



**Iowa State University**

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**From the Selected Works of Debra Marquart**

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# Marquart\_New Microfictions Anthology.pdf

Debra Marquart, *Iowa State University*



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Available at: <https://works.bepress.com/debra-marquart/80/>





**NEW MICRO**

**Exceptionally  
Short Fiction**

*edited by*

**James Thomas**

*and*

**Robert Scotellaro**



## DEBRA MARQUART

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### Dylan's Lost Years

Somewhere between Hibbing and New York, the red rust streets of the Iron Range and the shipping yards of the Atlantic, somewhere between Zimmerman and Dylan was a pit stop in Fargo, a superman-in-the-phone-booth interlude, recalled by no one but the Danforth Brothers, who hired the young musician, fresh in town with his beat-up six string and his small town twang, to play shake, rattle, and roll, to play good golly, along with Wayne on the keys and Dirk on the bass, two musical brothers whom you might still find playing the baby grand, happy hours at the southside Holiday Inn.

And if you slip the snifter a five, Wayne might talk between how high the moon, and embraceable you, about Dylan's lost years, about the Elvis sneer, the James Dean leather collar pulled tight around his neck, about the late night motorcycle rides, kicking over the city's garbage cans, and how they finally had to let

him go, seeing how he was more trouble than he was worth, and with everyone in full agreement that the new boy just could not sing.

# DEBRA MARQUART

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## This New Quiet

The day after the fire, all their equipment charred in a ditch and blown to ashes, the thin axle of the truck lying on its side like the burned-out frame of a dragonfly, they gathered in a living room on a circle of old couches. The players sat forward, their eyes studying the swirls in the worn carpet.

They who had the power to make so much noise sat in this new quiet. They did not speak of debt or creditors, nor did they speak of lost guitars—the blond Les Paul, and the mahogany Gibson double-neck that sang sweetly in its velvet case as it rolled down the highway.

They sat in silence, trying to find the new words the fire had left on their tongues. Outside traffic rushed by, the clatter of passing trains, the honk of angry horns, as the sun dialed its way around the room and disappeared.

In the half dark someone stood. It was the tall blond guitar player who rose, wobbly in his black boots. He stood in the center of the

spiral, raised his thin hands to his face and blew out one long exhale. It hissed through the room like a wild balloon losing steam.

When all the wind was out of him, he gulped one deep breath, swung a long arm like a knockout punch through the sheer emptiness of air, and said, *Fuck*. It was only one word. It was inadequate for the moment. But it was a good place to start.