



Michael Martone

Ned Shoots the Sun

I don't really "shoot" the sun. "Shoot" is another way of saying I am taking a sighting. My sextant, you might gather, is homemade. You will find me each day at noon making noon on my backdoor deck. I have charts that Doris down at the AAA special ordered for me from a ship chandler in Baltimore. I make my calculations, and I make my position as my backdoor deck, docked in the port city of Winesburg, Indiana. Over all these years, I've barely budged. I've barely budged though the earth has moved. Or is it the sun moving. Most of my life Indiana did not participate in Daylight Saving but now it does. Making daylight, saving hay. I need to recalibrate my chronometers, the compass spinning in the binnacle. Doris adores me because I refuse use the Global Positioning Satellites that circle overhead. She provides me new old maps that come in cardboard tubes that I will incorporate into my more and more complex instruments for my "shootings". I am adrift in the wreck of my backyard, waiting to shoot today's sun, navigating by this do-it-yourself dead reckoning.

