

Nostalgia

Isocetes Rainier

pinks into blue twilight,
the long day's glacial melt

over. Coasting across Aurora, St.
Helens comes to mind, and I find
myself desiring that grand Pompeiian
moment. There can be no other way
to keep the playfields, houses,
highways, and families.

Rilke was wrong.

You must save your life.

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