

A SUITCASE OFFERS SEATING

A suitcase offers seating. It is leather and filled with stickers from around the world. It can open wide, and contain things. Keep them from rain and wind. Increased tonnage makes it heavy. Ties and fruit. You may need help. At the side of the road, there is a scorpion between your feet. Mountains in the distance. Brassy corners shine. No clouds.

Obesity and malice. Questions come at you like flames and towers, spikes of inquisition. Should you, could you, would you. Lose your breath, you don't need it. Nothing must keep you, you are to sidestep peril. Windows are too big, receipts go on forever. The creature behind you shakes its head, its eyes take time to focus. It will eat you, if you move.

When you light a boat on fire, you can see your face. Wavily reflected in the oily water. Funny how dark is darker when it is flanked by light. The winter hours between four and five are perfect for disappearance. Shadows crowd the edge of day and you can join them. Intermingle. Do you come here often? Shadow handshake. Leaning black and tall.

The sun does not set in the west. When you cover white with red, it does not show. There are holes in your hand for air and life to pass through. Earth to earth, running through your fingers. You can frame a line with cones, orange, loud. And walk between them, circles, zig-zag. Your shadow changes, sprinkled specks of light. Hand-holes, footsteps.

In space there is no up and down. This would baffle many. Can you be over the weather? Chubby astronauts must float more heavily. Gravity can tire. Magnet shoes and oven mits. If you see a comet, you can grab it without burning. But do not keep it, respect its wishes. Do not meddle with the universe. It is a slow and aged dog, unfit for novel tricks. Hoops.