

david BARATIER

Pretty much it is all over with. Separate, isolate. Doubt is the part from the parting. An existing condition, great love when we are ready. The hair brushed in a morning's moment before the self knows awareness. An indicator rarely is the controller, mirrored proof, if noticed. Drive a vehicle without a working thermostat, let alone a lighted heat gauge. Looking out the rear-view, remember the path behind my flat where lovers walk in the way on evenings like this will be.

When entering a room, defenses of human sacrifice spring to mind, so I head wallward. It's about security, cages, recently zoo-ed animals as scared of you as you are. Pre-meditated conditions of safety are an indisputable record of civilization's decisions, do not fault me my humanness. Rush out, talk to them, ghost somewhere to get there.

Sunned and bright dissection of the self and a left turn signal by hand. Use of the outside to indicate insides. What exactly does driving a Chevy Celebrity mean? Instability showing through in obsessive-compulsive skin scars. They say living years on the streets is where the post-traumatic stress syndrome came from. For survival, each term required an opposite pole. Conditions change hopefully the mind retrains the body. Now, with what will I be fielded to joust in unkind opposition? Wood or metal, flat end or spiked?

Absorbing your worst, there will be far off things wanted. Rise before me so I can realize this morning otherwise. Lay the pedal down for speed, for relief from the air-conditioning absence. Ninety eight degrees, 100% humidity says the radio so depressingly hot for the lonely. Everything disappears when written about enough. Arrive in a moment unrelieved. Give me a wait-worthy soother.