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Two months ago I made you a collage of our bodies entwined. Crossword puzzles. Desperate clues. Calls for answers. I thought of burying it. Instead, I tucked it into my car's backseat pocket. Next to the wine we were meant to drink. In a blur, I thought I broke the bottle. Tore the pages spent hours making. Excavated it all. Safe. I still shattered glass. When I brake like this, there is no use finding pillows no matter how pleasant the grove. I go walking at night in the mud, a vagabond searching for remnants of a life prior. A few fossils in a worthless country. One that never recognizes my topography. That never forgives my mishaps. That layers butter on burns. I went for a hike by the water. I slipped and cut my knee. You'd have chuckled at my whine. I laugh a bit then fall into sudden quick sand. I see the world glimpse before me as I trudge deeper in. Few stunted cedars. Hills sparse. Grease wood. Alkali. River bottom. Look up at the rain make ripples you can't reach.