

one step an unword form
a sidewalk

another step i make statements
side walk

a period finalizes a sentence, right? before is done, finished. final. fixed. fix me.

one more step take steps
i was always good at keeping track of things, they tell. tell me.
me, i've been living with this side walk, you see, for such a long time. it feels that way,
even when. until, i didn't about that sidewalk. it lived (until recently) behind me. my
apartment. i don't know why or where from. i started an attention to this walk. attending.
on it but after, often avoided the walk to get to my car, you see, a car that carries me to
other without steps. places to go. the glide along is so much easier, though oh so much
more dangerous then. a walk such small movements. even boring. but, here we are, you
see, me here and you. we bored together. you see.

this sidewalk, older than me, has watched me and others more than i ever watched. it's
not neglectful. we can all agree. i brought it here to watch you. only seems fair. so few
people walk now, not even me. i miss it. it this walk doesn't lead to where anymore, only a
closed fence. closed behind. now no anywhere at all. not to stray, but where it was, the
walk, only a shallow hole is left. left behind. i stand in the hole and feel myself slightly
shorter, even though i am exactly the same. Or, maybe not. it's not. it can't be.

the walk is mine, now. belong to me. those are my marks on the surface, i want you to
know. a walk isn't useful anymore. not for me in this not. no longer a path. or destination.
and, it's not like a pillow or bed, no comfortable cushion for sleep. on it. there are so
many other things it can't do. it fails me in so many ways.

i have to interrupt, interrupt me and speak of burials. i like to dig in earth. always under.
when i was before, a slight version smaller, i searched for treasure in empty lots near
home. when home still had place. still i hope to find something important or forgotten, but
always lost. i lost my patience after the find. i found only rocks and dirt. don't get me
wrong. here is never a place. i love rocks and dirt. love to stream the dark between
fingers. my fingers and yours. watch dust float off into air and listen to the tiny fall one
after other to ground. ground down. those slight sounds, small versions. even though this,
true, it's certainly off point. a decision. more worth time visible things. time. these quiet
tensions. at least i know. or i fool myself. i get some things. i get it. even if it isn't much to
speak about.

i lead you to a place, an edge closer. here. we are closer. and even if i know the step we
are on, i won't say. this. out loud.