

Dream No. 1538

DAVID KONITZER

Carlos stops. The sign requires such a sharp, sudden disruption, at the very least a pause, a cautionary pause. Carlos scours the dry, clay intersection, sees no evidence of comings or goings, of rolling wheels or even ragged claws: just the road forward, dusty, long and red,

lit by the top of the Sun, harsh but still cool. Cool till it licks into the dry soil, till wings drip and fall, drip and fall till noon, at least. Lunchtime, time for the consumption of it all. Carlos has a wide-brimmed hat, dark, cheap glasses. He is ready; he hears, he believes, the Sun laugh a yellow laugh.

Carlos thinks the sky is “mottled”. It is not. His glasses are smudged. The sky is blue like the Lord’s cords, and it has signs and clues and strong suggestions to go straight ahead on the red road, beneath the yellow sun, through the wingless air into the deep well he cannot see but knows is there. Empty.