

Cranshaw on the Road / Chapel Access

by Bill Yarrow

CRANSHAW ON THE ROAD

"Every tunnel's a piercing, every road's a tattoo. The billboards are wrinkles, road signs are scars. I saw eternity last night wearing a sarong and smoking a cigar." Jaysus Chrysalis! Who does this guy think he is? Marty muttered and glared at the broken line that stuttered in front of him. Madeleine in the back seat touched him on the neck. "Why so ornery?" Why? Why??? "Hey, lighten up. It's a long ride." Marty snarled. Snake belt! Zebra suspenders! Alligator hat! His very being offends me. The guy's a veritable catastrophe of badness. "What's that? Did you say something, asshole?"

CHAPEL ACCESS

Every tunnel's a piercing, every road's a tattoo. The billboards are wrinkles, road signs are scars. Cranshaw said he saw eternity last night wearing a sarong and smoking a cigar. "You're full of it, Cranshaw," I said and stared at the fraudulent broken line that stuttered in front of me. Madeleine in the back seat touched me on the neck. "Why so ornery?" she asked. "Why? 2008. 2009. 2010. That's why," I snarled.

What was eating me? Continental drift. Urban sprawl. Cranshaw! His smarmy teeth and mildew jitterbug. His checked suspenders and dragonfly belt. 2011. Maybe everything.

