**The Muscovy Duck** – Jeanette Topar

Balanced on a half-submerged log, she grooms her fine white feathers as if they are a mink coat, as if she resides high in a penthouse apartment. In January and February, after blizzards and hurricanes, she is still there, no other home but the dock in the Hudson River. The only white duck, a Muscovy, among the brown mallards and Khaki Campbells. Tonight, she sleeps on the black water as I sit in my warm, lighted apartment with my computers, television, books, full of supper. Me with my clothes, furniture, doorman, therapist, 401(k), worrying how to live in this world.



Original story available at: <http://www.100wordstory.org/the-muscovy-duck/>