

The way the sky was now

by Ryder Collins

We did what we had to do, donned black balaclavas and we kept moving. There were no sirens, no alarms, no newscasts, even. We just knew, and we moved.

In what used to be Philly, we drag-raced with what used to be Move. A dreadlocked woman and a naked toddler threw down the flag; we gunned our engines, we were off. We knew we had to leave them behind. Only two of them'd survived the government onslaught decades ago and these two weren't them.

In the Dakotas, our cars danced past the Ghost Dancers. They were hard core drummers. Mickey Hart woulda been jealous, if he'd survived. Their drums kept going going going, but they all stayed in one place.

We had to move.

In the Alabamas, we ran into fog and a regiment of Confederates. We got the fuck out of there. Tout suite.

I'd like to say we didn't remember the Alamo, but one of ours had to piss. We ran into youknowwho and he was fighting Mexicans and it was so beautiful and there were fireworks, or else it was God's wrath, or else it was the sky now.

The way the sky was now was beautiful but you had to stop to see it.

We couldn't stop for long; if we did we knew we'd be dead. If we were dead, we'd have to stop and then we'd have to start moving all over again.

