

The Mountain

We and it was clear and we had a simple argument by that I mean we we kept looking at things dust motes big ships eyes and cars and as though they might not be there tomorrow. It would be stupid for us to imagine what we used to look at before. Someone telling us to get better and smarter, as though we were instructed and therefore stupid. We get over to the side of the road in time to be sick and wipe our hands on the grass. That makes us feel stupid. The grass looks both beautiful and insincere. We can't trust it anymore. It's as if we were told to love each other and could only wipe our hands.

We're asking why we don't see it anymore. Both the grave and split ground. We'll have it known it's foolish to imagine what you can imagine. We don't even see it anymore. It does not appear to move. The long ditch by the side of road is filled with mud and long grass. Pointing and contrite. We're just arms and arms in fields. It doesn't appear to carry sound in the wind or make us.

We go outside and collect the trash from around the house. We put the trash in a pile at the base of the mountain. We keep moving. We want to make it clear that we are not concerned. The smoke can fill our lungs and we're not stupid. The sun can go down and split everything into smoke and we can hang on and feel dangerous. The road runs along the side of a deep ditch. There are frogs and salamander and small fish in the stream. The lights are small on the top of the mountain because no one pays attention. These lights feel invisible and warm. The sun could fall down like this every day and we wouldn't feel sick or simple.

We're touching this thing lying in the dirt. It's not moving. And it doesn't change and so that's okay too. We take it back to the house and look at it. We've decided to eat all the fish in the stream. So that they don't feel unloved. It's difficult to be understood what with all that pressure all the time. This thing we're looking at.

We made another house and another stream with a bridge. The walls on this house will have many windows so that we stay unconfused. It's when we get unclear that we have to

go and dream again. The stems of the long grass fall across the road now. We'll have to step over them sometimes. They're being made.

The Valley