

Moonlighting in the Clam Beds

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Abstract—Working on asking for what I want.

Index Terms—ravenous, resentment, relief

COMPARTMENTS

All of the small spaces inside of my mind are exploding. A submarine is built of compartments. So are those bubble sheets used for packing up precious items. A safety protocol. I wish my mind was built of little compartments.

I. OVERHEARD IN LUCE

And he was a flower farmer. Russian guy. Real tall. And boy, he grew some fantastic flowers. Beautiful flowers. Nice enough to make ya cry. All kinds, too. Daisies, tulips, roses, the whole lot. He farmed until his back gave out and his hands turned to vines and his feet turned to roots. Sometimes I'll go back to his farm and just walk around, nice and slow. I can't help but be absolutely certain that the land knew him. The dirt and the little stream back behind the shed and the wind, too: they all knew him and they miss him dearly.