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From Time to Time By the Skin of Your Face

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Things past tumble back, thoughts gather thoughts: dreadnaught, thickset, a roman candle. It is a bedroom that wants a southern addition; it swelters and finds license. Idle hands, young shoulder, sweat lines from a neck to a back, a father stitching a wound in his arm before it can finish what it was saying about the godseat. Or was it the goblet? Numinous iota, I dare you. Race to the pilings and back. Like ants bearing mint across a white counter, it is too much of a good thing. Nostalgia, the distance a sigh travels before reaching its source. A torment disguised as reverie. It is written on the side of my skull. Did I have a twin? I had notions that part of me grew toward the earth.