

I Feel In Your Absence All Rain

Dali's frame looms stories above my inattention. I don't know what to do about the clocks, never did, so instead I make my heart malleable, float its shadow over our entire landscape, one part in, one part out. We dabble, brushstroke to brushstroke, do this and this and this, become something other, then do that and that and that until we evolve again. But you took all of yourself today, your thin ghost, and my parting breath.