

Restitution, or the formality of giving back, these words cannot be the ones I intended them to be, when I woke or while I slept. But there are others that return this sense of economy to the one who speaks them: there are others, verdant and valiant and

vibrant. It's the vibrant ones you're supposed to want. But what about the boring choristers who look in the mirror and move their mouths but don't actually sing? The vessels of an empty Bible, burned to the gut and giving their all, which isn't much?

Which isn't much at all? I don't know about them and don't care, but I do because I ask, so I'm confused. Carelessly lost in my own whispering forest, where the leaves take on the shape of emotional wanderlusts, societies of veins and valueless societies burn in the entire

conflagration of one match reaching for arson. I was happy to be done with that place, no matter what some bluebirds thought, or Bambi and his bright judge of a mother. Was Bambi gendered? Was there a gallant way to burn the forest, like the

war-loving troops in Avatar? There was, the simple answer, the one that comes with a smile. Do you see each of those extra words, to bend back on oneself like like, like the word in a museum glass? Groaning, gladly follow me into the

anthropologist's chamber, Sigourney Weaver's virtual office, where we all turn blue and bleed an uncommon ecology. I was bobbing back and forth in my chair earlier this evening, drunk on too little and falling in love with the idea of sleep: not sleep itself,

which was too far off, but the image of my two eyes shut against a world waking would be proud of, one that spun against two blimps by the dateline, a pharmaceutical world I could not resist. So I took the pills and pretended the sun was no longer a clock of a star.

— Stuart Krimko

