

GEOFF BOUVIER

*Easygoing outburst*

Out on our own now, we've inhabited lots of lots lots less developed than we'd have liked. Childhood prepared some, but others can't land, like stunt planes just gassed enough to go up and turn stunts.

Only a question, but didn't the past promise pearls? (That oyster-world.) Or was it an earth betrothed? (Spoken by one whom one could've been were one a loved one.)

It's as if what left left what was once called a heaven constellated into coincidences. *Sigh.*

If I sound concerned, and like it's nighttime, and like I'm looking up—away from light pollution—and still can't see enough, then I may seem to have taken on the tone of an ex-fiancé's defiance. Why? For want of an ifless, thenless love, of a love-regardless, that's why.