

## Noah and Joan

It's not that I'm proud of the fact  
that 20 percent of Americans believe  
that Noah (of Noah's Ark) was married  
to Joan of Arc. It's true. I'll admit it—  
Ark or Arc, it's all the same to us.

But think about it, just a second, timeline aside,  
it's not such an awful mistake. The real Noah's missus  
was never given a name. She was sort of a milquetoasty,  
a shadowy figure lugging sacks of oats up a plank.  
I mean, Joan could have helped Noah build that ark  
in her sensible slacks and hiking boots. She was good with swords  
and, presumably, power tools. I think Noah and Joan  
might have been a good match, visionaries  
once mistaken for flood-obsessed and heretic.

Never mind France wasn't France yet—  
all the continents probably blended together,  
one big mush. Those Bible days would have been  
good for Joan, those early times when premonitions  
were common, when animals popped up  
out of nowhere, when people were getting cured  
left and right. Instead of battles and prisons  
and iron cages, Joan would have cruised  
the Mediterranean, wherever the floodwaters took that ark.

And Noah would have felt more like Dr. Doolittle,  
a supportive Joan saying, "Let's not waste any time!  
Hand over those blueprints, honey!"  
All that sawing and hammering would have helped  
calm her nightmares of mean kings and crowns,  
a nasty futuristic place called England.  
She'd convince Noah to become vegetarian.  
She'd live to be much older than nineteen, those parakeets  
and antelope leaping about her like children.