Process

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Process

I feel nothing and nothing’s in my head, but something’s about to happen that happens to certain trees in seed-time. Along come some birds and the wind (bearing with them those n and d sounds) and suddenly I’m on my way—

though I’m still in my room—
to a clearing in the woods, beyond which lies a city and its words—skyscraper, midnight jazz, traffic jam—words I like the texture of that remind me of her and that moment...

So now my heart is dangerously full, I know too well where I’m going—
I’m on the verge of becoming one of the dullest men on earth.
Time to introduce something foreign to impede the easy arrival, the metronomic hum of business as usual. But just as likely I’m stuck in that field where I started.
The ground is hard and my tools seem old and nothing reminds me of nothing. I move a little surface dirt around, that’s all.

Still, there’s an opening I can’t yet see, history says so, and in it, perhaps, acrobats will abandon a circus, office workers break into arias—all because of that evening she walked into the bar at The Blue Note to get out of the pouring rain.