

To-

the edge of other days

I was little when I was first the Old Man

I screamed, "Strawberries!"

He stuck his fingers in the jar and let them linger just below his nose,
inhaling cosmically before he let his mouth meet the goo

he wanted to die watching deer in the fields
the green Majestic landscapes,
crying sobbing out about letting Memories free

short beauty, long pain
short, short, short, and then
long long long

alienated from the good Dirt

Dust City...

he never learned how to drive a sailboat
or build a house

Maybe he saw
the palm trees on the last stretch of Highway 1 turn brown
the coral lose all its colors
the sea as a rainbow of oil

another dish soap ad with a bird slicked in our disgrace

the horrors consumed by our Gut
gut so disfigured, so blind and full of heavy salts

fashion said haggis was a cool hat
just had to remember to store it in its solution at night
because it wasn't cool if it wasn't Shiny

There were other things he stole, and lied about, and falsely reported

he did it so she could sleep in the grass
listen to gamelan drifting Elsewhere
he did it so he could see her feel
fine fabrics on her torso

ancient bones full of holes and helicopters

There could be batteries or a Tone that would
make us feel blades bend like waxy hairs beneath our feet
the night stars did not invent the phrase business as usual

the hours longer and longer
the hours shorter and shorter
long long long short short short

the time spent as People
days ceasing to exist

the hours not quite alone
the soots and sods building up on every object

the breeze and the helicopter's Chug

Lapses, fidgeting; flashes of purple in the dark
eyes around fingers thick thuds flesh Thud

Take me back to the time

take me to the Time where
time takes me

time take me

Back
to

Where the road bows into a pit

To-

the edge of the other's day

To when I first saw the Old Man

He screamed, "Strawberries!"

He stuck his fingers in the jar and let them linger below his nose,
inhaling all the stars before he let his mouth meet the goo

I wanted to live watching deer in the fields
the green Majestic landscapes,
crying sobbing out about letting Memories be

short beauty, long pain
short, short, short, and then
long long long

alienated from the solid Ground

Dust City...

he never learned how to ride a horse
or erect a monument

Maybe he saw
the palms go brown
the coral's last color
the sea as a rainbow of oil

another lane being added to the highway for our Continuity

the horrors consumed by our Gut
gut so disfigured, so blind and overloaded with imagery

toothpaste extruded like a pale snake across the sink
had to remember to store them in their solution at night
because you'd be missing out if you can't see what's Slimy

There were other things they didn't talk about, or falsely reported

he did it so they could sleep in the grass
listen to gamelan drifting Elsewhere
she did it so he could see her feel
fine fabrics between their toes

ancient bones full of hell and holy water

There would be certain dream states that could
make us feel blades bend like the waxy hairs of our feet
the night stars overheard brighter than usual

the hours longer and longer
the hours shorter and shorter
long long long short short short

the time spent as people
days ceasing to Exist

the hours not quite alone
the soots and sods building up on every object

the breeze and the helicopter's Chug

Lapses, fidgeting; eyes purple in the dark
flashes and fingers thick thuds flesh Thud

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