

Secretly Zoroastrian.

I'm at a job interview, and they dump a bunch of Legos in front of me. Build us a new administrative structure they say. I'm smart. I build a spaceship; they give me the job. Everyone admires the design, but all they really care about are the blasters.

There is a part of my brain that still doesn't know what an eclogue is. I look it up, it's a poem where shepherds converse. My brain says fine, for that you lose the lamb shank recipe you prize, that and the location of where you wrote it down, and your taste for it too. I say shh, it's okay, I don't need to know what the shepherds say, about stars and fields and isolation and sheep I can make my own opinions, but don't make me lose things I tell my brain, but it won't say anything, it broods. Three days later and I remember I need to change my clothes, sleep, eat something, leave my mountain fastness behind with my dogs and my crook.

Add a beard, a mud beard, your hands digging through, the ants of my thoughts, my face full of thoughts, castles upon me.

The blur gets exaggerated.

I'm sitting on the bench in front of our house watching the brown and green birds hop up and down. One of them notices me, cocks its head, and bursts into static, like someone had changed its channel. The others soon follow, the air crackles as they fly around. You should try this too one of them says. It's more fun than you think.

My wife's blood sugar, some lemonade.

| I will not reorganize your New Zealand railroad!

Sometimes my first thought of the day doesn't come until late in the afternoon.

A dictatorship hires me to rewrite their guidebooks their guidebooks are my life story. And so deliberately falsified I sit in the hotel lobby, people pay to watch me eat breakfast I can't taste what I eat anymore.

The USDA keeps sending me stickers for good behavior and the quality of my corn.

Bedroom set head modeling sleep where people actually sleep they look happy sleeping they're spending money on a quality sleeping experience.

Our dog gets her claws done, gets tips, says all the animals are doing it. Clickity clack. You people are a fountain of good ideas she says. Maybe we'll look into tax shelters or ultrasuede jackets or guns in national parks.

I go to a bookstore, and every book they have to sell is one I already own. The owner says of course, a mirror. Then I go next door, and they don't have a single book I own. The owner pulls a gun on me. Also a mirror.

After all this writing I still remember my dreams.

The rats come up to our bed and say do not be afraid, but we will no longer live in hiding.



When the city wakes up all the lights go out.

| Why I got the OJ for you for.

Now that we know we are mice we are mice and we are happy | In lock, the clutch noise, never going away.

My butcher tells me there's a special on easy bake octopus shank. Serves eight!

The best part takes a long time. That's fine, the clattering part getting closer too. And you, not far behind.

Mary cuts my hair I can spend time with myself.