

And Joy

I passed the morning with checkers and watched the dogs wander in their solid black spots, the roundness of which I could take in my mouth like a strawberry. Beautiful *O*, not spacious but seeming to be. A letter lost in its charm. I always tried to be not what I was called, or not what I was. The early evening air is pierced with shrieks from the park. I do not remember when I shrieked with joy last. Joy is a thing kept to yourself. Someone will tell you why it doesn't belong. But it is morning now. The evening is slow to wander its shoes across the day, as though it has blocked your path like an invariable rabbit. Was this your path, with the cypress ditch and a trickle of water beside the mud? We all knew men who walked into the marsh and never came back. Whether this was literally or figuratively, it swallowed them until the green-blue swollen sediment smell and salt dipped all of their heads for a third and final time.