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It Is Especially Dangerous To Be Conscious of Oneself

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IT IS ESPECIALLY DANGEROUS TO BE CONSCIOUS OF ONESELF

My mother is my latest idea, only in yellow this time, furtive hints of mauve and hot pink. And I choose to believe that as a child someone at the county fair told my mother that the bright stars above her were really fireworks

that neglecting to burst, neglecting to fall, were left hanging up in the sky, stuck, gradually losing their greens, reds and blues. Luster. You celebrate the same old celebrations night after night after night

I choose to believe my mother was told.

My grandmother was a horse
that could not talk but loved to listen.

How she galloped down every road available to her,
uncontrollably sneezing with her entire face.