

IF A DOORSTEP IS TOO HIGH

If a doorstep is too high, you hit your toe against it. It may break. Forcing you to look down. Nothing grabs your attention like pain. That last one. Always late, it seems. Small, insignificant, never loud and clear. Curly and attached. An afterthought of the foot. Come to think of it. Life is as the crow flies. A stone's throw. You may break a window.

Intestines in a pile. Moist and pinkly. Don't mistake for animals. Eyes in the back of your head are a rare delicacy. Sever and boil for hours, stirring briskly. Forget intentions and ambitions. This will be today. Should someone call you names, let them know your business. You can always say you see them leaving. Thrice.

Ferrying is negotiation. In oranges and blues. Transversing dialect to dialect. Comprehension in streams and currents. Funny how a boat can tilt, its mast a metronome of panic. Or that clock that draws the time in light, but only when it's moving. Einstein talks of time in circles, vortexes of gravitation. Uptown gypsies crowd a first-floor window.

Animals in batting cages are often ambidextrous. Hit me with a curve ball, love me till you do. Cheek-turning and the measles. Cumbersome and dire. Always think of brighter times and moments of abstraction. Do you waive your right to presence and to mysteries untold? Will the father of your mantelpiece be a younger camel? Can he chew himself to bits?

Indians in a carwash. And a champagne bottled Buick. I can count to thirty standing on one leg. Underneath an inch of snow not all cats are friendly. The act of implication is a loathsome can of worms. There is always someone who breaks the fall, and you should thank them and help them to their feet. In the back of everything there are blankets.