"More Things In Heaven And Earth"
Kurt Brown

Someone dumped it here one night, locked the wheel and watched it tumble into goldenrod and tansy, ragweed grown over one door flung outward in disgust. They did a good job, too: fenders split, windshield veined with an intricate pattern of cracks and fretwork. They felt, perhaps, a rare satisfaction as the chassis crunched against rock and the rear window buckled with its small view of the past. But the tires are gone, and a shattered tail light shields a swarm of hornets making home of the wreckage. How much is enough? Years add up, placing one small burden on another until the back yaws, shoulders slump. Whoever it was just stood here as the hood plunged over and some branches snapped, a smell of gasoline suffusing the air, reminding us of the exact moment of capitulation when the life we planned can no longer be pin-pointed on any map and the way we had of getting there knocks and rattles to a halt above a dark ravine and we go off relieved—no, happy to be rid of the weight of all that effort and desire.