times a day while her brother was gone, ever since the house woke to his gasping and the hospital doctors said his heart was weak.

Her brother traced his name in the table where he'd carved it beside their parents' names as a boy. His hands looked like the battered wings of angels tired from crawling in forgotten fields then digging out landmines before the war ended and everyone went home except the people who lived in the field and walked across it to get their mail or meet a neighbor or chase a spitting grasshopper as it sprang over an unseen mine until days or lifetimes after the war, while pulling a sled or pushing croquet hoops into the yard, someone stepped and the earth shifted and the mine blew a heart into the tree branches.

Their father returned the notebook to his pocket. To avoid talking about his health, he pointed at his and their mother's names on the table. Everyone knew the

story, but he told it anyway. How when he and their mother first married, he carved their names into a dying tree and later, he made a table out of it.

He didn't make the table, their mother said. We bought it at Sears, she said, frowning but noticing he kept his fingers on the inside of his wrist. She saw that the kids hadn't noticed and talked to distract.

One minute he's cleaning his nails with his pocket knife, next thing I know he's carving the table like it belongs to someone else. Who takes a knife to what belongs to them?—that's what I want to know. Your father.

I had to carve it *there*, their father said, because the bark around your mother's heart was too hard. When I met your mother she pretended she was soft as pine, but I learned. Thick as cherry wood. And, children, remember, cherry isn't the whittling kind.

I don't know what he's talking about, said their mother as she did after one of his stories, like the one about how his heart wasn't weak it was just that he'd accidentally left it on the pillow and she'd rolled on it in the night. And when the doctors went into his chest they found a bomb where his heart should have been.

You should have seen their faces when they told me—like they were breaking bad news. The look when I told them I knew. Course I knew. Had to stuff something in the hole after I gave my heart to your mother.

She imagined her father pushing his heart gently into her mother's hands, saying, Take care of this bomb my heart.

Did you really say that to the doctors? her brother asked, smiling.

Of course he did, their mother said. He thinks a patient's job is to entertain. Doctors make your father nervous.

Their father called their mother by her name, which meant he wouldn't tell any more stories that day.

When she and her brother first started with the landmines, they did it without blindfolds or stocking caps rolled to their chins. Hearts racing and cheeks flush, they'd go out into the field with the cardboard tray, plucking each like an over-filled pastry then, side-by-side, they pushed the soil around it—her pigtailed filtering the sun, his tongue wedged in the corner of his mouth.

They buried them in a line or a semicircle then ran back and forth, jumping over the dirt piles like the crawdad holes he taught her to jump when she was a toddler.

Jack be nimble, he'd call to her.

Jack be quick, she'd call to him.

When their faces were flush and they had a hard time catching their breath, they'd dig up the mines and line them up in the cardboard tray like the Christmas ornaments that sat on the shelf above them in the laundry room.

Back inside, her brother would open the freezer and take out two frosted cups. He'd pour himself a beer and her a soda, and they'd clink glasses like he showed her. Maybe he'd sing a toast from the war or maybe they'd talk or just trace their names in the table. She had carved hers during his last tour when their father died.

Several times, when she was pretending not to watch him, he said, You have to know how to plant a bomb to dig one up. He didn't look up. She said nothing. Neither did he.

Under the wooden wings she digs on her knees, jeans scuffed dirty. She digs her fingernails into the field she cannot see though she has seen it and will see it after she buries the landmine and walks away. Sweat in her hair, down her neck, collecting in her scarf then rolling down between her shoulder blades, heating up her coat like a greenhouse.

The hole is now deep enough that when she reaches in, her shoulder is flush with the plane of the field. She flattens her palm against the bottom of the hole, slightly curling her fingers because the hole is deeper than wide. Legs straight, she rocks back on her toes like a stretching cat. The backs of her knees and thighs burn. The wings balance her. She carefully pushes her weight into her hand in the hole, rolling her weight under each finger, thumb, index, middle, ring, pinky, and back again, pinky, ring, middle, index, thumb—fingerprinting the dirt.

She has dug deep enough to find damp dirt that lifts off the whorls of her fingerprints. This is her funeral made by herself for herself, though she doesn't know when she will die. She might very easily walk through the field day after day, year after year, following the sled death pulls until the rope frays and splits, and she can sit down on it.

She returns to her knees and fills the hole halfway with dirt. She knows it's night now by the air cooling the sweat on her skin.

She takes the mine from her pocket and sets it in the hole. She rocks back on her heels, resting her bottom on the backs of her tennis shoes.

She lifts the dented watering can over the hole, pouring the water against the side like her brother showed her to pour beer against the inside of a glass. Those times he seemed calmest, like all the world was right at the kitchen table in the low light as the frost disappeared on his glass where the beer hit. Like their father, he kept glasses in the freezer.

When her brother died, she dug through the shredded rucksack pocket and read the red address book their mother gave him when he left the first time. By now it was full of names, addresses to people she'd never met but who knew him, met him on his travels--sharing a pint or pictures in wallets--as he followed what the war left behind. Perhaps even loving him more than she did, wondering about him.

She threw it away. His death never ran in the obituaries. Once he died, she wanted to love him more than anyone, to be his only griever, and it made her jealous to think of people knowing him in ways she might have had he lived longer.

Even now, she wants to hit herself or rip up cornstalks when she thinks of the beautiful women he loved in ways he never loved her.

Once, when she was in her garden pushing back the tomato leaves to see if any were ripe for picking, a woman drove up and idled by the mailbox.

She looked over her sunglasses, trying to read the sun-faded outlines of the name like a gravestone rubbing, and maybe she had come out here after finding no marker in the two graveyards in town.

The woman looked over at the house then pulled into the driveway.

More persistent than his other women, this woman walked up the stepping stones and the concrete steps to the front door. She knocked then waited. Then knocked. Then cupped her hands and peered into the narrow windows on either side of the door. She looked at the trash bag on the top step before turning down the steps and across the yard, moving as the younger woman who sneaked into his room and arms at night or mid-afternoon while his mother and little sister ran errands in town and his father through the cornrows, thinking.

She imagined her brother bare-chested and on his back, the woman younger and draped across him in his bed, and he says to her, If my sister knew I was here, she'd cut you up and bury you under the house or in the garden.

Is she crazy? the woman asks, probably without even raising her head from his shoulder. Probably adding, *Like you?* because lovers care to talk only about themselves and those they drape against.

Most her memories of him are amber, like the glasses at the diner where they ate breakfast every Saturday after the doctor discovered the cancer inside their mother too late. She had refused doctors after their father died, perhaps thinking the seed in her breast wouldn't blossom in soil more clay than anything.

And so he inherited the house and his sister and the corn and beans and the town and the oil derricks burning here and there, hammering days into nights, pumping

blood into bank accounts. He inherited all that he'd wanted to leave and had left, by becoming a light post on Central Street, tied with a yellow ribbon, lighting the sidewalk in front of the diner where he once sat as a little boy with his father and the other farmers, with his first sweetheart, with his little sister, her pigtailed white in the light through the diner window.

He always let her order a glass of milk, a glass of orange juice, and a glass of water. She told him their mother had let her, which wasn't true, but he didn't tell her he knew.

She liked how the amber glasses sparkled on the plastic tablecloths and up the window they sat in front of. She liked resting her chin on the tablecloth and turning the glass as she peered at him through the ice cubes, as if he couldn't see her, as if one of them was locked in an amber mountain.

Amber bulbs in the lantern that hung above their front door. Amber beads on the string-necklace someone had given her that she could wrap around her neck four times, and it still looped under her belly button. Now, she can wrap it three times. She is older now, her head larger, her heart, her pain larger, but the necklace the same size, making her early childhood seem smaller than it might have been. She isn't sure.

Amber memories, an amber childhood, a brother encased in amber like a fossil in the mail-order archaeology kit he had sent her through the mail one Christmas.

Once, he brought a girl to breakfast at the diner, one of the girls who had showed up to meet him at the airport or called the house wondering if anyone had heard from him because she didn't know if he'd been killed or broken up with her.

The girl, who had evidently spent the night, sat in the passenger seat of his car, looking in the visor mirror at herself then into the backseat at his little sister. Well, aren't you cute?

She met her brother in the rearview mirror. His eyes agreed he'd made a mistake, but could she just bear with him until after breakfast? So she did and he never brought another to the diner.

There were many women, and some typed his name into the computer and read through online obituaries, finding not him but men who shared his name, before they gave up--imagining that either the town he lives in is too small for an online newspaper or he's alive and sleeping beside a woman in a small dream house in a nowhere field.

She fills the hole with water so that the dirt doesn't fall hard and set it off. Anything can. It is fragile or maybe just real, and all bombs should be thought of as

fragile. Once the hole is full, she pushes in dirt then waits as it sinks before pushing in more. She pats it down like she and her brother once did. In one of his first letters, he wrote that the sound reminded him of the stone quarry or what their mother called a sonic boom, which she thought meant the spray planes over the fields had flown too low in the sky. Then when he got home and heard the stone quarry blasts, she thought of the faraway fields as she watched him.

Sometimes, they missed uprooting a mine, usually because he had a hard time saying it was time to put them back, always wanting to run one more time across the field, and one more time would become nighttime so that they had to work by flashlight. Sometimes that night or the next week or month, a coyote would explode or maybe a cat in heat, yowling and rolling circles in the dust where crops no longer grew.

She was so used to looking down the country road for him that, one time, as they jumped over the landmines, even though he was right beside her, she thought she saw him out on the road and walking home. She started running across the field, calling his name. When he saw her running, he called out. Startling her. She turned fast. Her ankle. Twists. Then she's. Falling. Arms out. Her palm and the rest of her arm explode.

And all the king's horses and all the king's men, he's saying and his face blocks the sun from her eyes, her bone and flesh curled back, blood freckling her cheek and forehead.

She never told him why she took off calling his name, and he never said that when he saw her running he thought of the farm boy he had befriended in a faraway field.

The boy knew the soldier was uprooting mines all day, but the day the boy got a new kite, he wanted to show the soldier and climbed over the fence that divided the field his father planted from the field the soldier unplanted.

The boy held the kite behind him as he ran, trying to get the wind to pull the paper diamond out of his hands. When the boy's foot came down on the mine, pieces of his sock and leg ripped through the yellow kite, and the kite dove like a crucifix from the sky, marking the dirt where the boy lay shredded, his scream so much like a man that his mother flew out of the old stone house expecting to see the ghost of her older son who never came back from the war.

Her brother never explained why no one asked about her arm, though she thought it had to do with the pickup truck in the driveway that, days after the accident, had a shattered windshield and crumpled passenger door, the seat burned.

What happened to the truck? she had asked.

Don't you remember the accident? He winked.

Then he told her to close her eyes, and when he said to open them, he was holding up the wings he had made her. That was the last they spoke of it.

Probably the surgeons saw past his story, probably the county sheriff looked past it because when her brother met him at the door in camouflage. But maybe no sheriff came, maybe no surgeon saw her except her brother who had watched many a medic.

She didn't know, her eyes closed for so long, her memory of the time made of heat and darkness and her brother singing lullabies their mother once sang, first to her husband then to her son, then years later to her daughter, and toward the end, to herself.

She stands, holding out her arm and turning toward where the house may be.

It is dark now, dark as the nights her brother walked home drunk, shirt unbuttoned, shoes in one hand and in the other an invisible glass he'd raise to the crickets and to the oil-and-gravel road cooling from the day, scattered pebbles imprinting the soles of his feet.

She'll know she's safe when she bumps against the back railing like the wall of the public pool where she swam as a little girl, watching her shadow mermaid beneath her.

She'll push back the screen door, screens bowled after so many years of blowing wind. And she'll walk inside, into the living room, up the stairs and down the hallway and into his room. She'll slip off the knit cap and unbuckle the belt and open her eyes. He won't be there, standing in front of her, asking where she's been, what she's buried out there.

As he stood in the field, he saw himself standing in a rainbow and turned, looking until he saw his sister standing on the roof. She held the stained-glass mermaid he'd bought from the dime store window on her birthday.

The sun through the glass cast a web of colors and the lead frame lines crossed her face—green gills down her cheeks. He thought of the small stained-glass window in a church he'd marched past. How he'd wanted to stop and just look at it. He stepped toward her, and his vision shattered.

The mermaid fell from her hand.

She backpedaled off the shingles and through her bedroom window, kicking off her shoes as she ran down the stairs and into his bedroom, diving into his bed like when he was in the war and she was in trouble with their mother.

The bed had comforted her then but now her brother out there dead, his heart in a tree, her palm hot against the mattress as she slid up the orange sheets and hid her face under his pillow though she saw the sun and the explosion again and again in the dark of her sight, as if her heart had burst inside her retinas.

He was dead, but his bed smelled like he was alive, like he hadn't showered in a few days, the sheet oily like his back. The room was dark, sheets draped over the curtains. When she fell asleep, she dreamed him in a field, playing invisible drums on a land mine. Other soldiers were with him, sitting in a circle around him, guns on their backs, clapping their hands to the beat, and then exploded, and she both did and did not wake up.

She slept in his bed like he'd be home any day, his bedroom always the first place he went because he could always gauge how much he had changed because his bedroom never did. When she finally left the house, she found his quarters and dimes and pennies in the field. She washed them in colander in the sink, then added to the rest of his change in their father's little glass ashtray by his bed.

Some days, she sat in his bedroom all afternoon, turning his lamp on and off, wishing she could simultaneously walk past the house, see the light flashing and think the light was her brother's ghost. Maybe living with his ghost wouldn't be any better—maybe she'd have different questions and worries then, but she would just like to see him without creating him in her own memory.

Several nights she woke thinking his ghost was in the house, and one night a woman crawled through his bedroom window and lay down in the bed, cuddling up against her back. She lay still, hoping the woman wouldn't call his name. The woman didn't. She woke up before the woman and took a mine from the box and went out front to the window even though he had said the front yard was against the rules.

She climbed the maple tree she once thought she'd see him from if she climbed to the top, and waited for the woman to appear. All morning and then the window began to rise, and the woman's feet then legs appeared over the sill, each foot pointing then touching the ground. The woman crossed the yard into the road and walked away, unscathed, arms swinging, hair bed-ruffled.

She dropped from the tree and stepped carefully to the window. She saw where the woman must have stood. That is when she wept for her brother, there by his

open window. She wept for his eyes before he left for the war. For the necklace of landmines she and he buried in the field then they sat on the back step and watched animals explode throughout the night. She wept for the cries of those who didn't die and the cries of the animals who found the dead.

She wanted to cover her ears but didn't.

She watched his face.

He watched the field.

He said that sometimes a landmine would go off in the faraway place, and when the soldiers went to find what was left, they'd find nothing, like a ghost had set it off.

What do you think of that? he asked her.

She watched his face to learn what she thought of it.

Grief, a lamp burning for years inside an empty bedroom. Grief, the faded patch of carpet where the sun has burned every day of years.

How strange that, alive or dead, her brother didn't know when she was thinking about him.

He said, When it has rained and the ground is saturated to the core, and a land mine goes off, there is no dust, only clumps of wet earth. In drought, there's so much dust that there isn't enough blood to weigh it all back to the earth.

After his last tour, he had worked in the factory. As he assembled light fixtures, he'd save back bits of wire, and during his breaks, he'd twist them into little delights he gave her when he got home. He sailed a copper ship from behind his back into her hands. He reached behind her head, snapped his fingers, then opened his palm on a copper angel.

Every night another angel until she still wonders what to do with them, pushing the question like her hair back from her face, mud streaking her cheek.

Once she runs into the barbed wire fence, she will go left where she should go right. She will almost walk around the whole field before she reaches the house, a lump in her throat and tears staining the belt and her hand wounded from running it along the barbed wire.

Inside the house she'll wait for the rain to fill the road's puddles and wash away her footprints in the field and then she'll walk in the field every day. The first few weeks she'll leave through the front door then walk up the side yard and through the ditch until she reaches the place in the fence where the posts fall into each other.

She'll climb over the slack barbed wire and into the field. She'll walk around the field until she no longer thinks about why she does. Every day she will do this until she either runs across the field or can walk without forcing herself to look away from the ground, as if she'll just know where, beneath the earth, waits a seed that will blossom only once.

Though she will not know where the mine is, she doesn't yet know that she will never forget it's out there somewhere in the field like her brother's soul or her memories of him. That she can no more avoid the field than his death. And when she realizes this, she will buckle the belt around her eyes and slip on the gray stocking cap and take the cardboard tray again into the field, burying never exhuming, going out there until she doesn't cover her eyes and digs holes close to the house, around the doors and windows, mine after mine until the cardboard tray is empty and, if she does make it back to the house, she will finally be trapped there by her own death and no one else's.



Originally from Illinois, **ERIN PRINGLE** lives in Spokane, Washington with her husband Jeremy. "This Bomb My Heart" is from her book-in-progress, *Midwest in Memoriam*.