

2004, 2013, 2016 and a Dream

Boils jump up like children rippling and smoothing out the weight around you, warning of a grave, one closer than you thought, just beneath.

Auburn and green spaghetti-like flora greedily grab for the leash, pulling you out for themselves, wanting more than just a line.

Ins and outs bully you around, forever altering your position, challenging you, never allowing any assumption of control.

Foamy pillows popping and cheering slide back with a salutation. Delivering another warning that you are here and are theirs now.

“Outside! Outside!”

Shoulders sore, back tight, belly raw, lips chapped.

When in no-man’s land, no hope can be found. The quick rise and the crash, the dull numb hum of life after recession, is never worth it. Patience is needed, commitment imperative with eyes clear and a direction that’s true.

Further to forgetting who you are you must go. Deeper to not knowing what it is that you want. It is there you’ll find yours.

Numbers weaken, the sun squats lower and lower until you realize it won’t stop. The air blows into light and crispy. Your chances at finding it are swimming away. Perfection is a lie, so take the crooked with the straights.

Cheers can be overheard from your family, and the second kind. Theirs is companionship. Theirs are careers, predictability, and a family. I will not lie, there’s an element of luck. Indecision will be your curse, and the longer you wait, you make it worse.

A ripple, a bump. A nice little right. Her name was Katie. She had three wild children and a shiny new mountain bike, compliments of the alimony.

You spin into commitment telling yourself it’s enough. Lean your chest, kick your feet, get real low, get real deep.

The monolith raises as a slab, too thick for any kind of piercing, too tall for any kind of leisure, but sublime if maneuvered openly and gingerly. Peppered with bubbles and glassy in between, it sinks and pitches itself.

The caboose begins to rise with a weekend motorcycle trip. The higher you go the worse it could be. Blood like lava and skin like steel, you really start to dig.

There. Now.

Stand. Drop. Press. You’ve made it, yours is not a tragedy. Wipe the sweat from your brow as you sit on the porch with dusty boots and two thumb blisters. You will ride this for you, salt and wax and neoprene and all. A family, a home, a body, a life.

Hands stay sticky with the help of Mr. Zog as well as the bees, elbows become stubbornly stiffened with sadness and two nimble feet swing into place.

There it is. That's it now. This is what you've become. Now slowly turn and look to your home. Chest awakening, and shoulders relaxing, in rectilinear locomotion your neck accepts, a stand and a turn precede

a crash.

The unexpected kind that happens when you bring her lunch and she serves you the divorce papers. The one that gets you from behind, when she announces that she never really loved you. The sort that happens when she was with that other man who lived so much closer all alone. The type where forgiveness is not an option, only rot, and wither, and hate.

Your one chance was split in three, and now you're upside down, broken and battered, stuck in no-man's land where it's impossible to get in or out, so your only option is to

drown.