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## Removed

I guess I'm awake again. Alive and on the vigil time — the inbetween time. Not completely active and definitely not in a sleep yet. Some guy's poetry I read said that this a completely productive time of life.

I vote no. I am static.

If static means nondynamic, then why is electricity static? Isn't it ever flowing and ever present? Isn't it godlike?

My fingertips are on the verge of callouses. This may or may not affect how I perceive things with my hands. It's an idle, dawdling concern that I have for my hands. If I broke a finger tomorrow, I would be all shook up and not in the Elvis way, but in a perturbed self-loathing way.

There's much mischief to be had. But then the melody turns ever-sominor and it's all on the back burner now. The rough spots and knots are unravelling and tightening so I no longer know which way is westways to move with the direction of lifewood's grain.

I need a better medium.

I guess I could use the rock formations in my shoulders. The unwanted fruits of my labor quests tonight. Dependent am I on much. I found myself spouting promise words often.

Good promises, but it's hard to let them tag along. Chill it will, if I will the chill.

The wind blows and I turn to the sound.

The wind blows right through my ribs.

[Liz Anaya]