# [prose] A Magic Van to Mexico

we are on a minivan in a deserted late capitalistic debris. the van is not moving. it could be a van enacted for display only, a shell without ghost - a vehicle's ghost - or it could be renovated from a dicarded, dysfunctional mini-van that used to run through deserts and cross borders. but now that it has loaded three travellers, where is it going to take them? they wonder. the van's ghost, if there is one, also wonders. but it remains silent. it's left for them, the passengers, to figure out.

on one side of the van, there is a long window, like a food truck. Inside the cabin, there is a cupboard under the long side window, which would be where the chef gives out food boxes. the travellers feel cold. that's the reason they got into the van in the first place—to shelter from the wind. there's not much wind this night. still it feels warmer to be inside something, despite this drafty something having no heat or protective seal. or, in fact, they just want to have a place to sit, cuz what they seek to keep away from is not the physical cold. the physical cold? i.e., the low temperature of the envrionment. it is not this cold that concerns them, but the cold of wandering in this city's motionless street in the mid of the night. so when they sit down in the minivan, they do feel warmer.

there's a seat for the driver, but not any for the passengers. a red chair in the middle. two of them sit on the higher parts in the back, over where the wheels are, after they climbed onto the van and flipped their bodies over the window. now, as they reside inside this van, they feel like getting on a journey. they feel they ARE on a journey. a journey to a warm land. (if you think these people are high, you have a reason.) one of them with longer hair sat on the driver's seat and hands on the wheel, turning it clock-wise a bit, as another of them who sat next tell her to pull over here. then they all come in the back beside the cupboard to take a break. the last one, in a do-rag, proclaims now, if we open the cupboard, there is a tunnel and going through it we will find a grassland to lie down. grassland that's soft as marshmellows and dews. she said this looking into the eyes of the other two. they reach a total, blissful agreement. and they open the cupbaard. it's so dark inside they can't see anything, but each tacitly hunching and jumping in. they fall together in the moment, and learn to fly for the first time. the surrounding turns from darkness to deep blue, and soon into a color like the gulf of mexico. this flying will bond them forever, as crew members for this flight and for future life —

> trip to fall into the sky
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> pearls in the cabin
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> they i take to make a pair of glasses
>
> it was a healing process
>
> you speak with a voice, steady
>
> you without an identity
>
> they all make so much sense
>
> no pretense
>
> you look into my old writing
>
> good care of others you always taking
>
> in service of christ

> thank you for the prayers
>
> wishes for
>
> better years