

Newton's Law

I think I, above all the waters and waves in the ocean,
the boys in the streets at night that hold themselves,
and my frustration and devouring with the sky, above all
I want to be a part of this. I want to confront the strifes
I am so entirely consumed by, to adore the fabrications of
a world I haven't yet grown accustomed to, a world I only
think belongs to my desires. That is the issue with parallels.
The sun shines with a fervent no one has ever dared to
replicate. And I want to be a part of this.

I started seeing tulips everywhere, and orange 1970
Volkswagen beetles. And the boys on the streets smile at me
with a sort of knowing. I think I've been here before. They
know this too. I am so encompassed with a longing to understand,
so much so that I've stopped keeping score of my disasters.

There is a low droning hum that buzzes at the back of my
neck that reminds me to look up sometimes. To not get too
drowned out by the subtleties I tend to fixate on. But to
remember that the James Webb telescope has just sent to us
the deepest and clearest pixels of space human eyes have ever witnessed.

I've been thinking about Newton's Law, how nothing
ever happens until it happens. I've been eating figs and peaches
hoping they may give me a glimpse into knowledge, something
I might understand, to make the world make more sense. Or
to help me make sense of the world. As if fruit may hold peace
for an eternity. As if I may be the one to change things. As if
I am the force acting upon my own life.

My ancestors knew there was a sense of wonder
in the sky, a God that brought rain and sunlight and
crops to live and grow by. They knew enough to know that
persistence meant importance. And sacrifice, despite compromise,
meant wish fulfillment. To be alive can only mean I must
sacrifice.

I wander into the shape of things. The hues of viridescent
futures reflect off of lamp posts and silver screens. The problem
with parallels is that you can only see their progression from a single perspective.

An object at rest stays at rest until acted upon by an external force. I must change my life.