

## Final

Look!  
You can see the end now.  
Finally stretched out upon us!

The creeping edge.  
Do we approach it?  
Watch with guarded view?

The fall would be steep.  
Carry yourself carefully.  
As you step, feel the ground,  
move truly, more truly,  
beneath you.

Your toes steady themselves along the edge.

Let your feet feel freedom  
that you cannot.

## Softened

I sliced through words  
like white bread.

Soft.

There was a tear.

I consumed so many  
words.

In one day.  
In one sitting.

I have to take a breath,  
and expel them.

At a thousand words a minute.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

This is how it is when you fill anything up.  
It runs and runs and runs,  
my teeth clatter and  
reconnect.

And I cannot take in another syllable.  
I will burst.

## At A Wrong Stop

Spark of light.  
Door knobs  
and hinges.

I can't stay in the same place for too long,  
I break into nostalgic cackles,  
they'll turn to tears.

Smiling.  
Why can't I regret things I can't control?

Does regret make things  
harder  
or  
easier?

I really  
    really  
don't know.

## Oil on Linen

Sore, aching pitter-patter,  
flittering heart beats,  
chins clumsily knocking chins.

And while it seems rude to bump into someone at night,  
for just a few minutes,  
sometimes,  
it's exactly what you need to get on with that life  
that won't stop moving just because you asked for a break.

I keep hoping I could be the type of person who enjoyed washing the dishes.  
Because all things in life spill over.

And wouldn't it be lovely if I loved to clean up my messes.

Along with all the other unpleasant things we have to do.

On One of the Final Days of Summer. A Monday in August.

The wind was all I heard  
and I became entranced by the green trees,  
they surrounded us.  
The way they met up with the blue sky was like art.  
I was in a box.  
Three walls were trees.  
One was a farm,  
full of cows that let out long, pretty moos,  
deep and beautiful.  
I felt it in my toes.  
I cried as the boy mooed back at them.  
Not because it was cruel,  
but instead,  
because it was *so* good and right.  
It was such a silent day.  
Even the children playing were quiet.  
They dug a deep hole, wordlessly,  
but together.  
Silent.  
I thought of all I had left to do,  
I remembered I was not just in a park  
but a city  
with lots of loud going on.  
This special sanctuary felt correct in this moment  
and my eyes continued growing heavy with tears.  
I tried to fight them back,  
only because explaining this type of moment to a three year old -  
who's head doesn't even reach the bottom of a swing -  
felt harder than I was prepared for.