

, and I liked it

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Abstract—Like, at some point you'll realize that you're carrying your keys on a carabineer and everything is vastly different than how it was before.

Index Terms—change, of, plans

WINDING

At night I hear the call and response of two trains in love. Theirs is angel song and behind a mountain range of spiderweb I worship them at four in the morning. Nowadays when I can't sleep I reach down through my throat to grab my heart with careful fingers and breathe a square eight seconds on each side.

At Raccoon Elementary we'd play games on the swingset at recess. Who can jump the farthest. Dodge and dash between the row of swings to avoid being hit. Sometimes we'd try to swing all the way around. If you synced up with someone else you were gonna marry them and have as many kids as fingers fit around your wrist. Nearby Noah is jumping off of the highest slide on the playground into the mulch below.

In the garden at the dead-end drive we plays games like ant spit and sunburn. Little worlds of plant fuzz and seed pods, we get lost in the weeds tracking down tiny paths. Later on I pick off your scab and see the speck of 11 am sunlight on your hand. These gentle precious things keep me afloat.

Sometimes I've been seeing flashes of blue. Quick sprites across my vision with impossibly quiet voices. When I was younger I would cut the sides of my mouth with the Mr. Freeze wrappers from gnawing on sweet blue ice and plastic. In the outfield I'd chew on my baseball glove strings and look at the dandelions. In the cellar my pap would be fermenting purple wine in long winding tubes.

And now I'm happy to say that I have a plan for the end of the world. We'll meet at the truck stop with the sexy fairy statues off the interstate. And we'll scheme to build something new and beautiful over a root-beer float. Our socks will be soaking wet and we'll be as happy as we've ever been before.