

# Invisible Vestibules

by Brian Michael Barbeito

Sometimes the wind comes across the fields and you would swear that it can be known. Going along the one lane there I look out and see those vast spaces and then refocus on to closer on. Swinging the truck into a side road that goes far and far and then left, I pull into a lot. Some prisoners are out on the other sides of fences and though most stand and talk there is one that sits alone. Hi Sheriff, he says, and takes off his hat. I think about explaining that I am not the Sheriff or any Sheriff but then wonder to myself if it really makes any difference. How's it goin'? I say, and the man replies with, Very good boss, very good. I duck into the main offices and give them my papers in order that I might get a job there, and then I duck back out again. Going along by the fields I think of the yellow demarcation line and I see a couple wreaths affixed to wooden crosses by the sides of the asphalt and especially up higher and off a bit where the trees begin to gulp at the earth with their good roots. Maybe there is an invisible vestibule hiding somewhere behind each place of death, a weigh-station to another world set up quickly by hard working angels, but not to be seen by the eyes of the living. I remember about a woman that I had known and how one day we spoke easily and rightly and on the level by the sides of fields and trees and small acute blue and yellow wildflowers dizzy in summer winds. On another day, the call came in that she had been in an auto wreck and was deceased. I look to the right as the truck clicks along and see a sign that has a picture of Jesus and below tells of how that is the entrance to the property of a group of Christian charismatics. On goes the truck atop strong tires singing their song that only I can hear through the open windows. Sometimes the wind comes across the fields. It touches signs and kisses over wheat or else the tops of corn stalks. You would swear it can be known, but it can't.