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Recalling a mood to be aghast.

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Recalling a mood to be aghast.

Such as last winters winds, when they lept past us, hurried to get nowhere. I'm brained senseless by such trials. Like after the petals open, all that's left is the fall. The ground betrayed with yellows and whites and oranges dripped in honey scent and bees are at a loss.

In June we tore down that barn, that barn where we would smoke cloves among the bails of hay, rotten in their stagnance, waiting to be sparked, consumed in a glory unattainable on their own. But we tore it all down instead. I even helped, using my grandpa's hammer, with joy in the pulse in the weight in my hands meeting the soft passive wood. Once it stood red, though I never saw, yet they say it was. They say.

But let me know what you think. Like when I sang that song in the revealing dark along the row of dying ash and my voice cracked and they apologetically said it was good. And they said I should talk more because it sounds as if I mean it and they enjoy to hear, such as that leaping wind with no sight and no hope for a good end, or a pillow for resting.

The barn was still there then, faded and skeletal. I longed to run and go, hiding myself in the aging ribs, the dusty cavern. And O, being the pulse and knowing at the least that I was giving life to something. Not even the mice where content, I watched them as my mind was pulled apart and down. What, I wonder, would it be like living as a mouse? I'd hate the white whiskers. To be blunt, I'd rather not sense my surroundings.

