Meteor Shower

by Dirk Eshleman

A rain of stones cast from the heavens by who knows who. A rain of fire, stones become flames, rain becomes light. A light shower, light inscribed on a black canvas of no substance in brief, bright strokes, erasing themselves as they go. We believe in two sticks rubbed together, although I've tried it without illumination. If someone told vou someone could create fire by rubbing rocks against air, you'd think, he's crazy. God! you might say, meaning nothing by that word except disbelief.

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