

AMERICAN GOTHIC, TAKE 2

A family appears on a road at night, all wearing summer
pastels.

I've pulled into the driveway of the rented house and can't see
their faces. For an instant, I think of *The Night of the Living*

Dead—

respectable husbands and wives, sisters and brothers
rudely interrupted from their long repose, forced to lurch down
country lanes and sidewalks in search of living flesh. This

family

does not lurch but moves as if under sea in flip-flops that slap
the tar

rhythmically like water smacking itself. A blue astral light blinks
in the ear of the teenage boy. When they murmur among
themselves,

their perfect incisors gleam, biting through the dark
like the moon's mouth above their shoulders.