

Fresh Air

i.

Beginning at the skin, the sun, beaming, lacerating, sinks into flesh.

ME + YOU carved into a fence post. A cat stands on hind legs to rake its claws through the soft wood.

Proud, I hold the gasp in my mouth as long as I can.

Yesterday I was less thankful.

Sometimes I cannot discern what response the day means to stimulate, and I wander in it aimlessly.

ii.

Yesterday I winced at noticing another production of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

How the wind keeps jostling the overgrown garden.

I am rarely remorseful on waking. Was there ever an original self?

A bee hops among the lavender. When I watch unobserved, the self seems to coalesce.

There is time yet to find a beginning. It feels impure, maybe even delusional to live only in your death's wake.

Your gleaming never stung me. How can I be more faithful?