

Castor and Pollux

by Brian Michael Barbeito

Over the stained fence like spectres they flew and that is where the rain was turning colder and colder in the time when the trees had become mostly bare. Onwards and around by porches low and there were soft lights looking at containers left from the summer and now only old corpse of a wolf spider that got discarded sat among the stones. They circled then, and were as if laughing and giggling in merriment and whizzed up to the streetlights that made a buzzing noise, a humming noise, a sure and unsteady sound at once under the moisture from the skies. One was saying something to the other and then off they went across large and sunken fields, fields like lonely and wanton sirens, while the frog and toad, the rabbit and doe, even the squirrel hid away. Out beyond on the roads the phantom-styled cloud and earth runners grinned and papers and winds, or old milk crates and plates jingled a bit and tussled a bit as they powered up the astral gears and etheric engines that sped them, bringing prana and new world oil to their game and flickering like quick ashen lights in the evening whiles. Breakneck speed now and leaving the region, leaving the cities and country both, they spiralled up and up and up to other spheres in moments, and disappeared beyond worlds strange and frightening, ancient and gloomy. Then they came down over the sea and raced to another continent, raced to farms and then around mountains tall, cutting through a hawk, twirling around brook and streams on new parts of the world.

