

Feelings of forgetting have become familiar. Though I must say, it feels as though I function as ticking time bomb. A repetitive snout on a trail that has fossilized on my own tracks. Must create to heal. Must write to create. Must. Must. Must. Here we continue to hit rapids. Dozens more. Continue to torture ourselves in the face of survival in the image of frontiersmen. In the emblem of firsts. With the notion of being the one, that one, this one. How problematic. How very human. Here I am, footed in desperation, attempting at every corner to erase memories past. Yet, I work desperately to be remembered by the same ghost I try to exorcise from my heart's brain. It is hard work to perform for a love dead. To be an exhibitionist with a poem. I sit before a ladder today. It's filled with roses high. A part of me decides to climb it. Decides it would make a great piece, a show of faith. Falter to strike a rock consumed. We save those onboard of course, the spirit, the will, though the body floats further down the river turned into a perfect hell. Nothing could enter and live. The beauty is a part of me will always drift into it. Will throw pounds of provisions overboard. Willingly smash to pieces that which once composed a body entire. Lost ammo. Outfits for Friday after-nights. Three rifles of Rilke. One revolving door. Most notes on the comic tendencies of Gracie Allen. Many instruments of pleasure or imposed torture alike. And all of the maps. Navigations of blood that rushes to the pinpoint of my center. Keys to access. Longitudes of his height and mine. The difference. My arctic. The tundra. The steaming equator of our core. All of them, the trajectory, topography, the prints. I left there in that room.