Severance

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SEVERANCE

I have come to the desired point, the evening of the 16th mostly clear from nine until midnight, attention was directed almost entirely to the north-west though I turned my eye, a few times, to the east. I made no committed reports. Quite possibly I overlooked circumstances with opportunity to explain, misunderstood facts containing certain sinister details, both social and psychological, positions undermined in advance prior to the greenness of moss. It is well known I made no such reports, no descriptions in person or via mobile phone, but this is supplemented by the general communication of others, what they have been told, in confidence or otherwise, or have observed in interactions or lack thereof. I do find it incumbent, given this platform, that I reiterate,

I offer no excuses, don't point to a childhood spent caring for pets, adolescent years of skeptical reserve. I made no public statement to my countrymen and now is not that moment to look back over a thousand foreign grasses, waiting for redemption to take shape. I admit,

I waited with an expectation of locating you across the river more ancient than funeral structures. Lonely territory, the night of the 16th my journal notes music left car radios somewhere. It was a mistake inferring the world was an island rather than an interlude advancing. I stood,

each stillness disrupting another, looked for signs in a field guide and cemeteries, thought you would return how rain falls like previous rain or silent mountains continue
inventing new snows. It should be known I suffered, slept one eye up, over and over the same anxieties until a piece of quiet. An exhausted bird, storm-tossed, arrived drawing slowly familiar like detailed statements. It was naïve to subscribe to a belief in auguries, to empower such creatures with speech and furthermore to listen: The degree to which one is ground to pieces fails to alleviate the burden.

No one remembers I was sick while the sun bent from where to where, waiting, each stillness another until I believed I had come to identify numerous apparitions, if not black in art, mysterious in thought, and I followed myself away from myself. I know actions committed, and here I mean imagined, without concern for faith, have left me half-demolished. It should be noted my expressed wish that they be buried like a premonition dreamed by an Emperor before the advent of papyrus, but it stays with a person, repairs an invisible thread around a nameless finger.