

Preview of Chapter 1 of “Fugues of Foam and Froth”

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Immanent dements lie inhumed in the man and woman, diad, waiting as wraiths on the fringe of a roaring passage of light, stuck on the pullover between highway and field, still as scarecrows in a worn down wind. Waiting in the chill of the predawn. Waiting, in limbo, as wraiths do. Stuck in the lineal madness of the wee morning highway – passing faces – and looking north for a lodestar in the rushing galaxy of headlights, straight chaos unfolds in their heads with no end in clear sight. Relentless cars fan out endlessly from a far and period point, horns flow far and away into the distance, the pivots of wary passenger necks (“Am I seeing ghosts?” they ask), the passing faces, the snaking coffee steam meandering above papercups and whispering heady answers to the teleological morning rhetoric, the unreeling doubts, the chill, the sun in motion way beneath the horizon: everything here is well in motion but the diad transfixed upon something we do not see amid the flux of so-called purpose and so-is pandemonium. Look away. Pray. Say: not on the wharoom-scarooming hours shall there be seen the walking diad on these deadways no these highways, please no– look! A cab slips into the sidelane, suspension on her speed. The cabbie eyes the wraiths and contemplates. Here, a moment instantiates, a moment parallel and familiar, the faces are the same you’ve seen, a moment, briefly, beneath the highway babel of the screaming inconvenienced and jejune gasoline gurgling...

Man to man – Eyes to eyes – The lady shies – The driver to the spectre – An admission of existence between drifted souls occurs; between the invisible, between the haunted very real. A sudden familial force binds the two strangers, who to each faceless other recognises a quaintly eternal acquaintance much like they just know the other just the same as the self. Pareidolia: it is the face of a mystic hand from the high heavens spinning dust in the dark-spaced sky, the man or woman who combs angels’ hairs. It is a union of faces who have once been met in forgotten and funereal dreams, who are, as they were then, chambered in a glass bubble upon the stage and shape of shapeless murk. “So. We meet.” “So we meet.” “Should I?” “Should I?” It is an unspoken stream of communication and indecision– but a procession of headlights darkened by lack-light yet damnbright with amber agendas makes ruckus, carterwauling high and cruel, and the glass bubble soars and ascends, its delicate membrane trembling and chasing the cab back into the haste of highway [to be continued...]