

Trapped in an Arcsine

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Abstract—And I started to *actually* consider which way was West and which way was East and all of this time I thought that those trains were headed for the Pacific. They are going Left, after all! But there are also some trains that are going Right... And Left must be West and Right must be East... For just a moment I forgot that the Sun sets on the Western horizon. And the Sun rises just behind me, so all I get to see is the bashful blue horizon behind the orange mirrors of the city. It is a nice blue, though. Right before everything gets hot and complicated. I have a feeling that I'm going to get up early tomorrow. I want to spend more time in this little cranny of the morning where everything is just a bit more simple, and quiet, and cool. Here, I'd know exactly what to say and when to say it, exactly what to do and when to do it, and exactly who to be and how to be it.

Index Terms—eggs, potatoes, rice

SUPER PANIC MODE

There are gunshots on my phone and there is a huge crater in my chest and why are my arms shaking like that? I'm slouching, aren't I? Yeah okay but let's turn off that lamp and have a little dance party. Remember Varmahlíd? Maybe I'll get a little house there and run away and spend all day in that one gas station while I wait for my bus, reading Frost and pretending to like it. I'm just trying to find places that I feel save and I'm running out of ideas. Let's see: that bench next to the fountain, that one coffee shop (I'm a regular now), (any) big patch of grass (when it isn't wet), ... I'm not really sure that I feel comfortable anywhere right now, though. I just want to find *something* that makes me feel like I belong here but I'm just having a really hard time right now. "Or maybe I'm just being dramatic." The other night I drank *three* glasses of water. *Three*. And that was thriving. I don't feel like myself recently and that scares me. What if I lose track? Quickly now, write everything down: Who am I? What do I stand for? What's my favorite food and my most precious memory? Now, seal them up and hide everything on one of the shelves in the library. I'll sit beneath them in quiet corridors and wait to feel better. Hold my breath for me in two minute intervals. Anyway, I had something written about Myrtle Beach and tides and drippy castles but nothing feels good enough right now so that's about it.

PEEPHOLE OBSERVATIONS

There's a broken beer bottle outside of my apartment door this morning. February really is the shortest month, isn't it?