

STANDING IN THE DOORWAY

It is the embrace after the final embrace. Your arms close on nothing. There is the sensation of the stair that is not there. Your head is a twist of mist, something sweet, something sour. You reach out, try again. You may as well try to hammerlock the fog. You fade to the back of the tavern, let the mystery cowboy with the pencil thin mustache feed the jukebox. He sings like a man building a gallows.

DON'T THINK TWICE

Talking in circles won't take you nowhere. We've all got regrets to spare. That don't make you any sort of underhanded superstar. There's always some explanation—but that don't make it worth your while. Don't go raisin' up my name in terms of hope. After cuttin' all that cane. All your cold rain and disdain. Sometimes the sunrise is just a sideshow. Why unpin the butterfly when it has lost its wings. Ask not for whom the rooster crows, it crows for thee.