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The Superior Interior Temporal Gyrus

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THE SUPERIOR INTERIOR TEMPORAL GYRUS

is my name for the tricked out
van I am never going
to own. I know it. Though

it’s also the name
for the part of the brain
that spikes in activity

right before you
get a metaphor or joke
or bright idea. I know

the fog is not the day’s main
deal so this mist is just its
side thing, but

very little else. I’m supposed to
know Thoreau, but I’m on
a little roll, so

fuck the huckleberry and his pond
light. Night we got married
our friends got kicked

out of there, MA midsummer,
90 at night, green flies want
knife fights, guests want

squid ink lobster ravioli
and I want you
to know on the night
I finally use one full tree's worth of matchsticks, I'll turn to you and not

*when I came to die discover I had not* or at least where you were when

the lights went out.