

HOW MUCH LIKE EVERYBODY

I remember an everyday mountain from afar looking friendly. I remember finally placing a foot on its slope; close up volcanic ash flower fields are a group of new friends in a mysterious scene. I am peeling away like a failure. My age depends on my shoe health. I watch two bees on the same clover, two airplane bracelet clouds crossing, one mouth, two fingers. In the crawlspace below the kitchen I remember life-long luggage, four cans mango sauce, and accidental swamping. I remember remembering a long-lost feeling. I am body high and alone in the lake, the start and end of me. I am littered with data from long memories. Like biting into a fresh sandwich, I'm suddenly remembering old dreams. I stretch out in the bed like a cat claw yawning, the smell and look of sweat being pretty. I remember coconut oil at breakfast, first a berg and then puddle into oatmeal, sunlight on the ginger. The headlines say 'when sadness strikes' and I remember when it could still instead of simply roll into my flooded stream. I remember riding the bus like a slow ferryboat across the bay of my pity. The driver crinkled through the loudspeaker: "Folks there's an unhygienic situation in the back. Now I'm gonna turn off the heat". I remember each face on the bus still; I can still see their 'why me'. I remember TV cartoon characters with closets full of the same thing. How easy. I remember putting my arms up into the idea of emptiness; a metal lap bar, rattling in the breeze. I twist halves of an avocado in my palm and hold two sides of the same story; I remember being hollow and being the seed. I remember hot subway door air, going on a bender, blue fingers in a tent, deer earlets by the river. In here is the impossibility of staying awake and the impossibility of falling asleep. I am pressing everything I feel gently like a peeled egg, a thumb and finger testing belly for firmness. Run under a faucet the curves of being alive this morning are shining in the water. I remember round egg sucked with thin membrane rolled between fingers in an effort towards smoothness. I remember one yolk like fat-rich chalk or a bite that is running. A salt shake. Still warm upstairs my dreams are not far away. Their edges fold up in the middle of the mattress; I remember how silver and how ashy, how they fold up and and turn into dust once everyone knows the egg is in my mouth.

