

Constituents

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Soliloquy

- Christopher R. Moore, Editor

Greetings and salutations:

Shun the sedentary lifestyle! Banish all laziness! Eliminate any trace of sloth-like behavior! Get up, throw some shoes on, grab a hiking stick or some car keys, and set out into the world! Set down any books you may be reading (you may bring along *16 Renford Road*, if you choose, though – it is designed to fit in a pocket), turn off the television, do a few leg stretches, open the door, and promptly *exeunt* stage right. Let your destinations be various, multitudinous. Take a hike near a lake or stream; drive over to an art museum; frolic at the city park, take a trip to the snow or the ocean. It's fun. Just digress.

We are all about experience. Nothing else. Sensation, our portal to experience, has innumerable sources, for sure: visual, audile, tactile; conversation, interaction, self-reflection. Any source of stimulus, external or internal, adds to the aggregate of total experience... experienced by a person. What we know, all of our ideas and beliefs and values and morals, are derived from the daily adventures we've been a part of since birth (and earlier?). Wisdom, the ability to sense quality, is acquired through a lifetime of encounters with the world. The magic of the mind subconsciously synthesizes and analyzes every bit of material it acquires, from the majestic image of the Sierra Nevada's to a sip of pineapple juice. Like a patchwork quilt of old, the greater the diversity of scraps, the greater the richness, warmth, and meaning the quilt comprises.

The case of books or television or other such media: they are potent, and yet, at the same time, deceitful, sources of experience. Books contain within themselves entire existences, entire volumes of an *actual human being's* experience; they are compendiums of perspectives and opinions by the poor, the rich, the well-traveled, the oppressed. They are like a time machine for pure, unscathed genius and wisdom. Boiled-down Essence of Life. The world is incredibly immense – how can one expect to participate in everything, to behold all that there is to behold? It is

impossible, but!—somebody else already has!—and has written a book about it! The local branch library or even a well-stocked bookshelf consists of hundreds, thousands of lifetimes. Yes. Books are swell.

Yet, books are not a panacea to our cravings for experience. If our only bodily sense was vision, and more specifically, the ability to see, recognize, and interpret small black typed characters on white paper, then books would serve as our only, and greatest, source of sensation. Unfortunately, we have much more than that one sense: general observation, hearing, smelling, touching, tasting, internal thought, etc. Reading can't satiate each of our desires. Nor can any particular medium.

We must be involved! Ah, the romanticized road-trip, the idealistic hike to the top of a mountain, a coffee-shop conversation till early hours of the morn'. These are what we crave, what we hunger for. Like virtual reality, an absolute immersion into a world, 360° of it, only... actuality. Like a sparkling brook, we ache to drink it all in, to slather our body with its freshness, to *feel* it. Is it not what educators have been saying decades? To learn, we must use our hands and our ears and our muscles. Activity vs. passivity. Synergies must be attained, such that we may be completely absorbed.

Traveling is the Way. It is the Go, the Do, the Tao. Let us hearken back to our nomadic ancestors, those families who proceeded not temporally, but spatially. We do not sense time (except thyme); we sense space. It is through all space(s) that we must envelop ourselves.

What is it about “On the Road” that seems so special? Freedom. Variety. Experience. Stimulation. Invigoration. I'm not sure. I certainly cherish Going and Coming. Not to stay away too long, for Staying is what Going and Coming go from and come to, but just long enough. Being away has some seemingly mystical quality; for all the newness and at times overwhelming nature of a journey or trek, the vacation most often realizes its name – *vacate*, an evacuation of all the static worries and thoughts in one's head, leaving room only for dynamic ones. Dynamic Interactive Experiences. Delicious.

Correspondence

Hi there! Gary [Campbell] was kind enough to give me a copy of your literary publication *16 Renford Road*. I must ask where the name comes from? Indeed, it was such a joy to read. What a great idea that was of yours to start such a thing. I was ever so impressed by your Soliloquy... and I really mean that. It was one of those things that I could really sink my brain into and ponder deeply. It seemed like you are really serious about wanting people to share their writing, so after thinking about what you said in your Soliloquy this is what came out of my brain:

Explanation:

For a long time I wasn't too hot about letting my writing loose and into the open. I thought it would be a sort of betrayal. I thought I would be betraying those words by not keeping them safe and protected within my own domain. No one else could truly understand them anyway. But now I have a different outlook. Would those words really be reaching their full potential by just sitting there? By letting them loose, I would at least be giving them that chance to be understood. And now I think people understand more than I think they do. So, in a sense, they (my words) are like children. They should best be let out into the world instead of living with their parents the rest of their life. Yet, there is still a way that only a parent can know a child.

-Lisa Jeanne Ferroggiaro

[The Editors heartily welcome correspondence in regards to the published works, technical aspects of *16 Renford Road*, comments, questions, et cetera. Please address your letter, post card, or e-mail to the addresses mentioned on the back of the front cover. We look forward to receiving feedback.]

Ruin

- John Mumm

In the depths of a crumbling house
I stumbled across the floor
and stared at the walls
white borders to the outside world
reaching to touch what lay beyond
I would have called out
but my voice would remain
unheard
another crash in the distance

I gazed at the ceiling so far above
its greyness made my stomach turn
and I grew sick from exhaustion
and confusion
unable to crawl any further
I collapsed and turned my eyes
upwards
in one last vain attempt
to beg for the mercy
of that collapsing ruin
in which I was slowly dying

And then the walls melted blood red
into razor iron beams
And then the floor turned stone cold
as I suffered to remain there
And then the ceiling so far above
began to splinter
into a hundred thousand fragments

Wind

- Matthew D'Ambra

The cold wind blows at my back
as I face the storm it confronts me.
To hide would be cowardly,
to stand would be painful.

I can not hide.
I must stay to face my destiny.
If I do not, then lost I will be forever:
Forever in the darkness.

Could I Have Said Too Much?

- Andrew L. Casad

Could I have said too much?
Have I done too little?
Am I off by a touch?
Or right in the middle?

Am I making a mess?
Is God hearing my plea?
What is it we possess?
Upon what path are we?

My heart and mind are full,
Of questions such as these –
Each one a push or pull.
Please, my love, answer these.

I have made known to thee,
My feelings that are true –
All that I wish for me,
Is to hear such from you.

Notes

- Lisa Jeanne Ferroggiaro

KEEP THIS COUPON

Drawing it out of my pocket like a recreated memory. Once shoved in a pocket and now rests crumpled in my hand. The wrinkled orange scrap has faded, but I will always keep the bright memory within it. Then I see the important but unwritten words:

KEEP THIS MEMORY

Philmont

I felt the Presence and it warmed and filled me inside. I wanted to remember it always, so I began to write a poem. A poem; something to preserve it so I could convey the feeling to others when I returned. But nothing came out. I was at a loss. Words were not enough to capture it. Then I realized that some things cannot be explained in words, they can only be experienced. What is Love? It is the invisible force that pulls two people closer as they look each other in the eye. It is the one true laughter that you can feel echo in your soul. It leaves behind its sweetness and warmth even after it's gone, to remind you of its true joy and beauty. It is the ability to communicate without saying a word but still understanding. It is the confusion that rattles around in a heart trying to make sense of itself. Meanwhile, the noise it makes becomes unbearable to the walls of stability. It is the soul who sits on the fence post between the sweetness and the confusion, but trying not to get too close to the confusion. It is the gentleness in the tear that comes from the heart, but is shed by the eye.

Chartruese

- Meghan Glinda Wright

Raise your glass to the darkness below
Inhale and envenom thyself with the contents of the stricken glass
Shattered it becomes – shards flying and blinding
The passion, the pleas, the crying
 hatred games
Listen to my cries, ignore them – care you not?
I stagger the will, the wonder, the pain
No comprehension, no self-appreciation
Do you care if my soul drowns in its own sorrow?
Shatter my heart, slice through my veins--call me Desdemona,
 smother me to a sickening death
The nightmares-may they sleep you well
To find my body, stolen to the hells, step over me, see no truths
Death to the woman who confuses you so
Watch me deteriorate into nothing of your wishes
Hear me suffer
Judge upon your cold and cutting heart
Sinfully I have wronged you so
Farewell my love
 Farewell my soul
 Forgive me...

A Day in the Rain

- Gary C. Campbell

The world is dark,

Nature keeps us in doors.

Why must we have the earth's permission to live ?

Conquer nature, be free with life, live in the rain.

The rain cleanses the soul.

Its personality plays with us, taunts us.

Saying, "Hey you, you think you are so big, take this!"

We yell, dance, sing, letting our inner voice defy the drops.

Dancing, we know we are truly our own selves, we are in control, that we
are free.

And we do what we should....

LIVE

Bleak Horizons

- Peter Bonino

I leave you with a fleeting breath
My eyes drawn to the deception behind yours
Still beguiling me with your bantering

You ignore my requisition
I plead and you deny me the spoils of my supplication
I should berate you like a child

Detain me with your secrets
Don't let them vitiate in the shadows
That which is layered by your ludic behavior

*

Ascend to my virtual standing
To watch me fall to a tangible low
Allow me to caress the darkness

Alienate me from all that you are
Let me linger in my isolated corner
Let the fumes of passion ignite my fire of pain

I deserve to be struck down
Beaten with a stick
Fabricated from forms of my own self-pity

Toy with me no longer
Save my soul or let me die
Either way, the pain destroys

Day Poems

- Christopher R. Moore

The Big Race is near
It's a 10K, maybe 5
Have I no legs?

Tea leaves ring the sink
I get up to brush my hair
The ocean has no mind.

The teacher speaks to me
I listen
She's French.

I am quite tired
The book is left open on
the table; a fly ponders.

Words fill the classroom
Figures litter the paper
I can't pay attention.

The cup is empty
Coffee grounds on the counter
The car speeds off.

Titles

- Christopher R. Moore

Motif	
Chef d'oeuvre	<i>masterpiece</i>
Ellipsis	...
Epitome	
Essence/Quintessence	
Hoi Polloi/Vox Populi/En masse	<i>for that commie-red overtone</i>
Delicatessen	
Enigmatique	
Subjonctif	<i>emotional form of verb</i>
Rôle	
Avant-garde	
Delicieux	
Rond	<i>round</i>
Le Pain	<i>the bread</i>
Donc	<i>therefore</i>
Cahier	<i>notebook</i>
Crème	
De l'eau	<i>water</i>
À Dire/À Lire	<i>to say/to read</i>
Anglophone	<i>english-speaking</i>
Voilà	<i>"here it is"</i>
Bleu	
Nom	
Ironique	
L'étranger	<i>the stranger</i>
Jean-Paul/Jean-Pierre, etc.	
Celsius	
Fahrenheit	
Llama	
Whet-stone	
Esse/Sum	<i>to be/I am</i>
Cogito Ergo Sum	<i>I think therefore I am</i>
Tabula Rasa	<i>clean slate</i>
Upsilon/Phi/Tau/etc.	<i>misc. greek characters</i>
Aleph	<i>read Borges' short story</i>
Tao	<i>the Way</i>

A Visit to a Friend

-Gary C. Campbell

I went to visit a friend:

Busy

So I took a saunter'

Going past barking dogs;

Ruff, Ruff

River dancers;

Tap, Tap

And athletic types,

Worrying about their health risks and appearances.

Walked under a crane,

Big one, watch out

Then I got to where I was going.

Not knowing this before.

It was a hippy-esque type of event.

Filling my nostrils with natural incense.

My friend, sometimes called "refer," sifted in the air as well.

I walked and noticed the commercialization and capitalization of save
The planet.

Dancers in black , just beats, interpretive dancing

People smoking herb, with no thought of laws, just relax

Can I have some ?

I walk on and notice I need sustenance;

Food, eat, I will go.

The long walk makes my appetite grow.

I retrieve the carbon based food and return to the earth fair.

People dancing, rhythms pounding

A circle of one beat, many rhythms
Smiles

Walking against the flow,
I can smell again.
Leather, velvet, tie dye, message.
People buying stuff
Stuff to be forgotten in two years
Materials used, manufactured,
How does this help ?

Lonely I wonder.
What socks am I wearing ?

My friends are all around me,
I know none by name.
Chanting raises from the grass.
Long hair everywhere.
Neat-o stuff
In touch with the world,
Freedom restricted to this planet,
Except drugs

Speakers: Poetry
Music starts playing
 Hey
 Myo-Myo

Young hippies, possible ?
I smile as elders dance.

Carrots taste good.
I meet MJ, nice girl, we smoke
She leaves

I sign to re-instate legal racial discrimination
Someone asks about the time...

How irrelevant

A face defined

A string juggler performs his antics,

Then he juggles pins

Gravity, he is free from

Woodstock of Saturday

Flutes randomly fill the air

Various quotes Posted:

“Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit”- RWE

A burning man, how cool, in Nevada

John?! John?!

A lost child, but no worry

Friends here

I go indoors, too odd

I go back out

John is found

A man with a camera wonders for his “photo” opportunity

He doesn't belong

Revolutionary Poetry read

Back to the rhythm of the drums I go

Rain falls

I go into the rhythm circle:

POWER

People dance to one beat, shirts gone,

The smell of natural odorific humans floats

Raining, pouring,

I played
People surround, dance, laugh, sing,
Wow
I was steaming and then:
Soaking and full of spirit,
I left
My hundreds of nameless friends stayed

Past the dogs,
 Ruff, Ruff,
I walk to the vehicle (combustion-run, gas-consuming-polluter of a)
Get in and leave the earth place,
How appropriate

Family Feud: Shakes-peer

- Brian Scaccia

Once upon a time there was a war, more of a feud actually, between the only two families in the town of Pomona. It would have been a village instead of a town except for the fact that the families were really big. The Montgomerys and the Catapults were constantly fighting. (Over what no one really knows, maybe a cow). There were gunfights daily which were held high noon-style as in any other old west town; except for the fact that they were held promptly at 12:45 because tea was at noon and they needed to allow some time to let it settle.

One night the Catapults decided they would hold a hoe-down, a shindig. (What's with all the references to farm tools and their uses?) The impetuous Rodeo, who was a Montgomery, along with his friends Benny and Merc, decided to crash this square dance. While two-steppin' the night away, Rodeo meets a lovely cowgirl, Marionette, awash in her beauty (which is good because he hasn't bathed in weeks), he falls deeply in love and decides not to pull himself out. That night he returns to her barn and calls aloft to the hayloft. Marionette comes to the window, probably because they can't afford a balcony, and says, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Probably referring to his recent awashing. The two lovebirds call to the local Fryer (because they're out of roasting hens) and ask to get married. After the ceremony they return home for a roll in the hay.

The next day Rodeo, Benny, and Merc saunter down the street. While sauntering, an unnamed man fires a shot from the grassy knoll on the other side of the plaza. Merc falls after the immortal statement, "I am hurt." Rodeo, in all of his rage, returns a beautifully orchestrated volley of fire, (no small feat considering how hard it is to play volleyball and conduct symphony at the same time). The man, who is later identified but is kept secret by the CIA for "security" purposes, turns out to be a long lost relative of Marionette's. Rodeo is ousted from town and not allowed to

return home except on holidays and birthdays. Soon after it is announced that this once wed bride is to be married to City Paris. Relieved to find out that City is only one man, Marionette still frets about breaking the numerous polygamy laws of the state. Not to mention the fact that she is still a minor.

Marionette, being the dummy that she is, thinks that she and Rodeo can just runaway together. Rodeo thinks this plan is too easy and lacks pizzazz. (Which every good plan must have.) Instead he suggests an elaborate poison that just so happens to be an old family recipe. The concoction, which will put poor Marionette to sleep for a little while, is later discovered to be Nyquil. The potion is sent for, but with no one willing to home deliver nowadays, the Fryer must get it. After taking a few to many swigs of the brew, due to the high alcohol content, Marionette falls into a deep slumber. Unable to rouse the drunken beauty, the family buries her in the Catapult family vault (in the Catapult family bank). So much for checking for a pulse.

After breaking and entering to gain access to the vault, even though the key is hanging on a hook right beside it, Rodeo sees his wife. Upon his inability to arouse her, he shoots himself with his handy six-shooter. Marionette awakens to find her husband yelping in pain and screaming, "Oh you nasty, villainous, vile, virulent, gun. You are a bad, bad weapon, I dislike you strongly." After ol' nine-toes stops bleeding the two lovers go skipping of into the sunset. Actually limping a little in Rodeo's case.

Modem (Modulation De-Modulation)

- Christopher R. Moore

Data streaming asynchronously into my house, my head
My head is my house
Like a muddy water river, streaming/flowing/roaring, we need a
Dam!
My A.M. radio doesn't even work
In the afternoon
"Excuse me, I've lost my calendar. What date is it today?"
Why, I believe it is already tomorrow (!)
We're one-hundred (100) years late
Or is it one-hundred (100) too soon?
Short wave
Long wave
Indecisive wave
Oceans of salted, electrolytic waters do not
recede. Tide is always high: Spring
Forward; Fall
Back.
VHF
UHF
Bunny ears, antennae, cable (in the ground), satellites geosynchronous
(out of the ground)
In-out dirty dirt, playing in a muddy puddle, puddly muddle... where's the
Information in that? Morse code, one splotch, two drips; S-O-S.
It's o-smosis, passive transport through the curtained windows of our
humble abode, through the sockets and jacks and wires and circuits
It is a circus, swells of uproarious currents of flows of bits and bytes and
baits from
Internet providers, AOL (AWOL), service providers, service servicers,
providers of

Service.

Secret Service; of the Top Confidentiality variety, to hide our data in the dark closet behind the

Dishwasher.

For your eyes only (FYEO)!! Eyes only? Or only Eyes?

I cannot hear you.

Telephone networks for connexions, audial, vocal, oral

Leave a message at the sound of the

BEEP!

Call waiting, waiting, and more waiting as the weight increases ever more

This is the way?

Asked Little Miss Muffet as she sat on her tuffet eating curds and –

Pondering telephonic booths, red ones at that

What are they? Portals of entry into the

Etheric womb of communication?

And down came the spider, whose web

Encompassed the Earth, our planet

In fiber optic cable and grapevines and word-o’

Mouth, allowing fragments of figments

To waft in through open windows

As shouting from the street or

Financial newspapers from professional newspaper boys/men

Yesterday my mailbox (earthly variety) overflowed:

It breached the levees of the postmaster general-approved corrugate metal box

Too much stuff came to me, yet not enough

Circulars (rectangular), newspapers (last week’s) direct-mail (direct to my dustbin)

Magazines and catalogues of clothing and gardening supplies and vacations,

Things dealing not with magazines and catalogues.

1st class mail, like First Class

For airplane fliers, with comfy leather seats and

Complementary macadamia nuts – oh, and orange juice
At whim.
Bulk mail – very true
Brawny and plethoric mail, more like it.
3rd class – where is Marx when we
Need him? Non-profit mail. Synthesis mail – synthetic? Envelopes of
the World, Unite!?!
Oh.
Hm.
Parcel post. Packages, brown paper, all tied up with strings.
Free samples of cereal – “try this, please”.
Rushing about with priority, and UPS, and FedEx... .. Hurry Up!
We are going to be late! Ack!
Late for an important date with... ..
The Divinity. God? Is that you?
The red phone to Paradise.
It’s in a book, just take a look.

I dream that I am on a raft in the middle of an
Ocean. I thirst for, for water?
The Ocean is deep, oh is it ever deep, but a song lodges itself into my head
In the method of Muzak, pumped through IV lines into my veins:
Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.
Am I ever
Thirsty for which I am ever so thirsty.
I cannot have it, though!
There is too much!
There is not enough!
That I might be in the cold, dark, silent, static world of the
Fish!

Edom

- Evan Barbaric

Edom

fortress, might, spires of steel
gate of stars, hard and cold
iron walls, wooden wills
desert place, cool evening
to cast the Earth in vaporous shroud
and efface the formlessness of memory
approaching,
we are approaching

* * *

this is the first/last screening
the filtering of minds
for those (if yours) which are too small
shall fall through to the bottomless ether
as insubstantial grains, to be burned alive
upon the atmosphere
of tribal exhalations
exaltations

* * *

wooden faces
plastic trees
come up all from the Dead Sea
to walk infertile deserts
marching on to Seir

while traveling
we met human beings:
trenchant trench knife transonic
diffident diplomat despondent
the kite-flyers say,
until the winds stop,
our work may never end

* * *

half-blind mastiff
engaged to carbonaceous fuels

you have dulled
the razor edge of your mind
on sorrows innumerable

* * *

divisions of Roman ruins
and mythologies like towers
tumbling to the Earth
scattered over the wasteland
of the stars

* * *

now I have fooled everyone,
deceived even you
liar, lying, lied
fantasy/infanticide

* * *

edible Oedipal complex,
edible Oedipal complex,

* * *

she is a spider in the King's robes
loving to be loved
and despised
constructed of words,
she is hello/good-bye
may see you again
in the fragments of the memories
of a dream
lost inside a record of days

* * *

joys passing from the place of bliss,
becoming each a particle of smoke
to float in sheaths of cloudy thought—
remote fears once the ancestors
of our curiosity,
dwelling in eyes of lame goats

* * *

outside of thoughts
frame the mind's
madness in the slowly
wilting posture
of a flower

* * *

in the center,
we still dream of going there

* * *

laughter, soft-stepping air
the night came crowded
in cloudy lunar hands,
vagabond paws
clutching despair, envy,
the willful reproach of
 the passers-through here

* * *

places past and present
incredible torture, you would
not let us through
gifting fists, we fought Saul
you the memories
 of the Goblins
 of the soul

* * *

your heroes
are not my own

* * *

the inner sorrow—
a moment encased
in the mythology of my mind
I closed a door,

and so muffled the sounds
of death and anguish
anguish and slaughter
slaughter and despair

* * *

the guardian engaged in pattern
to expunge from him
dank melancholia

fools lighting candles in hallways,
harlequin alighting on the King's throne

shall I, could we, make a great balloon
of this purple-blue palladium?
and fly away, down past the
salamander skies of evening...

* * *

forsaken lust dwells in pockets
and the mouths of women
so I know that it was
yesterday when the world died
and by tomorrow,
the one fear will have been
destroyed
 or realized

do you remember the day
when we ate
swift sunlit minnows?

I do me a
 forgotten peacock
from lustful troves of treasure
 your eternal errands,
 the brigands of the mountain

* * *

zealot,
 these bodies
 you will burn
but how shall you

 dispose of our thoughts?

* * *

I saw planets in the sky
 falling slowly it seemed,
galaxies dropping like withered petals
 upon a field of renown

* * *

chaos gives the gift of madness,
dreams subsist—
the descent of memories
 into places starless

* * *

I am not
shall not be what I am
shall not be

Mode

climbed the stairway on the mountain,
ascended unto the stars, cold
and twinkling
 when I saw
the colors of fiery rainbows
 separating

The Red Line

- Christopher R. Moore

The Sun was blocked by the roof till about four o'clock; now peers in with blaring intensity. Like fire it sears the cheeks and the dashboard relentlessly. Elbows hang out rolled-down windows. Air pushes, yells in, buffets unanchored papers and such, prompting them to yearn for freedom from the back seat. Unseen bumps in the concrete transfer their irregularities into the seats, jostling the vertebrae, vibrating the feet, knocking the knees together. When the head leans against the side of the cabin for a bit of shut-eye, seismographic tremors travel around the skull, preventing any respite from the monotony. The heat, ever-throbbing, is pervasive, the fan on full power is futile in combat. AC – no chance, not enough juice. Stomachs nauseated by the labyrinthine jags and jots, zigs and zags, throwing equilibrium out the window, sanity to the wind. 65 MPH. Automobiles with trailers 55 MPH. Slow traffic keep right. Bump bump. Topping the crest, the concrete slides down, serpent like, properly banked by engineers with their figures and slide-rules and statistics. Trucks gear down, grade eight percent next so many miles. Speed enforced by radar. A gold line travels along on the left-hand side. Sometimes alone, or paired, or fractured. Yet it always goes along, plaintively perhaps, but always it goes. A green square down the concrete grows slowly. After half a minute, Road 126: 2 Miles. Is this the one? I think it is, yah... no, wait a sec, lemme see. A diddybag is rummaged through, hands diving into the murky depths of food, books, knick-knacks. An old Triple-A map emerges, stained by coffee, potato chip oil, years of use and/or disuse. Awkwardly the great map of red black blue lines unfolds, much too large for the space provided, the wind harassing it, creases folding the wrong way, getting caught up in itself, the air, the windshield, fumbling fingers. Yah, hold on a minute... let's see... uhhh, we are right ... here. An old Bic pen, cap on, draws over one of the red lines. Yep, I think. What did that sign say a bit a go? ...What sign? You

know, the one a bit before the one that said Road 126: 2 Miles. Uhhh, I didn't notice it. I'm just tryin' to concentrate on the road. You do want to get there, right? Yep, sure. OK. No, we don't want 126. Our road is still twenty-thirty miles up. 138. A silence. Just as awkwardly as before, the map folds up into a smaller rectangle, disregarding all previous creases and folds. It hastily finds refuge in a cramped glove compartment, also filled with odd bits of food, driver's manuals, and crumpled pink napkins. Down the red line the car, the stuff, and the map race against nothing in particular, just with hope of reaching the black dot before too long.