

lined up during a turn and created a horizontal blur of cars driving over cars over roads, colliding but colliding peacefully.

On top of these two images was a third, the reflection of other passengers in the plexiglass shield that was close to my face. Sometimes I'd see my face in this, too. The tunnel of the interior of the train as it bent and shook. I would rest my eyes on these juxtapositions and let my eyes coalesce the images into a broad, warping, rushing single view of ghastly violent mechanisms thrashing apart still figures and heads.

Often, as I held this world together, a fourth image would appear: the tops of the trees looming over it all. In this mirage, I was moving toward the trees, approaching them, they were magnifying and embracing everything. I don't know where this image reflected from, perhaps some double pane or odd angle in the glass. I don't know, but it was hard to hold onto, it would move past me and I would see the ordinary, lazy flow of traffic again.