

Up and down all day. I can't bring myself to give the feeling more language. I've already made the dragged weight clear. I've already touched on the feeling of promise. Yet, where's the end. Two years. Weeks. Months. How long before the wounds heal. Before I can buy a new gun and try my arm at sharp-shooting mirrors afar. The angry part shot an osprey on her nest in the top of a dead pine. It upset me gravely. I ran to its side to give it mouth to mouth, but I don't have a beak. She bleeds out from her side. I mourn. The other part of me smokes a cigarette, roughly collecting the eggs in her pocket.