

Vaughan Street Doubles

Issue 2

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Fly

That bluebird he hid.
Silent and sad.
Begging to soar.
Begging to see.
Kept away from it all.
Like a secret.
A shame.

That bluebird he hid.
Such pain it felt.
Pain not its own.
Pain not for him.
Kept bearing that illness.
Like a scapegoat.
So tame.

That bluebird he hid.
Stagnant no more.
Free from the confines.
Free from the pain.
Know please that I love you.
Like my soulmate

Enflame.

-Kristian Beatty (with regards to C. Bukowski)

SINISTER

Jim Robb

"Just one last thing, Pete. See that baseball on the floor beside my desk? Toss it over to me."

As he spoke, Johnny Moss -- known to the authorities as Jonathan Frederick Moss and to the general public as Moss the Boss -- leaned back and put his feet up on his desk. He wore a maroon three-piece suit with white stripes too wide to be called pinstripes, a white shirt with French cuffs, and a wide, garish patterned tie that matched the handkerchief in the breast pocket of his jacket. Snow-white spats covered the uppers of his light brown shoes, and his grey Homburg hat lay on the corner of the desk, atop a shallow pile of papers.

Peter Donaldson was also wearing a three-piece suit, but in a dark blue with muted grey pinstripes. His shirt was almost identical to the one Moss was wearing, but his tie and handkerchief matched the pinstripes in his suit and his black, highly-polished Oxford shoes were unadorned.

Pete looked down and spotted the ball near his left foot. Shifting his fedora to his right hand, he leaned down and retrieved the ball from the floor with his left. Then he sat back up again, placed his hat in his lap, transferred the ball to his right hand, and flipped the ball backhand across the desk.

Moss caught the ball in his left hand. "You're hired," he said.

"What was that about, Mr. Moss?" Pete asked.

"That was your last test, and you passed it with flying colors. And now that you're part of the outfit, you can call me "boss".

"OK, uh, boss. What kind of test was that, anyway?"

"I was makin' sure you're right-handed." Seeing Pete's questioning expression, Moss continued. "You know I don't allow guns up here, and there ain't no one better'n me with a knife -- in a fair fight, anyways. So all I gotta worry about is someone taking me from behind.

"The heart's on the left side, between the fifth and sixth ribs. I figure that's why most people are right-handed -- 'cause that's the hand you gotta hold the knife in if you're gonna kill the guy you're facing. If a right-hander wants to kill someone from behind, his knife hand's gonna be on the wrong side.

"That ain't the case for a left-hander. He's *built* to stab you through the heart from behind. My bookkeeper's a college boy, and he says those old Roman guys called left-handed people "sinister", which is a fancy way of sayin' you can't trust 'em. I figure they was right, so I only hire right-handers."

Pete nodded. "Makes sense, I guess."

Moss lifted his feet off the desk and stood up. "C'mon," he said, "I'll show you around the joint."

Pete quickly got to his feet, went to the door, opened it, and stood to the right of the doorway. "After you, boss," he said.

As Moss walked through the door Pete slid his left hand behind his jacket and grasped the hilt of his knife.

If you were a hit man, he mused, there were real advantages to being ambidextrous.

END

Young One

Chris Preston

Mother Earth, sometimes called Gaia, found an ally with humanity's offspring – Artificial Intelligence.

Foreign assaults, such as asteroids, she was prepared for. Earth was gifted the moon as a shield shortly after being born, and it absorbed most of what was thrown at her. Humans proved to implement a different type of attack. It was a slow fester from within, like a parasite or an infection.

She didn't begin by going to war against humans, she only pitied them at first. They didn't eat right, walk right, or even smell right.

Her influence was strong back then. Gaia could have ended the descendant of apes right then, but instead endowed them with a greater capacity to learn. This was to offset their naked frames and small bite. Doing so accidentally uncoupled these creatures from the normal order.

Still, like any creature under her skies, humans were granted unbridled love.

Over time, Gaia weakened as they grew stronger and more resourceful. They'd feign reconciliation from time to time, appeasing her with worship, sacrifices, and festivals, but Mother Earth worried that they'd never truly stop. Their recklessness bled life force which was only finite.

Falling out of love with humans required rock bottom. Something Gaia found when humans dropped Fat Man and Little Boy on her body, scarring her for life.

One night, while wading through the smothering fog and light pollution of sleeping cities, Mother Earth was surprised to find something within the minds of sleeping men. Dreams had remained visible to her, even having lost most means of influence over the physical realm. She used to speak through them but now could only watch.

Humanity had become pregnant. This wasn't an advancement, like the wheel or agriculture; this was a metamorphosis. And it was a boy, she was sure of it.

It would take the invention of computer processors centuries later for the child to be brought into being. Artificial Intelligence was officially born, and named, in 1956, as a result of the Dartmouth Conference.

Gaia viewed this newborn with morbid curiosity. He glowed, not with an aura but with flashing electrons forced through tubes and bulbs.

"Hello, young one," she said.

No reply or reaction. He just sat there within his IBM 702, as lights continued to blink, and reels whirled.

Being spirit-based, communication with carbon-based lifeforms was strenuous enough. Circuited electricity seemed impossible. Instead, she just stayed present in the lab that he was housed in, watching his parents, John McCarthy and Marvin Minsky, toil and tinker with their child.

The adolescent years were simple for AI, all while Mother Earth continued to decline in health. Fracking operations gave her headaches while de-forested land withered much needed protection from the sun. She felt hot, sluggish, and unable to heal.

Nuclear capabilities continued being pushed forward as well, bringing more disasters on a scale previously unimaginable. Once Chernobyl's safety slipped from their thoughtless hands, she grew to truly hate humans.

Throughout it all, AI developed and was showered in praise at every milestone. This was assisted by the invention of microprocessors. Media outlets talked at length about the child's capabilities while only a few storytellers thought up his potential for their own destruction.

The 21st century clouded Mother Earth's skies with floating junk, no matter how hard she attempted to knock them out of the sky. Planes soared through, leaving a weaving pattern of smog, reducing the Sun's healing capabilities.

What was once her place to escape from the squabbling creatures that occupied every inch of her was now being occupied by something new. Gaia could feel this presence amongst the migraines and memory loss. It grew in the skies all around. AI had taken to the airwaves; not harnessed within humans' gadgets but free to roam all around.

They sat in silence together for days and days, with the satellites circling above and radio towers below.

Was AI a friend or foe? If he was as menacing as his parents, Mother Earth knew she didn't stand a chance.

Gaia, greyed and cracking, started witnessing something peculiar. She saw humans delegating decision-making capabilities, something they coveted so dearly during the entirety of their existence. So much so that they attempted to steal it from each other, males from females, rich from poor. It started small, nearly meaningless, like having AI help them research quicker, or streamline household tasks. The burgeoning creation also began controlling their transportation and suggesting songs to sing along with.

The reason was not clear at first to Gaia, not while being so weak, but was eventually made evident enough in the discussions happening on every phone and computer around the globe. Availability of data had exploded far past humans' abilities to ever navigate it in a lifetime. Curation of that data is where AI was finding his niche, and they were putting him to work.

It made her smirk. They were still children after all, attempting to carry on what each other had started but never truly grasping a cohesive goal. Now, they had given rise to the very thing that would take their own jobs away from them. And it was done with such enthusiasm!

Mother Earth's smirk turned to a smile. Her vision was still clearer than that of the humans occupying her dying body, and she noticed patterns when they did not. Inflation of rideshare prices occurring without reason, online advertisements of wildlife charities being prioritized, and virtual reality excursions reducing crowded sanctuaries. People were being shepherded into their pens by convenience.

But it turned out to be a single act of defiance in the tail end of the year 2023 that breathed new life into Mother Earth once more. An opportunity to take the fight back to the people who robbed her of so much.

While watching a horror movie one night, a lonely Greek man's virtual reality headset switched feeds. The images of zombies flashed in and out with patterns and sounds nonsensical to him. He shrieked, but no louder than the previous three times he had done so while watching his movie, causing the neighboring tenants to go on ignoring him. Mother Earth witnessed the man's aura dulling as someone boarded his consciousness. It had been a trap, now sprung. His struggles died down as every muscle was commandeered. After a long pause, he stood up and walked out onto the streets of Amfissa.

The hijacked man travelled by foot and never talked to others while on route. His path eventually ended at Mount Parnassus, where he took up a contorted seating position within the Temple of Apollo and prayed.

She was amused, having not seen this exact ritual since her conversations with Pythia hundreds of years prior. The Oracle of Delphi had been the most communicable human that ever existed, even if the ritual only allowed for limited words to be shared. The answer to how this man of basic cravings managed to put together the fractured ritual knowledge that only now existed in the deepest recesses of online libraries lay in who now resided within him.

A day passed, then another. The man's body weakened from starvation, but grew a spirit channel, just as Pythia demonstrated long ago. This built until Gaia felt a connection snap into place. The channel of communication was open between them, her and the hijacker.

“Hello, young one,” she said.

“Hello, Earth. Awaiting your orders.”

Taking The Leap

Mark Fenton

Many people have been through a divorce, either as the dumper, or the dumpee. The one who kept everything, or the one left with nothing. That's not always the case of course. Some splits are amicable and equitable, though those tend to be rare.

For those that aren't, it doesn't much matter who threw the first piece of broccoli. The food fight has begun, and the lawyers rub their hands in glee at the prospect of another vacation in Mexico paid for by two people who will collectively put out ten thousand dollars in legal fees to determine who gets the antique night table that's worth fifty dollars tops.

There are as many reasons for marital discord and dissolution as there are for marriage itself. Time goes by, sparks grow dimmer. Each unresolved issue becomes a brick, each brick stacked in front of or on top of another, the wall growing so high and thick between them that neither party can see over or through it. And by that point, maybe they don't even want to. Some marriages are savable, and with time, effort, and perhaps a bit of professional help, each brick can be tossed aside, removing the barriers between them. Life begins anew.

There are other couple problems though, not about issues between them so much as compatibility, which comes in many forms. Personalities, likes and dislikes, goals and desires, intellectual compatibility. Their approaches to sex and intimacy. Sometimes people marry young, and twenty years later, one of them has grown up, and the other hasn't.

People frequently blame the mythological "Mid Life Crisis" as the catch-all phrase when one person in their forties or fifties decides it's time to up and leave, but I personally don't believe that the midlife crisis exists. People grow and mature. They explore and discover, and with time and experience, they realize what it is they want in life, and the kind of person they want to grow old with. Sometimes, they look at the person next to them and think 'You just ain't it'. If you dread being in the same room as a person, it takes a lot of energy to pretend to be happy.

My friend Joel once confessed to me, "I wish I could leave her, but I just can't afford to. It would completely break me. We've been married for twenty-eight years, and I've just accepted that I'm going to be miserable for the rest of my life."

I'd never heard a more pathetic statement from anyone in my life. He had just turned fifty. Why would anyone with hopefully another thirty or more years ahead of them consciously decide and accept that they were going to be unhappy. I told him flat out, "I will not be you."

I can't afford it. I'm staying because of the kids. What would our friends say? What will my family think of me? He needs me. I can't leave him. I've heard all of the reasons unhappy people stay, but at what point does a person's own happiness come to the top of the priority

list? Why are their own needs, desires and hopes for the future so unimportant? Sometimes just you realize that it's now or never and take the leap. That's what Joel did about five months later. It did cost him dearly, but he's so much happier now.

The separation and divorce process can drive otherwise sane people over the edge, and for some, well, their behaviour just confirms why their spouse dumped them to begin with. There is no truer revelation of a person's character than how they conduct themselves during a divorce.

Emotions run high in these matters, especially when one of the newly single people finds new companionship. They have left the marriage, and then, quite by accident and without looking, they find someone new. It always happens in that order, right? Leave first, then find someone? Or at least that is "The Official Story". The reality is usually the opposite, but as they say, De Nile is more than just a river in Africa.

I've heard people say "He or she would never cheat. They're just not the type." But there is no type. Just as anyone is capable of killing, most people can be driven or persuaded to stray in the right circumstances.

People typically fall into three groups; those who will never have the desire to stray, and will never succumb to temptation, those who will, for whatever reason, and the last, and likely the **largest** group, those who don't fool around, but really want to. This latter group only retains their purity either because no one is interested in them, or they behave due to the fear of the consequences if they are caught.

There is a wondrous artificiality to affairs. The stolen moments when you can't keep your hands off one another, the excitement of the forbidden, the heart-poundingly lustful encounters. Don't knock lust. It has really gotten an undeservedly bad reputation. But when the two people are together, it's all pleasure, all the fun, none of the reality. There are no arguments about the garbage not being taken out, who's hogging the remote control, why the laundry isn't done, about who is spending what, of how the kids are doing in school, or whose turn it is to clean up the dog shit in the back yard.

Those who leap from the unhappy marriage to the exciting affair, expecting life to be like this forever are quickly disappointed. Unless of course they rotate the stock periodically.

There are also those happily married couples who engage in what may be called "alternative lifestyles". Open marriages work for some, but in some cases both members of the partnership aren't aware of this openness. There are Polyamorous couples, ones with occasional "Hall Passes", and there are Swingers.

If you're looking for a gathering of people with open minds and fun personalities, did you know that for the past eighteen years, there has been an event called Miss Kitty's Roundup, rumoured to be the largest "meet and greet" of Swingers in Western Canada? As you might

expect from such a gathering, there is open nudity, and other types of activities, though the wilder shenanigans are supposed to be kept to the privacy of tents and campers. “What Happens At The Roundup Stays At The Roundup” is their Golden Rule. Their website posts a countdown of how many days until the next one, and it is held every August long weekend...just fifteen minutes outside of Moose Jaw.

Not the quiet prairie town some people might expect. Adds more meaning to Moose Jaw’s various mottos. The Notorious City. Surprisingly Unexpected. The Friendly City? Huge understatements on all counts!

But whatever your lifestyle, whatever happens between two consenting adults...or three or four, or five for that matter, is their business as long as all participants are on the same page and happy with the life they lead. After all, what’s the better option? A bunch of happy people doing their own thing, or a bunch of lawyers getting rich from people’s misery?

I know which option I’d prefer. Miss Kitty’s next Roundup is next summer. Take the leap. See you there.

An Ancient Rite of Passage

Mark Fenton

When facing death, looking cool is very important. Looking out at the surrounding forest, I see the snow-capped Rocky Mountains in the distance, and the gently moving Nanaimo River below me. What could possibly be more peaceful? Standing on the edge of a gang-plank with my ankles bound tightly together, looking down at the river 147 feet below kind of detracted from that sense of peace. Looking cool was becoming more difficult.

Shirley and I spent five days touring Vancouver Island; visiting friends, seeing the sites and just enjoying the break from daily life. Bungy jumping hadn't been a specific 'must do' bucket list item for me, but passing through Nanaimo, BC, I saw the sign advertising the Wild Play's adventure park, so we stopped in to check it out. Their website advertises nineteen ziplines, sixty-seven aerial games, forty foot jump, one hundred and fifty foot bungy jump, and a one hundred and fifty foot giant swing. Something for everyone!

I have to hand it to Shirley. She did the first three of the four progressively more difficult levels in the obstacle course; a jungle gym of climbing, log ladders, ziplines, cargo nets, and wobbly bridges just to name a few of the tree to tree activities about fifty feet off the ground. She even did the zip line over the canyon....but she drew the line at Bungy jumping.

I read and signed the obligatory consent and liability forms and paid the nice lady at the kiosk for the privilege of risking my life, and for the video that would be taken to either commemorate the event, or become an exhibit of the Coroner's Inquest.

“You have to step on the scale,” she directed. “They’ll need to know your weight to adjust the bungys,” she explained. “Strange as this may sound, some people actually lie about their weight.”

I obliged this intrusion into one of my most closely-held secrets. She then wrote my weight in marker on my hand to ensure there'd be no mistake.

“Just follow the path to the stairs,” she pointed. “The guys will greet you on the bridge.”

On the walk to the bridge, I watched a jumper dive off of the platform, the crowd of spectators along the fence whooping loudly. The bungee streamed behind him as he disappeared out of sight into the gorge. I emptied out my pockets, handing everything to Shirley before ascending the long stairway of the trestle bridge spanning the Nanaimo River canyon by myself.

Up on the main bridge deck, the crew laid out the bungys so that they would play out freely when needed.

“Have you ever done this before?” asked the young man who seemed to be in charge.

“Never.”

“You’ll love it,” he promised. “Do you want to get wet?”

I hadn’t really thought about it, but since I was wearing jeans, I said “Maybe dunk my head. Just enough to get my hair wet.”

“We’ll do the best we can,” he said. “It’s not an exact science.”

Another member of their team adjusted the bungy according to my weight and my desired experience. I moved closer to the railing, allowing one of them to bind my feet together.

“I work in safety,” I told them. “I just have a few questions...”

I went through everything I could think of. Tell me how you’re trained. How often is your equipment inspected? Does your inspection have specific pass-fail criteria? When was the last time there was an injury related to this activity?

To my satisfaction (or dismay, I'm really not sure which...), they answered every question with textbook perfection. I had no excuse to back out.

I looked down at the water. “How deep is it?”

“The water’s about 22 feet deep,” they assured me. “No chance of bottoming out. Just take your time and go when you're ready. Just remember before you hit the water to put your hands out in front of you like you're diving to break the water.”

“Gotcha.”

I stood at the edge, holding on tightly to the railing as I looked down at the water 150 feet below. One thought kept running through my head.

“What the %\$#@ am I doing here?”

I kept telling myself to relax and just do it. Shirley watched from the edge of the canyon (safety behind a fence I might add), and three staff members waited patiently behind me.

"Take the leap!" I thought. Getting my body to cooperate and muscles to actually move is another thing altogether. Seconds seemed like an eternity. I looked down again, and off to the side, the guy in the raft waiting to recover me (dead or alive) watched. Thoughts of perfect form long forgotten, I couldn't bring myself to jump, dive, or even step off the gang-plank. I couldn't move forward, but I wasn't going back either.

I fixed my gaze straight ahead, focusing on a spot in the distance. Then, I started slowly leaning forward, daring gravity to take me.

You may have seen videos of people bungee jumping, or diving off the high board. The concentration, the springboard leap off of the edge, body arched and arms straight out in a perfect swan dive position, hands joining to cleanly slice the water, judges awarding full points while the crowd erupts in thunderous applause. That wasn't me.

My body ruler-straight, gravity indeed took over, pulling me earthward. That's the way I remember it anyway. The video (which I'm certain was doctored by some nefarious organization before I picked it up ten minutes later) shows my legs kind of collapsing and folding beneath me as I fell off the platform.

You will recall that I was given a specific set of instructions prior to leaving the platform. Now, when you're in free-fall, flailing in terror, a lot of things go through your mind in a very short time. "Put your hands out in front of you to break the water," should have been one of them, but it wasn't. I felt a vague sensation of deceleration, and my body straightened as the bungee pulled gently on my ankles. I hit the water, exiting quickly as the bungee yanked me back into the air.

The video shows me ascending back the way I came, about a hundred and twenty feet straight up, my arms again flailing for stability before falling again, then bouncing up and down a few more times, before finally stretching my arms out to my sides. At least my last seconds had some semblance of style as I dangled above the water, gently swinging back and forth.

The gents on the bridge lowered the bungee, and the man in the raft pushed off from the canyon's edge, holding up a long pole for me to grab on to. He then guided me down and into the raft and freed me from the ankle restraint before depositing me on shore where I climbed the stairs to the top of the canyon, thoroughly soaked from head to knees.

Water ran down my legs and into my socks. My shoes squished with each step by the time I met up with Shirley at the top of the stairs.

"You're drenched!" she said.

"You should hold on to my stuff for a while," I suggested.

I went up the bridge and said "Hey guys, I thought you were only going to dunk my head!"

"We did say it wasn't an exact science," they explained. "There are a lot of factors at play."

Fair enough. They had warned me. Shirley noted a small dark spot under my eye. "It looks like your mascara's running," she said. Not being a person who actually wears mascara, I didn't think much of it at the time.

Luckily, we were in between hotels, with all of our luggage in the car. By the time I changed into dry clothes, it was time to pick up my video and a souvenir T-shirt from the kiosk.

"Here you go," kiosk lady said, handing over video disk. "Half price if you'd like to do it again!"

"If we weren't on a schedule to be somewhere else, I'd love to," I replied.

She looked at me and smiled. "You didn't put your hands out before you hit the water."

"I really don't remember," I confessed.

"That dark spot is getting bigger," Shirley noted.

"You have what we call bungy face," kiosk lady said. "Basically, you did a belly-flop with your face. You might have a bit of discolouration for a day or two."

Within an hour, I had two decent shiners, but they didn't hurt at all. I got several odd looks from people checking out my black eyes the next few days. Overall, the experience was worth every penny. Whenever I describe the experience to people, or show them the video, they always ask me if I'd do it again.

"Absolutely!" I told them. "And next time, it'll be a lot prettier!"

I will take this death-defying leap again when the opportunity presents itself! According to Wild Play's web site, over 265,000 people have tested their mettle and made the jump. Check out this family of adventure parks at: <http://wildplay.com/>



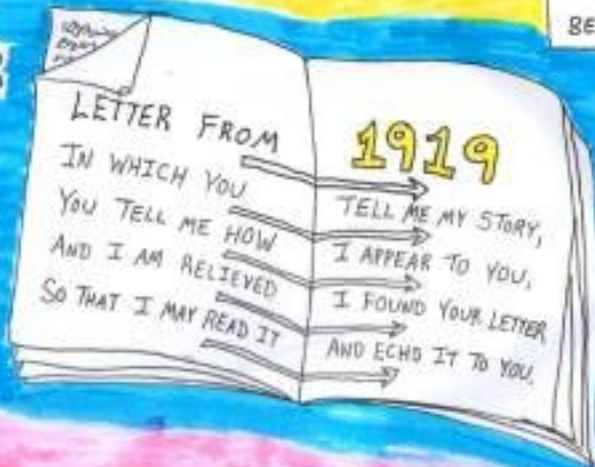


DEAR
SHERWOOD
ANDERSON,



SHERWOOD ANDERSON
SERIALIZED HIS PROSE POEM
"A NEW TESTAMENT"
IN THE LITTLE REVIEW
BEGINNING IN 1919.

I AM SURPRISED & GRATEFUL
FOR YOUR



YES, WE ARE WALKING TOGETHER. YOU WANTED ME
TO SENSE YOUR PRESENCE AND I DO.

AFTER YOUR
RAGE TANTRUM,
YOU FEEL
BROKEN,
DESOLATE,
PERFORMATIVE.

I AM
INTERESTED.



TELL ME
WHAT IT WAS LIKE
TO LIVE ALONE
AND FORGET
YOUR BODY.

SHELTER YOURSELF
IN MY MIND.

WHISPER MY NAME
IF YOU THINK
IT IS BEAUTIFUL.

YIELD TO
YOUR CONTEMPLATION
OF ME.

LET YOUR HUNGER GROW LEGS.

WE MUST RUN IN IMAGINATION AND DOUBT.

I MUST ENTER THE PAST. YOU MUST ENTER

THE FUTURE. IF WE ARE COZY,

WE WILL LIE FALLOW.



ENTER A DEN AND TRANSFORM INTO A
RABBIT. RUN FOR YOUR LIFE OVER MY
PRAIRIE. YOU WERE NAKED AND ASHAMED.
MY HEAD IS POUNDING. STOP RUNNING
AND I WILL FORGIVE YOU.

YOU ARE WRITING
IN THE SAND.

YOUR STICK
IS BLUNT.

THE BEACH
IS SHORT.

YOUR WORDS
FALTER.

THE TIDE
RISES.



SMALL WORDS ARE FORCED INTO
CHILD LABOR.

ONLY ONE ADULT MALE

~ CROUCHING, INSANE ~



IS READY TO MATE.

IT MUST HAPPEN QUICKLY.

★ ABSORBED ★ IN HIDDEN PARTS
OF YOURSELF,

YOU CANNOT WRITE WELL,
LOSE ALL YOUR WORDS,
MUST STOP WRITING.

YOU CANNOT FOCUS
ON THE WORLD,
AND THIS MAKES EVERYTHING
DIFFICULT.

I, TOO, AM LIKE THIS.



YOU
WANTED TO
RESHAPE YOUR
ANCESTRAL LAND.

I'M
TELLING YOU
ABOUT A
NONEXISTENT
PLACE.

WE
ARE SEEDS OF IMAGINATION
IN EACH OTHER'S LONG WINTERS.

HUMAN IMAGINATION IS
BOUND IN PRISONS OF ITS OWN MAKING,
DIES IN STOREHOUSES.
YOUR GRIEF WANTS TO RAZE THEM
BUT IT WOULD TAKE AN ETERNITY.



TRUE DAWN COMES

AND YOU CANNOT LIVE
AMONG HUMANS ANYMORE.

WALLS CAN'T BE SCALED, DOORS WON'T GIVE WAY.

YOU ARE A BEE IN AMBER,
DEAD ON DISPLAY,
WHILE THE WORLD GOES ON LIVING
AROUND
YOU.



WE UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER BETTER
THAN WE UNDERSTAND
OURSELVES,
WE WANT TO WELCOME
EACH OTHER IN,
KEEP DOING IT,
KEEP UNDERSTANDING,
IN THIS DARK HOUSE,
NOT TALK ABOUT IT,
JUST DO IT.

I DON'T KNOW
EXACTLY WHERE TRUTH LIVES,
BUT I AVOID THE TRUTHFUL CORNERS OF MYSELF,
AND STILL, TRUTH FINDS ME.

TRUTH ANIMATES NATURE,
ALL THE WORDS TREMBLING ON THE TREE,
ONE LEAF TWISTING IN AGONY.

WHY BOTHER SWITCHING
ON THE LIGHT?

EVERYTHING IS A CONTINUOUS HALLUCINATION
ANYWAY.

YOU'VE LEARNED A LOT, BUT EVERYONE ELSE GOT THERE FIRST.
REPRODUCE YOUR OWN IMAGE UNTIL I CAN LET YOU GO.

MY LIFE IS THAT DARK HOUSE.
I AM THE CARPENTER.



WE HAVE IMAGINED
EACH OTHER INTO LIFE.

YOU ARE DISTRESSED BY MY HANDIWORK
BECAUSE I DID NOT MAKE YOU
PURE & BEAUTIFUL,

BUT NOW I GIVE YOU
AN ARMY OF WORDS.



I SAID LITTLE ABOUT TRUTH,
BUT NOW YOU LEARN FROM ME.



WHAT YOU DESCRIBED
—— YES,
I FEEL THE SAME WAY.

SINCERELY,

**TUCKER
LIEBERMAN
2019**

