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My Life as an Average Long Distance Runner

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Time might as well balance on a table balanced on a ball, in the rain, while a city on a scale of one to ten won't shape itself in a day. The Romans drive fast, even faster, & cats enjoy the wall-to-wall ruin of a body, water rising in a lung, plenty of stone to go around.

A sword through the wooden box.

I'm not sure how I've gotten where I am, the cigarette hanging over distant countries, a slack rope dragging from the heels long after my friends have gone home.

I understand the Italian for spiritual, spit in a fire, the word for water, no more, not even that. I saw a shepherdess from the window. She was tending the surface of a fountain, the Spanish Steps, three to six inches by morning.

I somewhat agreed.

Bodies aren't ruined in a day, an exotic tiger, a pair of white liberties. Tremors rise inside for hours, even minutes, & I've rehearsed the same turns in a recent life, the hem & haw of a horse drawn carriage, marriage, my eyes focused between the blinders.

The bed burns when John clears his throat (sword swallow), dinner heated by a fire,
by a friend. Might I put his statue on the table? Another acrobat without a net, a small circle where the ringman packs his bags?

It's obvious I'm the one who left.

Tomorrow I'll wear a turtleneck, a five percent margin of error, blood cleared from the throat in a shower, while the lungs inside ...

I strongly disagree with morning:

A passenger stows her leg in the carriage, waits a month herself before the wheel flattens time into red beads beneath the edgeless blade, an ordinary day numbered with ravens, one foot forward, stopped, then another.