

93. The Fog Wet Web

Smoke never quite manages to scribble a mustache on the sky.

- Ramon Gomez de la Serna



Nothing takes weight of October fog more serious than spider webs. October 23, 2013.

& they'll take it for a fogmageddon fortnight & no more, the last drying line left in the neighborhood drying what might be diamonds for your mind only because the fog covers all / illuminates color rampant in October Cascadia of maybe rose hips or the grass coming back or the Irish Strawberry

Tree now the culprit of the seemingly broomless
neighbor on the way to PCC.

& it'll be *fogmageddon*
says Dr. Mass, "An extraordinary persistent ridge of
high pressure over the eastern Pacific and West
Coast" for which a large soy almond latté may stand
in as an attempted antidote, but for the spider,
an October fly's a rare slice of meat more likely
a rose petal or recent maple leaf & the web's
bejeweled & heavy with serious weight of summer's
sins still staining late October. The Cascadia sky
unmustached, must settle for yet another chin
beard - may the playoffs be over soon - & take the
Teahadists with you.

Here's where we can
wear the fog.
Something else spider
reminds us of.

7:20A - 10.25.13