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A Mischief

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A Mischief

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.