

Flashes

by Tim G. Young

The thunder rolled like an old Bob Dylan tour, wearing a slippery white mask.

Lightning repeated itself endlessly in a still star studded sky. Not a drop of rain fell. The flashes in the sky highlighted shapes of towering frightening clouds until instantly vanished into the next darkness.

There was no Roger McGuinn, Joan Baez or David Blue. This tour demanded a different kind of star. A billion light years away. No guitars or harmonica. No bottle of beer bouncing on the amplifier. No young girls dancing naked in the dressing rooms. No dealers juggling bags of white powder.

The night sang all the old songs higher and louder than ever before. Echo and reverb gathered in unmeasurable quantities. The gain twisted all the way to the sky. The voice of a new generation scribbled poetry between dangerous flashing bolts. Not enough light to see but enough to feel the changes in the air. Something in the air tonight.

Something. Never explained, never supposed to be. Only sketched in the finest of unimaginable lines, next to invisible. Something left in the nano second of the flash, scratched across the sky, etched into the heavens, carved into the collective cerebellum and so we moved towards something.

