

# Being Perceived (The Joy, The Horror)

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**Abstract—I am my mother's son.**

**Index Terms—home, Home**

## I. THE BREATHSEERS

The Breathseers are the vigilant and mysterious spirits of the Cold Air.

A Breathseer watches.

It is easier to see things in the Cold Air.

When plumes of white-grey mist come from our mouths, whether in gossip or song or in a simple sigh, the Breathseers study the shape of the plume.

In the Cold Air, you can't hide from the Breathseers.

In the Warm Air, they go Home because Breath is harder to See in the Warm Air.

The Breathseers rely on the Cold Air to facilitate their practice of studying the Breath.

Some legends say that they bottle up the Breath and store them like Dreams, since Breath is Dream made tangible. Other say that Breathseers suck up the dispersed Breath from the air as a life sustaining force. I'm skeptical of these claims.

What do the Breathseers learn from our Warmth?

I want to fill the Cold Air with kindness for them. And the Wind conspires to carry my intentions away for them.

## BEING BACK HOME ONE MORE TIME

Picking blackberries. Free Giant Eagle cookies from the back counter. Getting up the driveway. Saratoga. Video games. Strip district. Baboom's tree. Walking to the reservoir.

But I'm ready to leave. I've outgrown this place and so have we. There's more things to see and learn and explore. It's time for the next steps.

## GUTBUCKET

I'm icky guts and slime and puss, puking and messy and horribly ill with ooze. Dumped into that orange Home Depot bucket beneath the eaves on the side of the house. Filled to the brim with cold concrete that refuses to harden, until it does. And I'll abandon it (myself) there. But there is no form. There is no shape. There is nothing tangible anymore and I'm lost beneath the eaves on the side of the house in that orange Home Depot bucket. What I'm saying here is that I'm sick of the shape of things sometimes. I don't want to associate *this* with *that* but I'm doomed to because I'm a creature. I'm wondering about how my mind and my body and the world I live in relate to one another. Whirlpools of questions and goo and more questions. I'm a bucket of guts, genderless, formless. But form is enforced, mandatory, and in the winter the liquid freezes and takes shape in that orange Home Depot bucket beneath the eaves on the side of the house. I'm constantly freezing and thawing, formed and formless, in that orange Home Depot bucket beneath the eaves on the side of the house.

## OPENING THE CURTAINS TO SIT (NEARLY) NAKED IN THE SUNLIGHT IN MY LIVING ROOM

The cellar of my mind castle is cold today. Underwear and skin that stretches over bones and a spine, alive with the feeling of warmth from somewhere very far away. Tailbone on dirty carpet. It's been hours since I've said anything to myself. If aimless was an afternoon, it would be this one.

## II.

I randomly remembered how my pap used to take all of his pills all at once. His old worn hand would cup more than half a dozen shapes and colors, and in a swift motion he would toss them all back into his mouth and rinse them down with water. I've never been good with pills, so this was something I really admired and didn't fully understand. But now I wonder what all of those pills were for. The act of taking the pills was somehow more mysterious than the reason for taking them.