

On long dark drives

On long dark drives down

Abandoned winding roads

Is where I find reassurance in my reality.

When twilight has barely given way to night.

I remember the answer the question,

When a tree falls in the forest it echos.

Passing the fluorescent lights of progress

That illuminate the gas station that closed Half an hour ago.

The A/C doesn't work and there's no light

But my headlights

And the orange windows of the farm house that stands isolated on a hill far

from where the road lies.

But as day returns and I have neighbors

In the lanes next to me,

Hill town roads turn to highway,

The only reminder of my earlier revelations

Is the faint silver moon, out of place in a blue sky.

Untitled

I sat on the beach in the dark. The only indication I was near the ocean was the sound of the waves crashing through the darkness. I sat there for hours until I noticed I started sweating. Why was I sweating? It was night. There wasn't even the moon in the sky. Come to think of it, there weren't even stars. Just the sound of the waves. One after another. I wiped the sweat from my brow, and I could feel how hot my forehead was. Was I sick? Was it a fever? No, I was sweating after all. I noticed the air around me was hot. Hot and dry. Not very ocean-like. I could still hear the waves; I was still sitting on the beach. I plunged my hands beneath the sand. It was warmer under there. As I rummaged underground, it got hotter and hotter- until he hand wrapped around something solid. It was hard and sharp, not like the sand. I pulled it from its resting place. Grains of sand tumbled out of the way as it emerged into the open air. It was

bizarrely heavy for how small it was. It was a stone, brown and black and chipped. I turned it over in my hand, and I saw something enlaid into the rock. The outline of some shelled creator that probably died thousands of years ago.

Untitled No.1

Avoid pretension at all costs

Even when the miracle of life seems

Utterly and undeniably too divine

That you might come unseemed.

Shake off the mundane, avoid pretension,

And carry the bag for your mother.

Twilight Night (v3)

I thought we would give pause,

Either in wonder- or perhaps horror

When we created a firmament without stars

But night turns to day and

No one seems to notice the empty sky.

Process

A glass of wine doesn't make you a better writer

It just makes you sadder,

And sad is too often confused with poetic.

GARY

I watched my cat die today.

I hate being asked what I'm doing.

When I'm lying in bed at night

In the dark

And I'm asked, What are you doing?

It was sudden in a slow kind of way

In weeks that all added up to a day

I haven't written today

It was scary watching him,

It was scary watching him die.

His breathing was shallow and then it would stop

Then start again.

Two or three times he did that

I sat next to him all day. I sat there with my laptop, not writing. I watched my cat die today.

I am breathing and sitting. I am being

And that is inexplicably the best use of my time

I woke up this morning

I sat next to my dead cat to try and feel less alone

The irises shrank as his eyes grew black

His pupils no longer needing to filter the natural morning light.