

Sample chapter from

The Frost Bug Dreams

by Benjamin Gayle

The Frost Bug Dreams

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0. Invocation

O sing to me, Mnemosyne,
 like you sang to your children:
let your sweet inspiration drift
 to me on a reed; let it
ride the swells of Thought and Time,
 impelled by Aeolus' breath
and coaxing currents to wash ashore
 at the tip of my tongue.
Then may I sing your sweet song and
 call it my own, dear Mother!

A portal opens into my mind:
Through the opening I see
 glittering dust – the outermost
reaches of consciousness. I climb
 in and set myself inside
for a thought. I have known this place,
 though it is new to me now –
memory taps me on the shoulder
 and says *hello, it has been*
a long time since . . . Since what? I know –
 am sure of it – but know not.
As I look at my womb, souvenirs
 of past lives spring out of the
void – they parade as virtual
 memories whose brief resurgence
is not annihilated
 instantaneously enough

to escape my notice. I can
remember collecting them,
cherishing them, though what they are
or are for lies beyond my
understanding. The reassuring
whir of mysterious
machinery in the drive demands
attention, inspection;
for I presume that the ultimate
understanding of my
existence is how the machine works.
Echoes haunt the races
of seemingly infinite depths
of spirals I have risen
from – desultory pieces to my puzzle:
used parts, spent fuel;
an incomplete advertisement
for the machine: luring and
devious. The only way to
discover how the machine
works – even what the machine is –
is to take apart the drive
mechanism piece by faceless
piece until I arrive at
that ultimate, most basic particle
of self which speaks of
existence – MY existence – only.

But this is the deception: the pieces are not mine.

About the Author

Benjamin Gayle was born in Richmond Virginia, and has lived in the western mountains of the state for most of his life. Educated in math and electrical engineering, he has worked in a wide variety of capacities including factory automation in automotive manufacturing, and designing motor control systems for a drives manufacturer. He has been an amateur cyclist and bicycle mechanic for more than thirty years, and an amateur radio operator (N1NP) for nearly twenty. Reading was an early passion, followed by writing in his early teens, though that was set aside for decades for career and other responsibilities. He currently works a part-time job while continuing to write.

He has also produced *Spectrum*, a broad overview of the music of composer Charles Irving Gayle, available on CD.

Sample chapters and more information are available at www.AntonomasiaProductions.org.

Books by Benjamin Gayle:

The Turtle Test
The Frost Bug Dreams
Dreams of Sixteen
Dreams of Seventeen
Dreams of Eighteen