

You find him dancing on your front lawn early one morning, a tall red fez on his head. As he twirls around in circles, his long robe orbits gyroscopically like a spinning plate. You ask your wife where he came from.

When the school bus comes, you rush the kids out, avoiding the man as if he were a sniper. His gaunt face points to heaven and his eyes are rolled back. He's spinning faster than you've ever seen a man go.

After dinner you flip on the porch light to see if he's still there. He is. The kids are watching him from the living room window. You call the police.

When they arrive, they crowd around the man, asking him questions like, *Where are you from? Don't you know this is private property?* and *Why are you spinning like that?*

The man doesn't respond so they take him away.

The next morning he's spinning in your front yard.

You approach the man and ask him to leave or you'll get your gun. You don't have a gun, but he doesn't have to know that.

A week later you approach the man again. He is standing in a hole now because his feet have worn a crater in the lawn. You ask him if he's hungry. He just keeps spinning.

Maybe he doesn't speak English, one of the kids suggests.

The telephone rings all day and night now—people calling to ask if the man is still whirling. Spectators line the streets. News trucks gather and you agree to a few interviews.

The pile in front of the TV to watch themselves on the evening news.

Your wife buys a silkscreen and sells tee-shirts that say, I *heart* the Dervish.

You write an article about the whirling man for the local newspaper. After they run it, you consider writing a book memoir your experience.

Sipping your coffee one morning, you peek through a curtain and there are two men whirling in the front yard.

The next day there are four men whirling in the front yard.

Your wife screams, darts half-dressed from the bathroom. In the bathtub, a dervish is whirling.

You call the police. They have to call for backup to remove the five whirling dervishes. As soon as the police are gone you find another one whirling in your closet.

After everyone has packed their bags, you pile in the minivan and drive around town, looking for a place to stay the night. You coast into a motel off the interstate. Fumbling with the key, you unlock the door to room F and inspect the bathroom and closet and under the bed. No sign of whirling dervishes.

Your family huddles close on the queen sized bed, and with each hand on a child's soft heads, you reluctantly drift to sleep.

In the night you snap awake. The curtain of the window is drawn, but the buzzing orange light from the parking lot casts a silhouette of robed men, whirling in the cold night. Dozens of them. Hundreds maybe.