

MARTHA MYSKO AND WILLIE WAYNE SMITH

How It Unfolds

holiday forever . org

In the early morning there are six figures in a motel parking lot, truck stop, or some similar transitory space. A bearded man with long unwashed hair stares fixedly beyond what is visible to us. He is wearing a child's wooden rosary on top of his extra large, brightly colored, polyester button-up shirt. In his left hand he is holding an old aluminum flashlight from which an ordinary key dangles from a string. On his bicep is a tattoo that can't be made out. In his right hand he is holding a book which has fallen open, allowing some sum of money to fall from its pages and brush past his pleated slacks. The man is only wearing one loafer, the other foot is bare and his big toe is massaging a worm. His discarded sock has landed near a discarded beer can, guarded closely by a large iguana.

Another individual with wiry hair wears shorts and a t-shirt. He is contorted into a strange yoga-like pose as he shovels dirt onto a half-submerged Nike box. His own shoes are sensible. A short haired woman in a tight dress, jewelry, and heels is consoling him.

Nearby, in the sparse grass are an innocuous roller suitcase, an abandoned carousel horse figurine, and a standard public trash can. On the pavement beyond the grass, a long haired companion looks on from the driver's seat of a small box truck. On top of the truck, a shirtless child gazes into the woods beyond the lot. In the distance we can make out a small dog and a truck driver loitering by his cab. A mysterious tower looms in the distance. I feel compelled to mention that there is also a mountain although it is not depicted.

In a home nearby, the dominant decorative motif is floral. The woman who lives there has plans.

How it unfolds is how it unfolds. Sometimes we do not get the full story. Sometimes, it becomes defaced in its subjective telling. Sometimes it becomes defaced in its subjective being heard. Sometimes our plans get interrupted.
