

# The Messenger

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## I Will Take My Time as I Move to the East

Daniel Biegelson

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**From:** Daniel Biegelson <[dbiegelson@richmond.edu](mailto:dbiegelson@richmond.edu)>  
**Subject:** *I will take my time as I move to the East*  
**Sent:** February 08, 2000, 3:45 am  
**To:** Messenger <[messenger@richmond.edu](mailto:messenger@richmond.edu)>  
**Cc:** Zinc Design <[etownsend@zincdesign.com](mailto:etownsend@zincdesign.com)>

*In some worlds  
salt mist settling over the ocean  
and the foundation of a house creaking to rest  
are the same things.  
In some worlds they are not.*

*Here the way we walk is awkward  
like swaying fountain grass.  
Showcasing our calves,  
muscles filling in  
for the empty spaces that our feet fall in.  
The empty spaces, the worlds, the rickety fences  
that separate this one from that one  
roots that split deeply, water that divides air,  
out there from in here.*

*I am pulled along by  
every grain's contour  
riding their smooth surface  
lulled into changing direction like the tide.  
the hair on my neck parted by ghosts walking down the cracks of my skin  
watching sand wept away into the water  
isn't as easy as you think.*

*As the sun washes out like a painter's smock  
blurring night and day  
the cool Atlantic breeze brings truth on its coat-tails  
wakes up the eyes.  
A clear glistening that magnifies  
until you can see the ocean and horizon vibrate back and forth  
Humming squarely and flat.  
Until the west wind whistles, grabs it  
and circulates fiction through the faint resemblance of rust-twined wire.*

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*So who can tell a paradox  
in this weather?  
When did the earth get so round  
and the sky so tall?  
When did worlds differentiate  
into long division?  
What happened to Mount Olympus  
and my grandfather?*

*I have always loved the clock  
and I have heard from the settling mist  
that everywhere time can be told from cold stars.  
So at midnight  
it's all about the waiting  
the paradox is eager breath wading in the breeze  
and the creaking of the house filing its way past layers of rock.*

*In some worlds  
digging for lost artifacts  
and charting the fickle stars  
are the same things.  
In some worlds they are not.*

*In any world  
distance brings clarity  
In any world  
cold dead stars  
are easier than warm hands.*

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**From:** *j. carson pulley* <jpulley@richmond.edu>  
**Subject:** *Compromise for a Dependant Woman*  
**Sent:** *February 11, 2000, 5:23 pm*  
**To:** *Messenger* <messenger@richmond.edu>  
**Cc:** *Zinc Design* <etownsend@zincdesign.com>

*Maul my child's eardrums with jagged words  
Sting its adolescent love with a folded belt  
Crush innocence with your pelvic thrusts  
Just promise to never stop loving me*



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