

## *Report*

A rifle going off to somewhere distant, matrixed to the sea, to vanishing point.

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To pretty soon now be bitter is a pre-existing condition, occasioned by temporal fugue, by overactive bladder, by a deep sense of

[ ]

A traveler walks through our newspapers, which are dying in the fields as she brushes each stem or leaf & wonders what they were before a single drop of water could transform a smartphone camera into a magnifying glass.

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Pundits blog about the short form, about economies of scale. Daylight no longer appeals.

& my friend said to me, he sd, “I’m worried about the 55,000 *hausfraus* who will get this in their in-box tomorrow & will they hate me”

which like all good stories trails off & resists the urge to cross-reference & resists the temptation to boil it all down to a syrup of weather reports or catty retorts

for every woman who has wronged you.

It's always about you. Web cam flickers. Room dims.

\*

Pipers traverse the sand dunes above a lake; buggies roam.

Watch out, traveler.

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