2001

Draft of a Note for Running Away from Home

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DRAFT OF A NOTE FOR RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME

All winter the sun hung like an unglazed light bulb dead center in a quonset hut. How the somewhere else of this place gets spelled out: in the contrail of an ascending jet, as white as an old scar, angled between the muscular brick forearm of a Presbyterian church steeple and the worn-thin dime of another full moon in daytime.

The usual agencies argue for departure: New York City grinds its jaws in our direction, and after her old California address turned up again, the thought of it snoozed like a burglar gun next to my sleeping left ear.

First, an apparatus of purpose. Then bye-bye.