

A rhythm, heavy and tumultuous and unsettling eventually smoothed like the final scramble up Mount Olympus giving way to a realm seldom truly seen by any but God. The void his love created was a potentiality both malleable and permeable contorting beneath the heat and pressure baking and bursting through. Breakthroughs are sudden, spontaneous, incidental elements of well intentioned practices. He found solace curling one hundred pounds swaying from exercise and intoxication. As the muscles in his biceps bunched and hardened, his mind circled tirelessly around the idea of bracing for lost love. A search for its replacement was futile, and more than that, disheartening: praying patiently for an impossible miracle, he thought, had more hope in it than did sprinting towards half-hearted rationalities, for in the act of preparation lies a subtle compromise, gentle as fall wind knocking weak leaves softly towards their eventual decomposition. Mothers unthinkingly breastfeed and expose perpetually swollen nipples in Central Park, and fathers publicly kiss their middle-school sons in damaging affection. He got lost in all he could and his time spread and he seemed to have had all his of his attentions diverted. His mind raced not only during his cognizant consciousness, but also while he dreamt luminous wonderments that crackled and glittered behind closed eyes. He was at his top, blissfully devoid of his love.

His love returned dazzling as Polaris, immediately consuming his own newfound eminence, and his bottom opened sharp and slick as the Green Mountain Flatirons and he slipped quickly down with fistfuls of thin air as he tried in fruitless desperation to clasp onto the sharp crags that broke his body. He quietly accepted his own succumbence yet fantasized the bitter exchanges he would have if his paradigm was one and the same with the men and women whose sensibilities he revered. Toni Morrison writes history and James Baldwin investigated freedom and Ernest Hemingway discussed humanity and Maxine Hong-Kingston understands introspection, yet his yacht was anchored by the untimely return of his once loved.

In the end there was no struggle, no argument he invented and refined in his mind over and again to be played out, no tears or breakdowns or back-tracking. Their end was as simple as the truth behind photography. People throw ashes into oceans and cry during the healthy births of their children, and he was somewhere in between, looking forward to the world his love opened to him.

The End