

02.21.2015

CAN FLY

I CANT GET OVER THIS [YOU'LL NOTICE I REPEAT TOPICS. WE CALL IT "STUCK." BUT THATS JUST THE COOL WAY OF SAYING "INSANE." WHICH, SADLY, I AM] BUT THE BEAUTY OF JUST STANDING OUTSIDE AFTER YEARS OF NOT BEING ANYWHERE OTHER THAN A CONCRETE GRAVE... IT MAKES ME CRY ITS SO SWEET.

TWO SMALL BIRDS, CHICKADEES I BELIEVE, FLEW OVERHEAD CHIRPING. THE POPPLER OF THE SOUND COMING THEN LEAVING. POETIC.

AN OLD ROTOR ENGINE PLANE PASSES. ZOOM. SEAGULLS. I SWEAR I CAN HEAR THEIR WINGS SLICE THE AIR.

I SHOWER FOR A GOOD THIRTY MINUTES, GET REAL LOBSTER RED, THEN GO STAND OUTSIDE ITS HEAVEN. I DONT EVEN DRY OFF. JUST IN MY BOXERS. STAND THERE SMELLING FREEDOM GOING FOR THESE FIVE YEARS WITHOUT SHOWERS OR OUTSIDE... GOING ALL THESE YEARS ON SOUVENIR MEALS... AND NOW TO SHOWER, GO OUTSIDE, EAT REAL FOOD... FORGIVE ME IF I FORGOT HOW TO LIVE AND WHAT LIFE IS. IF YOU SEE ME ON THE CORNER ONE DAY JUST LOOKING UP, GRINNING, WITH TEARS SLOWLY FALLING DOWN MY CHEEKS, BUS TICKET BLOWN FROM MY HANDS DOWN THE AVENUE, MY WALLET STOLEN UNNOTICED

ITS NOT MADNESS YOU WITNESS.

SO, IM O.K., BECAUSE OF NORMAL EVERYDAY ACTIVITIES THAT EVERYONE OUT THERE READING THESE WORDS TAKES FOR GRANTED.

I KNOW WHAT ITS LIKE TO NOT BE O.K.; TO GO ON EVEN WHEN EACH STEP HURTS. TO WISH DEATH. — AND NOW IM STARTING TO REMEMBER WHAT ITS LIKE TO WISH LIFE. CHIRP CHIRP.