

The Event Still to Come

David Peak

Sensum:

The sky endlessly churns—a distant rumble. No sunlight. A tree-lined suburban street finely coated in a layer of undisturbed white dust. Poison clouds, clouds of spores. No wind.

Datum:

On a wooden shelf in a damp root cellar, a mason jar that contains a dead cockroach, post-ecdysis.

Transposition:

A series of cavernous, empty spaces at the end of a winding road. Floor-to-ceiling windows. Walls covered with portraiture: families, children, hands and feet. Wood paneling. Molded ceilings. Various arrangements of tarnished silver. Significant water damage. Black mold. A staircase that leads nowhere.

Electromagnetic Radiation:

None.

Semiotics:

Street signs stripped of paint—no names, no directions. Stones stacked in a rough circle atop the hollow stump of a dead tree. A fragment of a fingernail embedded in a cinderblock wall. The jawbone of a small animal. Mothballs. Motionless rivers of glue. No rain. An endless forest of barren trees, carpeted with the shed exoskeletons of countless cockroaches.

Narrative:

All that remains.

