

To need is a disgusting and wretched thing.

The terrible thing about writing is its finality and definity. While of course everything exists in multiplicity/infinite openness, but you can't tack that onto the end of every sentence.

Perhaps a general initial disclaimer would work, assisted by some sort of symbol, such as ☹, after pertinent phrases or ideas lest the reader (or writer) forget about the oneness (& therefore both the truthfulness and falseness) of the sentence.

The Poetry Section

COLD HAND

Cold hand.
I've held it in place
diligently.
So as not to disturb
her furry weight.
Her shut eye-
lined
soft kohl,
sporadic spasms.
She trusts so
I do too.

FIND CREATURES

On the day we set out
we didn't suspect
that we could
find creatures.

They were simple at first.
Presenting usually
as a pig,
a pair of pea-hens,
a friendly dog,
a wonky-eyed cat.
Creatures that
would be usual to find.

Then we found
a scripture of birds.

They rose
over
orange grass
invasive pine
under
clear blue
cumulus cloud

playing.
Preparing us.

Next,
we walked.
Red plastic in
the discarded needles (these invasive too)
&
their souls, later,
growing on a dead log.

The connection was

too astonishing to be
a mistake or
coincidence.

This was simple incidence.

That creatures could be, at once,
a scarlet elf's cup
&
the lid of a plastic bottle
could have been
confusing
frightening
laughable?

Now,
shouts and gasps of awe.
We found those creatures
& said thanks.

THE FAKE POEM

During the silence in the wood,
I wrote the fake poem.
“What should I think?” I thought,
sitting on a moss-damp rock.
“I am surely perched here,
thought I,
“As surely as I am considering God.”

For a little bit of truth,
I did listen for a while.
I wrote:
-Nowhere is completely quiet.-
Perhaps this could have been right
but it's not how it feels.
(have i forgotten a lonely night?or the silence of death?)

I don't remember much of the fake poem
(that's how I knew it to be untrue)
There was something I heard someone say about
“the bleached sky”,
which could have been true again,
but under a canopy of fir,
It was just a good guess.

The final point
was a strangulation of
friendship to fit the narrative -
which whimpered against the
lung-crushing
loneliness
sorrow
of that fucking wood.

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