

MATCHSTUCK BALD

Matchstuck bald. When someone walks towards you with no hair, offer them yours. Or light them on fire, mistaking them for a fuse of sorts. They will be upset. Never pat their baldness. This will bring things to a head, and matters will deteriorate. Forgive bluntness of pun. There is an animal-like quality to it. Like a dog in a postcard, up close. Do you know a mailbox?

Why not six or seven? This would make producers of tires and of wheels most wealthy. Perhaps that is why. We have settled on four. Four it is. To prevent tilting. Or falling. There are lakes nearby. Waterholes. Gnus. But with wheels, the whole notion of standing on one leg, fiercely desired by peoples across the globe, is not an option. This is offensive.

I wonder whether columns know that they are beside the point. That they only facilitate the upholding of the beam on top. Marble or otherwise. They cannot even move. Tongue-tied. Between them there is light. And you can pass through. Don't forget to lean and whisper. Laugh and love them with your eyes. They will notice. And in return allow your passage.

So many things lock. And latch. This is connection. But tainted, somehow, with violence and force. Even a note of forbidding exclusion. Thou shalt not enter. But against grass nothing is really fixed. Grass is pushable and lenient. It won't mind. You can even wear a hat, and glasses. And lock your gloves against the skies above. A tent of wool and buttons.

A house in minty turquoise always gravitates toward a number between six and sixty. This sounds perverse but remains most true. Sixty-one, in red, on the western gable. Above the window with the bird and flower. There is also fence and cross-eyed trees. But sixty-two it ain't. A woman passes who talks to herself. Something about angles and fairness. Eskimos.