Scotland

Erik and I finding a boat near a park that was a small amusement park with a castle wall and then talking about it in the late cold spring, me as depressed and uncertain as I have ever been, not existentially at risk of anything, but uneasy with so much unknowing all around, unmoored from where I was before, unsure about exactly where I was going, in a boat, in a loch, or better still, pushing off the strand, away, away from the estuary, the flat bunkered greens and tall grasses of the main, out towards the isle and ever onward grizzled beard of father silent at first sleet, breathing the wind like wine, seeing with clouded eyes, overcome by the cataract of time, decades superimposed all one over the other, voices in unison, choruses of truth, songs in high rafted windowed barns, shelter from the sudden summer gale, thrashing rain and icy hale. Firm belly of song, young and pulsating with bad decision s yet to make, a bursting seeded grape, pimply wonder, thirsting for the ends of the earth without a clue of what comes first.

Running on the strand. Cookie potatoes and chiecken. Writing my cycle of love poems five times just to get the thoughts out. Where the hel is that poem. I know I have it somewhere. I should get ahold of that now that I have this growing writing infrastructure I am sure I could snek in older poems somewhere. And I feel like I could probably cull that whole thing down to like a page of observations about love. That would be it. What would be my statement on love. OR maybe I could hake them up and turn them into a cycle of 10 poems or 5 poems or whatever… hmmm. I should track them down. It is exciting that