

I had been waiting many weeks. Worn down from the weight of my own expectations. Longing is a curse. One this plague has heightened. When I think on about the levels, the vastness in front of me, laid out simple yet in the shape of a terrible wound. This same wound has festered three times over. I had been tricked into believing each time something would be different. Before this, I have failed miserably. I have strung up my heart with a noose. Let him cut the rope splendid. Perhaps I'll trip off the crevices. Fall the six thousand or so feet. Break my body open, yet again. Rocks and rivers and my red meets red. Who knows if it'll be the same outcome. Though, we all wish to believe in first loves and last times. An unknown country stretches before me. One I'll attempt to explore feverishly. The path of healing. The river of my own veins that still trickle out. Seeping with thoughts of a broken heart. It is a tender gash. Of course. This expedition had fallen into my lap just as he did long ago. I say long, though time's illusion melts entirely. It had traipsed in just in the nick of time. When left lonely no one wants to be alone. With the shadows. Ghost-memories. Thoughts of past pleasure. A few figures will accompany me here. Versions of myself. Three exact. The leader quite stable yet argumentative. Concerned with the world around. The second naive, passionate. And the last9. Without name. The topography of the landscape mirrors that which I feel. An internal narrative. Grave. Dangerous. With thresholds of beauty unspeakable. (It is worth noting I have never been to Arizona. I will never go to Arizona. I fear its footsteps. The shoe size. His. What lingers. This journey is just another role I try on. Another experience in pretending). We make a pretty show. I try to. Though there are stumbles. The naive part of me got caught in a dry patch. Harsh reality. Box of tissues. That damn Eagles song. Reminder. Sunlight. Half eyes. Waking in the — I stop myself. We won't get far this way. Keep moving. The water isn't as gentle as it is cradling. Perhaps there is no harm. Only imagination. The first night is a cold one. Raw. I desperately try to smother the idea of another body lying next to me. I dream of forests. Of the tiny rabbit that lives under my mother's porch. There were two of them. But, one got ran over by a car last week. You can see the flattened fur still. I cried when it happened. In my dream, I walked into the intersection with a spatula. Scraped it off. Ate it. How strange it is that adopting foreign ways will change us, in many respects. Perhaps I am changing and I just don't feel it. Same old habits. Bottle of jack downstairs. Memories of drinking out of the bottle. That first night. We drink to forget, but often all we do is remember. Maybe that's why we do it. I start to think of the devil's claws wrapped around me. I look down to see they're my own red nails. I don't paint them anymore. I'm in the basement reading this script here, these letters here, reminiscing here on friendship. On my own fierce loyalty. What makes a goodhearted man. Tears his own shirt off his back for a friend. In need. I wasn't wearing a shirt at the time, obviously, we were making love. I tore my heart instead. The faded scars of my own giving, ripe now. Throbbing. Some parts of this play make no sense. I swear off Jack. I'll never drink it again. When I see how drink shows the true colors so plainly I sometimes wish the whole world could be drunk for a short time, that the scoundrels might all be killed off through their own meanness. Maybe I wish that only so I wasn't alone. At this point, I'm in that boat still. Wishing I was on the other side. Though it just started. It all just started.