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Diorama of the People, Burning

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DIORAMA OF A PEOPLE, BURNING

The peculiar grandiosity of every small thing. A mouth touched of water. Mandala light like wind through a face, split open. Desperate people do desperate things. A kid drives his car to the middle of nowhere and blankets it in gasoline. The switchblade sky anonymous, colorless. Protoplasmic striving, all the way down. As he walks away his friend lights the match too soon, and his face the ashen flavor of need, for weeks. The particular circularity of every small living in every small town. A bicycle tire floating in water. Mud-spangled smoke and fucking mosquitoes. He believes his wife's best friend the most beautiful woman he's ever seen naked, but she'll never know. The sound of sex switches over to sleep. Softly breathing under pillow. *You've got to tell her*, says his friend, but he can't. He who argues with the fool himself becomes a fool. Most men are two fools. Like the father of four who snuck into a field to steal anhydrous ammonia. Afraid to call the cops, he withered in dew, scrotum clean off, his eyes black stars, bad wounds toward nothing. And then morning. No meth. Recall: the sun's only movement is constant explosion. So it is cosmic, in a sense, to burn oneself up. Pastor Lisa of the First United Methodist Church is a light to the locals. She keeps the parsonage neat, always working the garden, full of roses, red and white. She led an elegant prayer for the boy who died by cigarette, siphoning gas from a school bus. Desperate people do desperate things. Pastor Lisa buys a gun and swallows it wholly, brains in the bookshelf, her garden freshly weeded and blooming.