

# LEVELS OF ABSTRACTION

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***Abstract*—FIGHT GRRR ARGWHAHS BITE SCRATCH  
GRRR**

***Index Terms*—time, alone, in, redmond**

## I.

Nauseous melancholy on the 545 line into Seattle

Knitting teal blue

The rain is a friend, the rain is a friend

Yellow is a color and it's the color of the dandelion

Behind my ear. I am slowly frantic here

Lisa the neighbor says that there's an Italian plum tree in my  
yard

Fuck, I left my bedroom window open

Anyways, about the plum tree: maybe it will bear fruit, if  
it's old enough, Lisa says

Quiet time to think think think about who I am and what I  
am doing and what I will do and what I won't do and all  
those important things

## II.

The lion head lady meditates  
I pick each seed from the dandelion one by one  
Or scoop up the fluff like snow.

## III. BUS TO DOWNTOWN FOR A SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW

9:30pm bus from RTC on the 545 line

Brought what ?

- In sweatshirt: poetry book, 2x3 zyns
- In short shorts: coca cola cherry lipsmacker chapstick,  
wallet, air pods, phone, orca card, 2 condoms

## IV. LIKE HOW I'M CERTAIN THAT I'LL DIE

And that when I do I'll sit with Carolyn in the grass and  
talk about the clouds and about how funny it is that we are  
all actually god

## V. PUMPKIN SOUP

You rubbed your body on mine.

Spoonfuls of careful and tender

Touch. Rough, slow,

Straddled by the mountain of you.

Moonrise, for a brief moment:

Whole. Pleasure is sweet dust.

Floating, diving eyes are fire.

Heat and patient passion.

I never saw you again.