



# **FAREWELL RIDE**

by

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## ABOUT

In August, 2008, I bought a disposable camera for a dollar. The exposures already used up, I had them developed. On the first roll, an entire string of photos from inside a bus came out. Not much else, nothing telling of direction, location or whatever.

I think they were probably on their last roadtrip for a very long time. Off to a very dark place.

I wrote this to accompany the images.

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The landscape changed like an ancient zoetrope animation. Eight frames per second. The same thing over and over. A faded mustard-colored school bus cut down the middle of the interstate, slicing through the scenery at 80 miles per hour. A buzzsaw carving through a log.





Inside the bus, three high school boys stuck to the seats like syrup. Sweat sucking off their backs, they were peeling apart sunburns, swallowing spit. Plugging in Walkman's, leaning over the seat and counting traffic. A semi went by in the opposite direction. One kid had a disposable camera and he pushed the trigger.





The sun was aimed at noon, firing 95° rays through the windows. Each porthole was jammed down. Some were stuck halfway, some didn't open at all. The air conditioning itself had died decades ago.



The driver, his forehead cast with bulbous silver sunglasses drank large sips of a Big Gulp and spat out licks of chew into a bag of sunflower seeds. His mouth didn't open to speak.



The boys slid down into the cracks of the seats, nestling up to sweltering dreams narrated by the lull of the engine. The oldest boy stared out the window, the landscape still unchanging. Another semi passed. The boy painfully thought of sunset and felt a shudder. A dark vibration down his spine and then, nothing.

