

55. Fear is Salty

The important thing is to be happy, even while typing

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

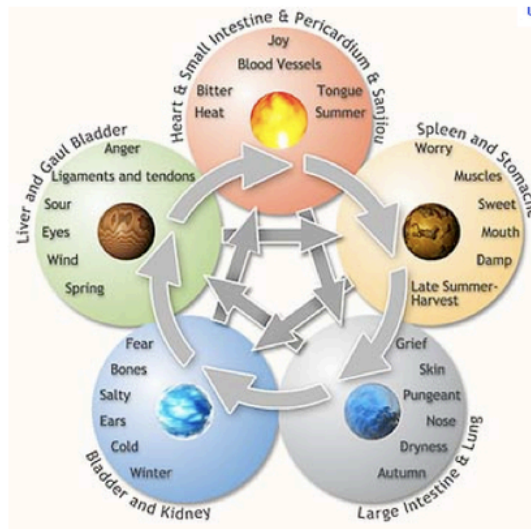
Even in a dragon year a water dragon year the dragon at the core of literature's carved as a country might or a pig a goat or large intestine like Pullman, Washington. Pop pulled grief out of that hat as if 15 year old uncles with the worst sore throat ever gray film coating it, hoarseness & abnormal cardiac rhythms and don't get me started on skin.

Or the ancestor warmed in my blood awakes after a thousand years no longer waiting for god no longer happily stuck in the phalanges ready to remember the last photograph of Pop smiling ready to rescue the memorial balloons stuck in his family tree.

Fear is salty, at least that's what old Chinese say & how it enters the bones from the ears then to the bladder in winter one Seattle snowmageddon newscast at a time beyond where fences get erected on mountains to keep rocks from playing in the road but close to winter & kidneys & ancestors.

Even in a dragon year a water dragon year as the dragon at the core of literature is carved like a country or pig goat or large intestine one can only watch, wait, hear the January wind whip through firs and cedars or watch ripples of the maple tree reflection in your afternoon teacup totally unconcerned about style, or dragons or the slow tortured death of capitalism one bankruptcy at a time.

Just about to the labrynth's
center, far be it from me to remind you
you're almost halfway there.



8:04PM - 1.20.12
Whiteley Center
San Juan Island