





There was never a doubt. There was only ever the absolute.  
The hat in itself was neither surreal nor mundane.  
It was a hat for God's sake!







We cannot tell suffering from pleasure  
but we could have a good time trying.  
The sky over us, the sun bang in the middle. It's mostly OK.







Desire. That's all there is to it.  
What else is night for? Is it for dreaming?  
No, death can take care of itself, its hat at a jaunty angle.







When I married her it was the first bed of my life.  
We lay apart as death and masks generally do.  
We were married. It was permanent.









All I ever wanted was water as clear as this.  
Something to recline against.  
An unambiguous statement. Like this, more or less.

