

Liminal fragment intermission

There is a mile that does not stay put.

Sometimes it appears between two exits that should be adjacent. Sometimes it replaces a stretch of road you are certain you have already driven. No one remembers entering it. Some remember leaving.

The white line here is indecisive.

Dash.

Gap.

Dash that almost touches the next.

If you stop — truly stop — the hum quiets. The road listens.

Occasionally, a sound passes through:
a distant howl, softened by gravity;
the faint crunch of black sand settling;
the clink of a coffee cup placed without asking.

Nothing happens here.

That is the point.

This mile exists to let causality catch its breath. To allow trajectories to separate cleanly before they are asked to intersect again. A buffer. A courtesy.

If you drive it at night, you may notice your headlights briefly illuminate a figure kneeling at the shoulder — or standing at a door — or already driving away.

Do not slow.

Do not accelerate.

Let the dash remain broken.

When you exit the mile, the road will behave.

For a while.