

## Where the Heart Is

I'm driving through your neighborhood. It's quiet and lonely, like a summer lake without a boat. In the air, white silk light, slow as milk. I can see through the houses. They're more than themselves, like a minuend before the subtraction of the subtrahend. My thought music points me north. I've forgotten one of my shoes, but it doesn't matter. It doesn't affect my driving.

Ever since my release, I have symmetrical taste. I don't give feedback. I'm always on time. Yes, of course, I care about the animals I eat.

I recall your face, a soft petal above the thorn of your heart. Trust is what you do when you're too relaxed.

As I pull my rental car into your driveway, your house is three shades of polite beige, calm as a desert stone. The kids must be at school. I'm in my own body, now.

At your door, I don't knock. I wouldn't want to disturb you. I am the only thing I'm afraid of. My hands are steady.  
I let myself in.

## **Echo Park**

Of course, setting fire to birds is wrong. Even if everybody else is doing it. Anyway, you have to catch them first. A couple of times I nearly died in my sleep, but like that lady doctor said, each day my cells make me a new body. Everything will be OK as long as it happens before midnight. Since my brother's murder, I don't worry if my skin's on inside out. We're all just people. Last week, I counted seven Thursdays. Sunday happened all day. It makes you wonder what sports would be like on other planets? Would they have home games and away games? Probably both. Soon, I'm going to get a place of my own. My mom's basement is small, but at least it prevents echoes. My bedroom has a door to the outside. You can go for a walk by the lake anytime you want—day or night. The palms lean toward the lake like they're listening to the water crying. Sometimes a person can get lost at night, even if they're dead. I don't pay any attention to the black helicopters. What do they want, anyway?

## **It All Depends**

Admiring the corporality of animals, we're parked in the ghost car. I have an indoor question: How many misspelled thoughts must I have? There's nothing more beautiful than wanting the impossible to be true, especially when it is. Time passes faster in the mountains, than it does by the sea. Like a drowned body, the sky's blue prairie floats overhead, wind light as confetti. Maybe we should take a drive to the beach; go for a swim? I don't want to give away the ending, but I can tell you it's a beauty. No one attends their own funeral. Know what I'm saying? By the way, that outfit looks good on you. Although, it all depends on how you look at it.

