

december seventh, twenty nineteen.

i cannot begin to describe
the clarity in the smog.

stepping out of the forum,
i walked down beale street—
the city of memphis is
under the cloud's hands
and Mother Nature's breath
is the damp mist
which clings to my skin.

i
 race
 to the
 river

i see nothing but a
navy haze with tall white poles
and cream-colored orbs
that seem to glow...
it's the artificial light
shining on the earth's exhale,
— impermeable —
 (i inhale it).

i went down to the Mississippi
(where i have familiarized
myself with every landmark
and light pole) but everything is
 — covered —

there lies a fallen tree
and with each quiet wave
it shifts languidly in the mud.
my heart beats like the
wind on the water:
slow, steady, certain.
my soul (the one who
pines for answers to
clouded questions)
has paused —
i have paused.

there is no horizon

no northern star,
only the white blob
of a milky moon
can be discerned.

i go to touch the river!
i have never touched
its soft, cleansing body:
the one that blankets
cold-blooded fish
and unheard of sunken ships.

tonight i feel its free figure.

dali only dared to dream
this melted blue scene,
pollock wished he could
push the wet, white paint
in corners such as these,
rothko would've warned me
not to touch the substance!

i picked up a rock
from the slanted dock's
concrete crevice
and kissed it—
a memento...

in the wind's gust,
God herself whispered
the wisest way
into my seventeen year old ear:
— *take the next step* —

and so i did
and so i do