

Parallel Lines Meeting in Flame

Look, it was no longer my bed, no matter how many times I sprinkled holy water over it or wafted the smoky remains of a smudge pot throughout the room. By then it had become a Viking burial ship ready to be set aflame and floated over a forgiving sea. But the smell of two bodies burning had taken up residence in my nostrils along with diesel fuel and creosoted oak and nothing could mask the stink of ash.

But last night, every sacred freight train that approached the house bequeathed hope for a new destination. And the moment the horn faded into the dopplered distance, I knew a door had slammed shut and my windows would never face the lake. It's difficult to explain such a predicament. So I got up from the smoldering mattress and walked the tracks until I found that exact spot where the rails met each other, and there I burned.