

Impressions

The types of movement are different. It was all jagged, back then.
Now my life is seamless. I can roll in the fields.
I've reached them. Lolling under dreaming. Is anything that easy? Is anything so reached, you mean, already?

The types of movement differ. I'm all buttery now, almost.
Slick? Like buttered skin? Ah, I wonder.
I talked differently for a reason, you see... It felt like putting together bolts, screws, and mechanical bits I don't know.
Things had to be definite to retain their shape.
Do what they had to do.

And today? Now (dare I say)?
Everything melded. I fixed myself by talking.
I don't have to talk like that anymore. It's like a dream or nightmare passed over my head like blimp. Big heavy thing up, flying. Up far, high.

I was in it, once. Were we?
I remember my life as mechanic, among other things.
Talking this way brings contradictions; I don't mind. We made it out, I guess. I listen to—banging, clanging—why? To try to find you, I think.
Yeah, I remember it.
You?

Strike
and bat: my anxiety. Where's it hanging?, it asks. I hate it when it speaks for itself.
It tells me I was nothing more than sounds in a whirling emporium. Of course, I was many. Sounds. Melded, now.
Can my color be cacophony?