Tilt-a-Whirl

by stephen hastings-king

The sky is a low gray dome that reflects back onto itself the rattle and instability of the carnival ride that hurtles the spinning man over canyons of light and barkers & streams of cotton candy girls condensing the sound in low-lying clouds of fear of the type that comes in pellets that dissolve on contact with the air while elsewhere, following different submerged velocities, another fashions mangled chords on an acoustic guitar and in a voice of clove cigarettes tells a segment from the story of a painter who uses color to see god in the brush strokes that make the empty spaces between them rush forward.

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