

HOLY MAN

TAJINDER
SINGH HAYER



Forty years he's been walking these streets. Maybe more.
Sandals, cassock, satchel. A face that matches them. Looks like a monk. And some
call him that. Others call him worse. I don't know if he listens. I've never met him.

Say he was a businessman. Went out walking one day. Didn't stop. Fell through a hole
in his world. Kept using those gaps. Moves in the spaces we don't see. Sleeps where he
can under the sky. Winter too. Relies on the charity of the elements.

Say he lost his love. A wife. Dead. Broke into a lifetime of . . . And buried the
splinters on his way. The canal. The moors. The library. Pieces of his heart.
Say he found God. On the underside of a sheet of paper. Raised his hand to stamp it.
Stopped. And he was there. A moment. Clarity. The switch from this to that. That to this.

Say nothing. Then river beds just sang to him. Stars blinked. The sun laid down its
head. And he knew.

Everyone has their tale. He waved when I saw him. He waves at everyone. He swore
at me. You deserved it. He's mad. So? I don't like him.

And he walks through them. They are cobwebs. A string of droplets on a summer's day.
We watch for them. Him. This city. Its living landmark.

a living
and more