

Driving Without Friction

By Chris Stein

There you lie in cold inertness. Your lifeless luminance is dimmed under a warm synthetic glow of cakey rouge while I stare off into your nothingness shivering in the brisk breeze blowing around the room darkening the surrounding spirit. We rode this breeze here together; we're still riding this breeze together on the inertia of that ostentatious beast.

Coated smoothly in her signature red, the beast was heritage of fine lines of Italian design gleaming to be seen in speed. Whimsically whisking us around curves and up and down hills knifing us through the wintery air, the beast growled in capricious giddiness fighting physics at every shift. I was at her controls as the beast was at ours. The beast controlled our inertia sucking us into her gullet as she brightened our surrounding spirit removing the friction between us and the outside world to where her rubber met the road until her rubber met the road no more.

Nature takes friction as quickly as she creates it. The line between us and the outside world was drawn by the blackness of the road. The line of the horizon is drawn between pure skies of azure and mountains of brown dormancy layered under the cold virginity of wintery whiteness. The perils of nature are hidden behind the kaleidoscope of her purity.

There was no more friction, inside or out. There was a silent soaring inertia. Then there was a tumbling inertia of noise, the inertia of the beast, the inertia of our bodies, the inertia of my body beating against yours, the inertia of your body beating against the beast, the inertia of the moment, the inertia of life, the inertia of death, and then just the inertia of inertness, the inertia of nature in her purity.

'There you hang in dangling inertness. Your lively luminance is dimmed under a cold organic bloom of ropey sanguine while I stare off from your nothingness shivering in the brisk breeze blowing around the beast burning the abounding spirit engulfing Its ostentation.

Driving without friction drove us to your Mortality, leaving me alone to drive in your Immortality. Driving alone in your Immortality, never again will I drive without friction.

