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The Morning after Our Last Trip

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Collier: The Morning after Our Last Trip

THE MORNING AFTER OUR LAST TRIP

**TAYLOR
COLLIER**

Because of a closed exit, we're stuck in traffic, and of course, that's my fault too. With coffee, I'm sipping my way out of my hallucinations when I spot a man standing shirtless in a clearing in the woods, wearing jeans and a trucker hat. He wields a round, plastic tabletop, and setting it on its edge, he spins it like a quarter. Each time it falls, he props it back up and gives her another twirl like he's trapped in the wobble. And from the car, I'm wondering why he's so close to the highway. And why do I have to see him now, when I can't really trust anything I see? Understanding, at that moment, how we all regret stupid. I regret even being in that car with you. Too busy watching that tabletop spin like I could see our future in the whirl of its twirl, the thud. But that's not the point. Maybe it's just that I prefer to hallucinate alone, cigarettes on the balcony, spinning quarters and watching planes blink in and out of the night.