

Truck, Medusa's Hair Aflame, Young Boy Watches

by Brian Michael Barbeito

Air.

But fire against the air. An interruption in the blue sky otherwise.
Painted without a spread blemish or problem. Now there is a
problem. I am roused from sleep. Sister says,

Look. Look. Jacob wake up.

What?

A truck is on fire.

What is?

A truck. On its side. Holy shit.

And I see reality in a slow motion movie. There are myriad of
flames bouncing dancing fighting but somehow relying on one
another.

Medusa's red hair now.

How come it is like this? I think.

The truck is an eighteen wheeler and we are south of Georgia.
A1A something like that but maybe not so. It's beside an underpass.
It has fallen over the bridge, to an earth Poseidon's arms, or else
over from our road.

There are no people here, sister says, it has just happened. Holy.

Growing fire still air. Small summits. Cat's eyes. Wire lines. An
unsinkable fiberglass boat being towed. A blue clip board with
papers. Maps with lines like veins. The frames of the matrons
glasses. Cups with solid change or paper clips and a safety pin. A
safety pin can wait silently in the world forever. A quietly click-

clacking brain. Gauges and numbers. All black and white save for
flame and sky.

Flame.

And sky.

Married.

But not a love marriage.

And not an arranged marriage.

Something else. And who is the bridegroom I do not know.

Rising. It's higher. I am sitting up. Back of brown Buick with
cushion seats. My world. Blue knapsack. Tanned already. Heading
south. A sleeping prince. Or court jester small and agile mistaken.

Something. Someone different.

Fire climbs. Crackling vexatious thunder. Caution. Recoil.

Pull off, someone says.

Pull off.

A Smokey. Sunglasses. Off this road now sir.

Over the grass?

Over the grass. Now sir. And off.

And we go. And I look to the side.

People now. Confusion. Someone standing on a car. There are
others. The truck is wholly aflame as only some rear axles can be
discerned. Go. Out of this place. Hades heat and discord on a sun
laden interstate. We are going. Here we go.

I watch Medusa's red hair take up more overhead, block the
bridge, and reach for dragons and wizards in cumulus clouds. No
water. Some kind of parched death seems there at the flame.

We go.

Holy shit, whispers sister to herself,

Holy shit.

