

Distance

Tuesday, 2017/03/14

The issue had been a fear of eyes, of seeing others as types by habit or learning. The lesson, generally people will appear or not.

That eyes open would be time consuming. Unprepared for that am I. Too many issues unstudied. Fear. Self. Capabilities.

No choice? Not really.

A Peugeot carries itself around a bend of highway, lost in a sea of distractions, its tires inflated, its paint painted, its driver and its cat. He slows the car, pulling it onto a concrete median, and stops. The door opens and the black feline descends. It squats beside the curb and pees. It finishes and the driver scoops it up, closes the door, and rests his foot beside the gas pedal. A stack of papers and things of his arm beside his hand, he imagines a friend.

It's snowing again, today. Not in flakes, but crunch balls. Like micro hale. Little white snow balls. They might bounce when they impact.

Coming down twenty to fourty five degrees above the northern horizontal. Pretty.

There's more likely to be a diesel pickup truck around here. The sounds of a highway are always chilling. Not a place for someone's body. This highway passes through a place not so cold. Quite warm, by its own accord.

Should I be there?

Head rests. Eyes close.

The snow accumulated, sublimated, and the temperature dropped with the sun to the horizon. Poetic, but cold. These thermal bags that I live in have been cooling off as the body has been lowering its heat output. Not ideal. I wrap them over head until a vent forms, invaded by grey hair. The western horizon darkens.

Moisture on the windows is starting to freeze. It feels hard and ripply, and is still wet. I can't imagine that the windows won't be glazed in icy snow crystals by dawn. Typically the low temperature of the day is four A.M., and around here it drops precipitously during the night. An aggressive evening chill followed by a typical night could spell, guessing, twenty degrees farenheit before dawn.

This affair of the heart. So much time spent apart.
Lifting and cleaning. Loving and crying.

More experimentation leading to more understanding,
more understanding leading to more comprehension.

At the limit over the convergence, continuously.

Straining to see through the hair down to my nose.

Time spent in church moves me forward by a step.

Sailing the seas of life we take the heart down many roads and encounter the heart at many turns. The roads and turns are always there, the heart is always there, but the knowing of each road and each turn is not. Sometimes we find a new road and a new turn and wonder at the sight of it. Surprised at the sight of it. Therefore we study it. Is it right and well and good what my imagination shows me that I will do? Of course we study it.

When the heart is well and good of it, and especially when it is of this well of energy and power, then we know it is well and good. This is how we know it is well and good and why fidelity to the breath of life is important, that we know the heart and we know the heart is true.