

Science Fiction

2-22-2016 by Harry Zirkelbach
Stars and Sun date 34338

I joined the Writers Group to tell the next generations of moments I found in-comparable. Made a list of these. It has grown to 100. When a weekly topic is chosen at Writers Group, I mentally reach into that list, mix with suggested topic. They become one narrative. The latest.

The night was exceptionally dark.

The Interstate boringly straight.

My car kept driving out of range of small-powered Radio Stations.

Another vehicle seldom passed.

There were no lights from any farmhouse.

Suddenly, straight ahead, a stationary blob of light.

It grew as I slowed.

Then I could identify vehicle lights both sides of the divided roadway;
one flashing, indicating Authority.

I'm no longer 4:00 am sleepy.

Slow, then do what others
have done, pull over, park, walk to the gathering.

There's subdued noises here and there. Then I get to the cause. A driver of a semi
had fallen asleep. Probably awoke, vehicle leaving the roadway right, careening
through the fencing short of the bridge over a shallow slough.

The crash separated cab and trailer.

The trailer, top and sides in small pieces,
its content now the center of all eyes.

In the meandering dry water bed there must have been 100 dead bodies
spewed every which way, motionless, the little light from we onlookers
playing tricks on our eye, as bone, flesh, distortion, demand attention.

The driver had crawled back to the road, could be heard
giving thanks for not being among the dead.

He and the Sheriff decided that none of the dead should be touched,
meaning we witnesses were not allowed to enter the ravine.
Help was called to haul away the bodies, then a tow would pick up the pieces of
the long distance truck.

Yes in what light was available, the scene was ugly.
More than 100 nude, dead bodies scattered over a small wasteland.

Nothing moved.

Those headless hog carcasses would never appear appear undressed as roasts,
chops, bacon, sausage, ribs on any dinner table.

Instead bodies would be picked up by a truck from the nearest Meat Rendering
plant, added to the large animal kill along highways, animals poisoned accidentally,
all processed for purity, sold to the purveyors of dog and cat food.

Still close your eyes now, dimly visualize a scene from some past conflict
where after battle the winner is obliged to bury the dead from both sides
in a mass, unmarked. I did that night, and again now.