Caesarea Philippi

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CAESAREA PHILIPPI

There was a frenzy in that town unspent on speech. Whole fields rotted into color, often shifting all at once as if the earth agreed on now.

The women who sold used books reminded me that snow was an emotion, a pure thing that fell regardless, making all our taste buds spare.

Other things happened right. Careless men misspelling gravestones forgot the chore and everything else that went with stalling hope.

I studied moisture clinging to bugs. A criminal taught me languages that didn’t end in shame, or suffer any flags. Livestock. No crucifixion.

I came because I knew I couldn’t. Autumn cured the boredom. There was belief, a hill and grasses, mountainous gauze across a hip of chimney, fence, and roof.