

# The River Carves the Canyon

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***Abstract*—Sacrifice me on The Slab, blistered by the heat, beautiful and melting. Let me become the bench, sunken, fixed. Let me watch the trains forever, lost in concrete daydreams.**

***Index Terms*—talking, speaking, reckless, villain**

AN ODE TO THE SMELL OF THE UNDERPASS NEAR THE  
CONSTRUCTION SITE OFF OF 6TH AND 6TH (UNWRITTEN,  
FOR NOW)

And for all of the other smells that go unnoticed before they disappear forever.

LISTEN ! (IN THE SHOWER, OR WHEREVER ELSE I FEEL  
PARTICULARLY WET AND CONTEMPLATIVE)

My favorite rendition of moonlight sonata includes the musician's labored breaths throughout the entire piece. As the music rises and falls, you can hear the artists breathe, quietly but heavily, between chords and rests. And I think it's perfect. I think it's perfect because it reflects the amount of effort it takes to create and share and give. It's lovely, terribly difficult work.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9TH 2022

This is really really sappy and dramatic but I'm confronting my own mortality this afternoon after the last couple of days or so of headaches, fevers, chills, nausea, fatigue, and soreness and maybe I'm being dramatic cause of my illness but I don't care and I just wanted to make sure that if I'm found dead lying face up on my balcony in the near future I write this note to tell you that I still love you my dear. I realize we haven't talked in a while and I have no other physical proof to dedicate to how much I have thought of you in this interim so let this note serve as (what hopefully won't be) a last testament to how much you mean to me. I will always love you unconditionally and irrationally and I am thinking of you this afternoon, head throbbing, lying face up on my balcony.