A Mischief

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I don’t trust anybody who can’t leave a fingerprint in the place where lenses should be in this empty frame. I don’t trust my own feelings. They often leave me stranded at the bus stop with my hands in my pockets and humiliation in my gut. They are always bossing me about and getting me in trouble.

Alone in my room with my coffee cup, I wonder what I should’ve been working on in my night workshop upstairs, what mischief I should have been carving, what it might’ve looked like. Now, it travels along in the flat land with all the things that should have happened but never did—where there is only one kind of tree to rest under and its branches are too frail to climb. And this mischief I should have carved is having a conversation with a pleasant rain that never fell and a phone number I never got and the World Peace that never came—and they are devising a plot to get back to the real world in my head. They read books about the fifth dimension and try to find a wormhole out of that place and into the stone veracity of time where I am leaving barbeques too early and sleeping till five and obeying the law. It is one of those days. I want to take all those things that should have happened out of that terrible place of non-existence, I want to spread them like peanut butter over my sandwich world and give it to the President to eat, I want to discuss in detail with him what exactly made this peanut butter better than all the other peanut butters. Then I want to have dandelion wine and a fire in the country and an orgy. I, too, am trying to get that mischief back here, preparing a doorway in the future where it can walk into its own real shape and size and I can shake hands with it, admire its true form. My desire, my apathy, the Northern winds, the Southern winds, all swirling like a tornado around my body, understanding what they can about each other.

John Withee