

Eternal Return

by stephen hastings-king

When I slip through the seams I return to the same place.

On a section of highway without beginning or end, a small car and a tractor trailer change positions again and again. The speeds are always within the same range. In the pouring rain, the sounds converge in a hissing.

I am the passenger in the car. An old friend is driving. We pass back and forth a bottle of Don Quixote wine.

When the truck pulls in front of us, the windshield goes white and the car shakes. We count sequences of beats. The truck is now in front of us.

When we pull to the outside of the truck, the windshield goes white and the car shakes. We count sequences of beats. The truck is now behind us.

In between, we are thickets of sentences about the story we are caught in, its genre and what awaits us. We are young, speeding and drunk. Our speculations disappear into the hissing rhythms of a highway that crosses the in-between.

