

Of all the things to lie about:

It was never my intention to make it this far.
Not that I mentioned the Thames that day,
that last day.

Not that I purposely lost touch.

I've taken all my items to numerous locations,
but it's never been a question of what was left undone.

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Violets, blue violets.

The way one walks downhill first.

She said, I have never been here before.

She had.

Item 1: antidotes

Twenty-four inches of backbone and
the sun coming up over the Chilterns.

Before sleep
before breakfast
I take to pseudonyms—
a matter of vertebrae and possible outcomes.

And antidotes?
I hear they're housed in a tunnel beneath the Thames.

That means it's not an ocean.

It's a tunnel beneath the Thames.

Item 2: pseudonyms

Having said something,
only not what it means.

The experts suggest
when dealing with probability,
with chances,
it's best one watch his footing.

The experts suggest
when dealing with islands,
with mountains roads,
it's best one watch his chances.

I fear for her.

West all day, and remembering.

But, pseudonyms:

to replace something that is true with something that is false,

in such a scenario
the experts suggest
it's best one watch his choices.

Item 3: Violins

Two hundred at a time.

Now, the only thing impressive about her was her ribcage.

Principle. Principle. Principle.

Having heard something
only not what it means.

But strings in the wind?

A matter of music and Monday.

The saddest sound in the world.

That means the catalyst is the consumption,
and rainwater, the agent.

That means it's all matters of principle,
of high noon.

Item 4: envelopes

Having felt something,
only not what it means.

(Only not
what it
truly
truly
means.)

Circumstantially

Not coincidentally
and not by happenstance,
instead it was dependent on incidence:

the way the rain fell that day,
the feeling one has when having manipulated their dreams.

It was a sequence of forgetting
of tying stones to the memory and tossing it all to the sea.
It was a sequence of substantial measurements,
the weight with which one breaks their back.

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Because it no longer moves,
the Thames looks tired.

Because it no longer moves,
the isolation induces anxiety.

Because it no longer moves me,
the silence is catharsis,
water gathering in the gutter.

The way the rain fell that day

In and out of sleep
and seemingly (seemingly) one would assume
restless.

But I am apologetic,
laid out for her like the bones of a bird.

No, not coincidentally and not by happenstance.

At this point it becomes a matter of what one deserves.

At this point it becomes a matter of skeletons.

A matter of what one deserves

Pseudonyms and scoundrels.

It sure (sure)
takes one to know one.

From here it has to do with wildflowers and the spring.

The absence of sincerity.

Although, it may seem (seem) as though I mean what I say:

I am apologetic; however, what haunts me is not sorrow, but the dogs.

The way one is always drawn to the water,
despite its stagnation.

When having manipulated their dreams

The process of manipulation is as such:

Within the mind, skillfully construct speech or physical action to obtain a result that is pleasing to one's self, that satisfies one's needs, despite the stagnation.

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Some times it's not something I would recommend.
Some times, because it is no longer found,
the commodity becomes the catalyst.

But one shouldn't think about that.

Water gathering in the gutter.

The absence of sincerity is as such:

Within the mind, skillfully forget belief or preference toward any thing.
Let the sun's light hit the windowsill. Widen the mouth.

Substantial measurements

I didn't want to bother her.

So I went it alone.

The swelling sea hit the sand and stole the bones.

It was a process of confiscation,
of widening the river's mouth.

Three days before I had dreamt about errors,
about finding her there.

It was never my intention to make it this far.

But all the days in the world.

Given the circumstances.

I went it alone.

The swelling sea hit the sand and stole the bones.

The memory

Have we, really, all time in the world?

I have never been here before.

A little more gluttonous. A little more bright.

O skeleton of merit. O high noon.

O any way to measure an ordinary Monday.

You and I, we barely know each other.

But it's always the memories that hurt the most.

Not as sorry as I am.

For days and days, for time and days, filled with choices.

I'm saying this because I mean what I say,
because the water no longer moves,
and the sea,
and its absence,
carry the consequences with which one would break their back.

I'm saying this because you're smart
and it seems (seems) like you've seen her

there, waiting at the river's mouth,
arms drawn out against the length of the sky.