

Little Deviations

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Abstract—god created the public transit system for writing poetry

Index Terms—tug

I.

Choking on stones over and over and over and I can't fall
asleep early and I can't wake up early

I'm learning that once things Arrive, the best I can do is
keep my heart wide open

In the summer we'd pop the heads off these little plants with
their own stems

Wrap green fiber around once, pinch, and with a quick flick
launch the top off into the grass

If the sky tonight is blue then I'll rip a page from its
perforated seams and make paper airplane clouds for the
Moon and sing

hmmmmmm oooowayyy hmmmmmm oooowayyy

Deep in my throat there's a landslide.

Dark red blood paper cut, my eyes squirm looking at the
leftover edge of paper on the metal spiral-bound spine.

I know I'm exhausted when I stare at myself through your
eyes and see the

Blue sky at night, still, I'm shuffling through on some
deadbeat path toward home to collapse in yellow and static
radio midnight.

On the bus home I wonder if you think I'm pretty, pretty
like the way lucky charm marshmallows float on milk.

II. 23RD AND MONTLAKE STATION, PHONE DEAD

Big hustle, drenched pink and heart pounding.

Just in time for the 10:48pm bus back to Redmond.

I exist,

(and this is proof)

to be exactly on time for the things I could never expect.

20 minutes earlier: dripping with the

last few seconds of a song that put hearts into motion.

I'm a glasses-pushing, down-hill sprinting, fingers-gripping,
solstice chugging whore

Looking to fuck the last 30 minutes of the longest day of the
year.

Time, sweet and untethered, loose unto me your hounds and
let them gnaw at my shaking euphoric bones.

III. TO YOU,

Who just sat down next to me at this table in Elliot Bay
Book Co, Seattle. I was overcome with the feeling that
somewho, we are entangled. You're not exactly me and I'm
not exactly you but parts of us have been or are or will be
intertwined. You: with books on learning Spanish. Me,
thinking about learning Spanish and reading a collection of
poetry translated from Spanish. Dark, dark blue beanie and
balding. Long wool dress, hair like dry grass trying to grow
on a yellowing hill.

IV.

Monday morning 7am on the E line out of Seattle.

Feeling the heartbeat of this hour, the sun is gentle and
today has sleepy bright eyes.

Plainly: I smell like sex.

It lingers like bite marks and long red lines of ache and
pleasure.

545 Eastward to whatever home means to me today.

V. AUTOMATED TRANSCRIPT FROM AN AUDIO RECORDING
ABOUT A DREAM

00:03

Reason reoccurring dream?

00:17

Booker. I grew up.

00:26

Parachute gliding. I don't know the name for it. Around the yard.

00:35

One current. The Setting Sun.

00:44

In the part of the yard. To the left of the driveway. Looking toward the house from the top. That strip of grass?

01:03

At Sunset. Caustics of sunlight. Ripple over the grass. If you stand in that and they're illuminated by that Dying Light. You may want to talk to a saint. And only in that time period. Can you do so?

01:28

Just. My mom was in the dream. She rushed to that Rippling. Moving caustic of golden light and? So, you want to talk? I don't know, I think.

01:48

Mary Magdalene.

01:56

I flew really high in the dark. What are the air currents too high?

02:06

Almost crashed. I was able to Glide down at an angle.

02:24

Yeah.