

*Hanging*  
**by a** *Thread*



**RON BOGGS**

## *Excerpt from Winter #20*

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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.