

Max McDonough

Chapter

Haze like a bad dream brought down: highbeams straight through the velvet dark. But not very far—downhill, he's shortsighted; uphill and only sky: overcast, starless. Maybe a mile before he's home—the night out watching some horror flick he didn't want to see, and anyway won't entirely remember, no DVD re-watched in six months, no token or marker for this evening out of hundreds insisting—*me, don't forget me*—though not a single detail precise enough to place: no color of the door slammed shut and like a cut reopened, the knob breaking; no phrase yelled back across a room, just yelling, the sound of it. Who hit first? Which pair of shoes did the mother in her nightgown or jeans throw at him when he came back shaking and armed with nothing, the windows fogged so from outside even their furious bodies dissolve, unrecognizable.

