

*Deeper green, and glowing*

Show me how to look forward to these things. To see them and pursue.

It is something to bark like a dog barks. It is something to wade in the snow like a chicken, lost. My hands don't feel their fingers, and so my answers come but do not grasp the reason for their caring. Still they care. They take long baths and watch the mud run without spinning down a drain dead center between a world where I breathe under water, and a world where water is the substance of my skin.

## *Daresies : Backsies*

They'll fix it if we're not careful. They'll fix us to it. They'll come no bigger than we expect, but more colorful, and they'll use strange tools to pin our eyes apart until all we can see is each other, an alien, and the path to enlightenment. Don't take it you'll say. I'll run ahead, trying to catch up with my hands. But it's all in perspective, I'll say, laughing. Later we'll build a house on a long, blank pasture and wait for our livestock to find their way back past the use they've been put to.

*Waiting, a rudder, and something smooth*

The warmth on my leg is this generation. The blankness I see is the next.

These things scare me, a little, but I'm largely prepared. I've taken all the appropriate notes. I've followed the small child down the hall with his bathroom pass into the teachers' lounge. Wood meets metal on a desk, asks for clemency, and gets screwed. Gouges on the floor remark casually about gaps in the mind. That is a flower print dress. That is a pencil unsharpened. This is the first drop of sweat down my back.