

This is the final week, of playing roles, of practicing the likes of a man. How he holds himself when he sits. He never stands. He strokes his imagined beard. Hopes for better. Then disappears. We've passed the point of the wall, the likes of returning seems formidable. Knowing and learning what we have now from this journey of sorts. There's not much to leave behind. Carry it all above our heads. Let the weight do its work on us. We've passed the point where echoes are divided responses. They now linger in the area continuous and synonymous with a haunting. A forgiveness. In a split second, I turn and run north. Back into the hard red again. Back through the narrow. Back into the dangerous. The canyon full of whirlpools and flashbacks. Through which the boat drove on the rock. Through the past wreckage. The slim chance to escape. I run a million yards in seven seconds. I circle back to where I ended. Let's not turn back, I decide. Make the portage. Camp on the west side. I often ask myself if what I saw was a nightmare or a dream. Not that it matters much. In seven days time, I'll take off these clothes. I'll rub the dirt off. Send back the props. The screens. The likes of me can only live in the skin I own. Try to find some relief in that. There is a familiar mouth that drips a clear beautiful stream of thoughts and purposes. I lay out maps and pencils before it. Let it speak. Let it speak a rigged line. Soon it will have a score.