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The Topography Of Mountains Beyond Mountains

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KEEGAN LESTER

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF
MOUNTAINS BEYOND MOUNTAINS

Remember the world after reading Paul Farmer's biography? That we thought it could be saved with a Ph.D. in anthropology? Edith, remember when we realized we could do the same thing by hugging strangers at the end of the bar? I never left that bar. I closed that bar down, slept in the backroom on a pile of cardboard next to a mop. The ammonia smell made me think about hospitals. I've never trusted doctors, the thumping in their stethoscope ears or Ohio. Last winter I chucked so much wood, a lesser man would have blushed, by which I mean your father. By which I mean I made your father blush because of my brute strength and ability to grow a mustache. People are not supposed to look directly into the moon, but I don't believe in that shit. I think that this is America and we should have the right to praise any damn thing we want, and I only pray during football season and the moon is the best wing man I've ever had. It helped me land you once, twice and I'm betting the odds on a third time. It's us against the world the moon told me one night, through its Swiss Cheese mouth the way you might expect John Wayne to, before taking a blank to the stomach. Before his tiny ketchup boot prints stained the set.