

thrice great hermes

#5

by stanley lieber

the ridiculous truck destroyed the tree. the tree destroyed the ridiculous truck. the nature of nature, vidya mused, was circular.

"we're having a wreck," vidya observed.

his mom just looked at him, and then looked straight ahead, gripping the steering wheel.

shattered glass seemed to situate in every crevice of the vehicle's interior. vidya picked a piece out of his hair. he slipped his clipboard back into his bag, brushing glass out of its wrinkles and folds.

a tow truck arrived. the tow truck was considerably smaller than the family's ford expenditure, but managed the job without serious complaint.

"it's a good thing your sister wasn't sitting back there," his mom said, motioning to the rear of the giant fucking truck. "that's where she always sits."

vidya nodded.