## Rear View by Jules Archer

The man of a thousand faces was defunct. He could no longer see the used-to-see. He had spilled his blood and scabbed his knees for the candles on the altar and the commandments in his field. He would preach no more. He hung the rosary over the hook of his rearview mirror and shifted into drive.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/jules-archer/rear-view»* Copyright © 2012 Jules Archer. All rights reserved.