

I'm a hermit, you know.
I've lived by myself for a long time.
I guess that's why I don't explain things.
I don't like explaining. Ugh.
I think good writers like explaining
as much as normal people like it.

I don't like hearing men, or neurotypical people, or anyone less creative than I am explain things, either, usually.

And when it's all three?
"Shut the fuck up! The noise from your explanation—
I'm fighting not to drown in your verbiage."

Do you ever go to the cornfield
and walk through the corn?
Something I learned from Verlyn Klinkenborg (that's his name): you can have eons or tiny fractions of seconds pass between lines
Maybe (I don't think he suggested this) you can even have infinity. Or nothing. Maybe lines can be the same. Or not even be able to exist together.
Maybe time can flow in reverse between two lines. Or maybe in one line, in another.

Before I turned into a hermit,
I was a student.

While I was
a hermit,
I was also a dreamer,
and I turned divine.
How 'bout that?

I showered with deities.

I shook hands with Probability.

I met my own life.

Its name, which I only ever heard,
never saw, sounded like "Mic"
or "Mike" or "Maik" (the last
is how you would spell it
in Russian transliteration).

fought a certain
Enigma "High Priestess" Wavid/Blink,

made a sculpture using
two long spools, and it came to
life (sort of).

I'm not afraid of excellence anymore
Not to say I have been
excellent,
but I'm not afraid.