

How many breaths will I spend in Fargo?

Two-hundred forty-one million, three hundred thirty-six thousand and one and two and three.
My heart is only beating because of how easy it is to count to ten.
Again.

At three fifty-two ay em I called Casey on the suicide hotline
Not knowing what to do, at three fifty-two, she said to do what I enjoy
And what I heard is *live yourself to death*.

A clementine cake sits hopeful in the kitchen fridge-
In the daytime, meditation and baking keep the monsters caged and muzzled.

Juneberry harvest has started and dirt is chronic in my nails-
At night the thrashing of invisible swords at the invisible insidious.

The earth is a spinning spitball; the world is a smiling brick wall.
You take it like a cherry pop and squeeze your heart into it.
It's a lemon drop; you suck and get real spit into it.

You adopt a short-haired domestic and name him Bucky
And say "Well I can't die now-I have a cat!"
Watch him scratch and bite and run, and scratch and bite and run.

That's working the spit.

And two for the fourth time until
Eight hundred ninety-nine million, eight hundred twenty-seven thousand, two hundred something.