

What's Not Today?

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Abstract—I am me and you and here and there and this and that. All the time.

Index Terms—entanglement

I.

I eat my sushi upside down
I eat my cosmic brownie upside down
I like the way it feels on my teeth

II.

This spring, I am lace and dust. I eat the air in the afternoon. I trim my beard in my underwear in the backyard when it's windy. I knock off tiny black hairs onto my thigh and watch them blow away. Outside, at night, I am an owl (there is an owl outside my bedroom window, or maybe it was a mourning dove, I don't really know). I've been open for weeks. My bedroom window has been open for weeks. The flowers you got me are still alive below the window that has been open all spring, next to the owl, or the dove. Nearby, small black hairs might be twirling with mesquite leaves. I look at the flowers and daydream about green tea and spit. More specifically, I dream about how you slowly spit green tea into my open mouth. And to think I knew what thirst really felt like until now.

I've been thinking about the shadow as an ephemeral image. In groups I feel like the owl that was maybe the dove and I press my hand to my heart. Don't you know that I hold lightning in my chest? Anyways, I stretch on a dark green towel in the morning and say three things I'm grateful for. I'm already missing the feeling of Here.