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Wheels of no return

Lives on wheels not so far from those on stilts they drive alone on highways to the next piece of life into hurricanes, valleys, snowy peaks and oceans welcoming potholes, curves, bumps and near misses.

Couples in cars stoic under the brewing storm forget to speak long for an amorous embrace upon the sands

precious metals once full of their undying passion now fail to mirror their hopes under the darkened avenue.

Families in vans a space too close for a summer dream throwing wrappers, bottles, cries, songs and tantrums on paths to a happiness lost in the somber spaces of the desert now wishing they could return to a past which bid them leave.

Idle ones in their motorhomes fading into their fiery ends at peace at last with lips full of giggle, laughter and cry vivid memory of a first glance, the touch of a hand no one will know as they speed into the shroud of eternity.

Now somewhere behind a hearth has grown cold in clusters of existences which drifted into ice long ago roads bearing wrinkles of many abandoned earthquakes tell no story as they left not a sign in their fading wake.

To the end

Facing the invisible he walked on into the tunnel beneath the great surface confronted by what may have been a hurricane.

He once had eyes to scan his dark surroundings now only wearing the long coat of the adventurer rains of sand assail him like so many beasts.

The destination is unknown far into the distance every step a risky venture into fatal dangers blind he pushed on, pulled by a mysterious hand.

Recalling days on the other side he senses a light dim as if it were part of another world an aura not unlike his own, strives for unity.

Alone he may be lost in the multitude forced onto a path he never truly sought yet filled with the eternal hopes of the stars.

Lapse

In suspending animation dangling in mid-air a state natural expected.

What may happen next without knowledge of what was first.

Bathed in a dry sea floating endlessly in truth, weak.

Prisoner of a moment undetermined; perhaps it is a millennium.

There will be no remembrance of the awkward exhibition

but for those who will catch him.

Swaying between here and there attached to nowhere known in no time living, dying?

Light soon will come again bright to awaken the odd sleeper in a slap of red hot heat night conquered.

The fall will be harsh when the ties are cut remaining to wonder why, what, he may search in vain for a glimpse lost.

Friend, mother, lover, babe, descendant, all in awe before the dark oddity, and the knowledge he alone holds.

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Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in Kestrel, Symposium, The Chimes, and many other magazines. His photography has been published in The Front Porch Review, the San Pedro River Review as well as other publications.



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