Spring 1991

Godmother's Advice

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Godmother's Advice

Sweetheart, the world and everything in it and the backward spinning forward while the chips fall and the blue fruit consumes us: All will be later and nothing, too, where the branches blacken the trees like winter and winter then suddenly spring: The men will be angry, and the blood clots, and the gallstones but don't cry: Listen to the hum and the drum for omens--for everything happens when we are just about to relax, and the pigs are snoring swinely in their pails:

Try to stay alive until you die. Some night you will find yourself soon singing in your car on a street too far from where you live and the radio on, and your eyes are tired:

Suddenly the street is a river of ice and you are spinning in both lanes and learning these simple laws of physics: All the trees grow in the path of the wind for a reason, and a billiard ball will roll at the exact speed of the ball that hits it from behind: The click and spin of balls in the dark and a truck whirls to you like a scream and the windshield will kiss you
and laughter, and clapping. Remember: The world is vulgar and everything in it: The sweet of the melon and the meat pie steam of being alive. You will be crying for just a bit more of that: The clock will rant in the waiting room while the pallbearer stumbles in his shoes and you will be stunned and stillborn into the street.

Laura Kasischke