

Butterflies are Buddhists

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Listening.

Index Terms—community, progress, frustration, basil, moving
(almost, and forever, repeatedly), pool, eclipse, sunburns

WALKING BACK, A JOURNEY

If you see me today then I'm a ghost.

Last night I died on a desert road and I loved it.

Everything's a silhouette now, dressed in silver and capes of
black.

And me: I'm dirt and gravel and sand and dust and warm
asphalt.