

## **Two Freeways**

The Million Glasses ending their shimmering suicide,  
she gathered them all in handfuls over a million seconds in the minute.  
Glue in hand, she raised them from a tomb echoing silence.  
Jagged bits of water cascaded from her porcelain doll hands as one by one  
they coalesced into a motley menagerie. Glass imps, glass hydras, glassphoenixes;  
astride her a miniature horde, the reborn dregs of a glassblower's undoing, each one  
crooked and bent at every cracked joint,  
translucent spikes aimed every which way:  
insane prisms for light to run rampant through.  
But each ugly little thing glowing for the maroon savior presiding over them.

I stood in my dusty suit on the docks of any Pacific island, her in a plastic leather jacket;  
she dragged us into a vacant washing machine  
and we were lowered, hanging over the mouth of a green void stretched into the horizon.  
Above this emerald nothingness, two sharks writhed in a bloody mist.  
I turned at first, thinking the sharks would certainly consume us, my face  
and hers looking across over the chrome for an indefinite moment.  
She grabbed me and turned me back.  
They twisted over each other while viscera sometimes dropped from the spectacle,  
suspended for a second above the green before their strength failed them and the green  
swallowed them whole, the red cloud all the while pumping forth in intervals.

Disappearing into the haze was the ghostly freeway we followed.  
None coming, none going through the lavender fog that swallowed  
us from all as we walked onwards in a crackling silence broken  
by the truck that carried her away on its hood.

Take my arbitrary pull by anxiety, and I will lead you  
away from an indefinite journey into the night.

We'll go back from whence we came, only  
we'll take a hard turn. There two individuals  
of a rather suspicious air about them can roam freely  
through the dreams of suburbia. But some will wake  
with a start, and we dissipate into the night air.

In the distance, there are skeletal obelisks. We'll go and pray  
to the dead gods there.

Between the skeletal obelisks and us are chain-link fences  
and small graveyards. But over them and on the lunar plains  
there reaching into the sky with an illusory grasp are the remains  
of something arcane. Temples at their feet, the obelisks throw themselves  
upwards into a black and starless night. But they are not owned  
by the curious creatures who built them in a fit of existential boredom;  
the gods lie dead but dreaming to seize us with madness. We'll embrace  
that madness and call it something else, and leave psychology  
to tear itself to pieces. We'll turn and follow the white line.

Once more over the chain-link fence and into an undead world,  
we can walk where teenagers dare to drive. Everyone sees only  
the person ahead and tries to pass each one after the other.

We are on the side, and we will let them pass us  
into nothingness. We'll walk on a pure white line that separates us  
falsely from a blackness we are blind to, and without obstruction look into  
the only truth given to us.