

The Sense – A Moment on Earth

I had this punk rock girlfriend.
She would burn roses and throw
them into the Atlantic Ocean.
Every scar, every broken bone
she said – is only a note of a song.
I wasn't in love with her.
We only ate each other on Wednesday
in the afternoons in the sun
under what she called an umbrella.
It was a mere sheet from a pillow case.
Later into the week; the fish came.
If you just read that, yes the fish.
Under the light of each shiny scale
it was what we wanted to eat.
Devour, and eat again in the morning.
We did this day after day. Fish for life.
If you need to sleep you find a pillow.
Love only happens when it happens.
The mayor called and asked us:
Will the ticker-tape parade dance
along the lawn just before sundown?
We need this help for progress of the movement, he pestered.
The fish clapped, the frogs flew high into the sky.
We were so in love. So I thought.

Then came the epic distance. The phone calls.
If you know love and you know the mayor.
This is the time. The distance is real.
It is as real as a rolling rock rolling rolling away from away.
You never know when the love will come or go.
The wait is the only thing you can beg to fight.
Wait and the mayor will see you in the carpet pieces
from his new convertible, hair blowing in the wind,
Asking – is that you? Why so down? It is only distance.
Hold this string and pull yourself back together, Rush in
against the tide. All oceans need your pride, your devotion.
Really that is what it is all made up of – this imagination thing,
like a bowl of marbles crashing together, the tips of each sphere
only touch for a brief moment before you realize:

Life is never about life, it is simply a known void
A massive rope dropping deep into a forever hole
where gratitude runs deep, a pound of salt spread
on every bloody cut every open wound because
in the war between the words, between all the words
spoken, there is always something you need to say to keep it together.
This is a fact, life runs and runs and runs along a dotted line
of endless time pieces, hold on tight. Hold on tight – we are just getting started.

So my punk rock girl was at it again.

Plucking bits of contagious monogamy
from the mayor's book of rules and mandates.
Never close your eyes when you tie your shoes,
because if you do, the world might go blind
during the joining process, everyone needs to see
this crossing and looping, it's like a dance between
two giant slobbery walrus sea monsters with tusks
and no sense of finesse or well timed agile grace.

The world is on a speeding collision with a million
different colors in the vortex waterfall universe
Only you can save yourself from yourself
but why even bother, why even try, the water is just fine here
such a nice and beautiful place this open space.

In a rather disjointed fuss and backwards confusion
we had to see the Mayor, the real Mayor – not the fake one,
due to the latest fashion in hectic articulated computer language
we knew every second by name and we were not going to waste any time.
The Mayor it was, getting his hands tattooed, as he was an honest man.
Showing someone you have the courage to wear ink in plain daylight
during every transaction, requires some kind of acidic grit
He was getting a giant image of Fog-Horn-Leg-Horn tatted to his left hand.
We all watched with the utmost anticipation, as if a baby was being born.

So we finally held court with the mayor
temporary issues discussed, but we were not satisfied
Breakfast only in the morning
avoid any moment of apathy and exhaustion
But I objected my girlfriend has been sleeping all week
To which he replied: never give in without a fight
always go in with a plan, any plan, you need a plan
attach it to the last page of a book
send it to your future self in a dream
in a world that needs more bleach and salt.
But I asked where will I ever find enough time
to fill the deja vu hot air balloons?
All I foresee is drift, drift, drift deeper into the sand.
And just like that the Mayor evaporated into a chemical cloud
of potassium sodium nitrate sparkling dust floating freely in the air.

So it was completely obvious: the government is not an artist.
We threw ourselves into the laundry machine and spun time
into a thousand directions, we held hands and walked
into the next second, the next minute, the next hour, the next day, just like a calendar.
We were unfolding the unknown layers of earth.
The colors flew by, the smell peaked
and hit a woody fragrance of burning rosemary
If the Mayor was really gone, and time travel was real:
Well really how bad could life be?
This is just such a nice place this peaceful place.
This place on Earth.

