UNTITLED

Something about the grey days, something about the cold. Fog more than fog, veiling-- and the moment the fact turns image is the moment the loss takes hold. The body keeps no weather, the body wears a skin. So the man's body, riddled, the skin cut, blood flowing, still quietly falls into itself. And the wet morning, clouded from the cold damp earth, if breathing, only seems so--steaming backdrop--process in which he never seemed part. Seems years blinking at rocks, days bones wrapped in paper, politics, gutter's crud, the dead eyes of the children, the white readiness of the sheets. A stage set. Not even. A wall. Now the weather makes the headlines, now the neighbors want a blanket for the corpse. Darkness against the night's calls, soldiers, the news of a foreign country, shot. Boots. Twists, the twists of the days, think, brightening, birds singing, first light, horrid mix of breath and fog, then fog.
PARANOIA: Suppose "our" military developed a lethal virus whose antidote was too expensive for them to develop out of their "appropriations" — and they thought the 'enemy' had the virus too. If it could be made a "public health problem" there would be almost unlimited funds to find a 'cure'. Just a thought...