**A word that may or may not mean obscurity**

i’m sorry

i wish i could do

what they do

but i’m bound by the structure

of the cells of my mind

my words

are not a gentle mist

swirling, obscure and comfortable

around the edges of ideas

i drive my lines like a truck

a hit-and-run driver

of the literary highway

i think of my betters

and i have no patience for them

long and elliptical orbits

around the gravity-well of truth

it’s a game:

how to say something without saying it

to make the reader work

for the bread of his learning

you are my friend

i will give you a gift

it is all i can do