

Excerpt from Winter #20

It was one of those days:
When you could lose it, never get it back
crawl out of your skin to strangle whoever
When you could end life as you knew it, forever,

When vehemence is diet with invective as drink
Killing on the sly to rid the world of deatheaters
When walking the ledge 24 stories up seems desirable
When you watch killers rise with power
Swamp fillers, full of the ravages of modern life

It was one of those days:
Where nothing stayed sane - gone in a moment
fear floated through the drinking water
where everything multiplied with the empty stomach
full of eight cups of coffee
where the emergency rooms turn into wards
for an endangered species
where enemies(all of them)(and they grow all around)(abundantly)
offer you sulfuric acid cakes and paranoid clothes
urge you to rip them off while like Velcro they return

It was one of those days:
echoes knew no bounds, echoes went unechoed,
what echoed back
to be pulled down into gutters
to have the continuous sight behind eyes erupted
To look into the business of death

It was one of those days:
for being downstream among the animals alert to signs
for love shoots up from the earth deflecting
death rays permeating through windows
and buildings
love bends steel
for shutting out the world, screams come back
open from the dreamstream pouring, pouring
hotly into the world, open the world.