F. J. Bergmann - The Way Home

This is the way: don’t get old. The complicity of particles. How is an eagle like an igloo, or how is a parka like a parking lot. Calculators are the footsoldiers of intelligence. Enough white space on the page sheds light on the words. The rest of this notebook is suffused with light to be gradually extinguished. 95% of us are not reading at any given moment, and of the 5% that are, half are not paying atttention. We have other things to do. Not better things. Things that are or aren’t happening, somewhere in the space-time continuum, out there in our heads, which are slowly spinning like tiny galaxies. Or was it just the fever. The healthy ones no longer speak the language of stars.

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