

On the Note of the New Terror · Greg Trimmer

Proximity to your hair is the butter next to the cat's tongue.
Proximity was once the watch word, so close to the eye.
Right after the word *sex*, a person appears in parentheses at the
beginning of the sextet.
That is the type of proximity that I adore.
Sun, moon, weather, clouds, grapes and seasons. One after the other.
One year I flew to Japan 21 times to be the father, the mother, the
violinist, the tourist, and
the gentle physicist. The peanut will grow curling its roots around
the red yarn. That too, is
a type of proximity. The engineer flourishes as he writes the words
notes for terror on a napkin
before he sleeps with his cousin.

Back to the seduction of the dentist's wife. Washing her feet before
I put them in my
mouth. Everything I do is a balancing act if you think of the water in
the tub running
to block out the muffler's roar, one pear on the nose like a seal of your
approval. Proximity is
everything like that adage about location. *Local, local local local* I love
how the l's would
touch or could be me becoming loco. This started out not to put too
fine a point on it.
But it was perfect weather for a police boat on the third river and to
scatter my father's ashes.
I had my father's ashes in my eyes, on my skin and it was all treated
matter of factly. My twin sister
demanded to read a poem and pointed to the sailboat on a collision
course with our laughter.