# The Two of Clubs

Gregory Nero

Abstract—There's that one part of the walk where the road flattens and the banks open up and there is a subtle electric buzz from the wires overhead. And it's a long gray stripe just like the one from your pall and I just stand and stare at how beautiful and bleak the trees are. My lungs hurt from the cold air and my hands are fists in my pockets.

Index Terms—ceramic mugs, rat king, deadlift

#### CARRIED ALONG WITH IT

Let time erode me in the river of my absentminded sins. Let my skin bruise and let my ankles and elbows bump against the rocks and let me wash up on the shore after all of my aching and heart-pounding and let the water forget about me, its subject of torture, in some forgotten bend. Whitewater woes, shallow but deep, rinse and repeat.

#### THE WRETCHED SUN

I still feel so out of place here. Plucked from the soil and deposited.

I keep lists in my mind; heavy, heavy things. I can feel them tugging.

I think this is remembering.

## DIVINE SURRENDER

"It's mourning, like sad." The doves on the wire cooed and the dew fell slowly.

## CLOUDS BUT NO RAIN

Violin bow tendons, stretched between bone, wood, aching and creaking. I play a soft song when I move, chords and a clenched jaw. I am waiting for the melody to resolve, so I'll open some windows and pretend that the afternoon lasts forever.

### REMEMBERING BIKE RIDES

Yeah sure the party was great and I think I pissed in your backyard because "guys go outside" and that's fine because I like looking at the night sky when I'm piss drunk. And it was probably cold but who cares and the clouds on my JanSport were bulging from my coat and my oyster crackers and everyone else's alcohol. And that was all well and good. But my god, they way I felt on the saddle of 2am, beneath shitty streetlights and dodging potholes and one hand on the handlebars and the other puffing on a black and mild (wine, wood-tip, no exceptions) was just euphoria. The road was mine and the sky was mine and I was mine and the stars look beautiful tonight.