

July 26

To discover a gone thing gone
by our own hands

[Polaroid]

[<—description, not content]

Gone like yesterday, already going

<—obvious

Gone like the girl I am good riddance of, I hope

<—sentimental

Gone as gone with whatever weather no longer serves me

<—though perhaps the opposite

Gone because: not my fault,
some other reason

<—pew

I do nothing good for the weather
sometimes
is what I am trying to say

<—Time passes regardless of my absent input

Like sad girls with
hands full of personal be-going

<—my head and/or Bedlam

[Me, but in memory alone]

[<—which feels the same regardless]

[Some memories come later on]

[<—nevertheless]

There is nothing
to show for it; I go
to bed early, am trying to
slow
down, to show you
my purse,
maybe pursue
live capture, dot, dot, dot

<—for what?

Sometimes the self insists on staying despite the weather

Land animals, sea animals, whatever
exists in painting alone

<—hardly anatomical

[Alone in memory]
[all flowers / past girls]
[in a way]

<—true about anything previously real

I stick my hand forward in the dark:
Still no sun.

<—Insistent, painted

Sometimes the flowers—a
little too real—are
in the way

<—the callback approaches

<—like a ghost

My absence is what
I am trying
to say