

In the Direction of X. In the City of Zero.

George and Margo were driving and took a turn, and now they're at a dead end.
 This is another of our habits, like hiding for a very long time.
 Or passing by unalarmed.

George and Margo took a turn into a parking lot.
 This is not our real life, they're thinking.
 With these caricatures of our wind and parodies of our sun.
 Whatever it is, this is not it.

How worried should we be?
 And suppose I don't know whether my answer is right?
 It's raining on one side of the parking lot and not on the other, for instance.
 In fact, it now looks quite squally there.
 So things have changed. They're more modern now.
 And they drink coffee to keep awake, where *keep* is an infinitive, the object of *to*; and the phrase
 to keep modifies *drink*.

George and Margo find themselves in a parking lot and they hadn't been looking for long.
 We're new to this, they're thinking.
 And why not some other thing? Where we wanted to be, perhaps.
 Harsher, more beautiful things, like ideas that enter too late to do any good.

This morning it rained and it did not rain.
 This, then, is from your other life, where the sound of you breathing is the season arriving.
 It would not do to tell your secret now.

As this is one of those places along the way.
 It's getting to be evening there, and the lights are coming on.