

They drilled a tiny hole into the left side of my brain and drove a cable car about ninety minutes west. They arrived at the x-spot where I keep all the thoughts of that day. I asked them to remove it. It got very wet in the great floods of the eye ducts. The swells were pushing on different membranes I try to keep separate, but never can manage to. They took their hunting knife and made an incision that felt like jelly, no english muffins, no just muffins, no english, no peanut butter, no the kisses, the peanut butter kisses, yes the taste, no the — and then a man playing an accordion came out of my ear. Except the accordion wasn't an instrument, but a quilt of all your shirts sewn together. They were sopping wet. I told them to pin them on the clothesline. I'll fold them later. I awoke to find a few men scribbling notes on a pad in front of me. They thought this story was disturbing. I told them just wait. What they don't understand is that I will not heal as one heals. I will not bare what one bares. I will torment as all lovers torment, when the love is good enough to be threaded into something else. Something greater. Like a poem. What they don't understand is I've been on this treaded path sometime now. It's unsurprising challenges continuously leave blisters on my skin, though, I would be lying if I didn't admit this is the best land we have seen so far. That is not to say my hands do not throb. That my heart is not an hourglass. That I have not sunk to the bottom of myself with a magnifying glass searching for remnants of peace. For this journey is one I dread and have always done so. Though, though. There is some room here. To cultivate. To grow.