

Are you trying to disappear

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Are you trying to disappear
Is that why you hold your screen so close to where your heart should see

Compass driving, Enterprise rented
Your face but a foot from the window before the world -

Rays of light can pierce through glass but do they even know it's there?
Lower the veneer
Let the air wipe the jerky-stifled air out of our cabin
Let it bounce and burn, all of it
Direct contact
The singe, amber hue of promise
Southwest of our America
Landscape of dreams your father promised you
The Wind our God, the stability of its billowing wallow
Given to us for today and yesterday and hopefully tomorrow
It keeps us

A presence
Tick and the tock of the world
Quick!

Lower it now
And let us breathe
The brush of the desert crunch
Soil burying untold legends,
Arid cough of dirt
And Turbine breeze
Whiff of rattlesnake and canyon -
Our interior-dried Slurpee,
Crumbs of banana chip and scattered tic-tac
Planned sips of Seven-Up Zero
Or your unknown, done-branded bottle of berry-serumed sparkled drink,
An act of forced away from the projection of your purchased lens,
A yearning to capture without process,
Without concern
Or placement —

Don't tell me that's what you'd prefer to breathe?

You capture so that you may not see,
But you know that, don't you?

You must,

My God

At least I hope you do.

Knowing that you capture to look away, I mean

It hurts to assume otherwise

Although

I've come to settle a knot in my own stomach

That perhaps,

In truth

While you may know what you need you may not know how to keep it.

Or analog

To you, to document with time stamps

Blocked lengths of moments in which one may memorize over time as only those

select

Fragments. That was real.

Maybe

I get it.

We had been fighting just an hour before.

Come an hour later, everyone you and I know will come to know we're having the best of times,
aren't we?

Can't you see that you're beginning to disappear?

The alloy before your gaze,

The blockade,

The yearned desire to redirect while still facing dead-on

What you capture

Is it to re-remember?

Or is it something worse

Something like to disregard

Or the preservation of a tale?

Are you tired?

Are you finally set in what has become of you
And in doing so
Come to assume what will become as me
Fabled promise of your wisdoms
Another deviation from the truth that our world has decided for you?

Is that why you face the window to your side?

Yes.

Yes, I told you of a secret.

I do not know that I want to be what I always knew I'd become
And that my home has always been a stay-away
From where
The heartbreak of nostalgia tethers at my sternum
The falsified promise of a future never lived
A shadow dancing with a glister
Over points of constellations but of paralleled skies -

I'd left a trap for a chair in the corner,
For a disease of the blood,
And another of my society,
The lust for wonder wander fading like the pink to the blue of a lip,
Lungs filling with sand
Ashes of the American Spirit
I've admitted the fadation -- the process of fading
I've just made it up
of my soul -

That is the stamina to yearn,
To yearn so much it has already been said three times
Now four I suppose I like the word
No longer your boy I am now only my name.
Our anger with one another now stems from the fractaled realities of two separate lives

Skies, remember

Yours and mine,
Mine with consideration of you and yours in consideration with mine considering yours,
The closeness of our time together has revealed just how far apart we truly are,
Not laterally of course

Again

Constellations, plains

Sliding Doors, Gwyneth Paltrow, that guy from the Mummy.
To live is to suicide by grace if you'd like,
Mine by twist of an arm
Or the drip of the drink

All of it

Chosen disregard for the abbreviated chapters of a man -

They've chosen marriage, Rite Aid backyard furnishings,
Trips to cabins with pre-frozen chocolate-covered strawberries,
Shared Facebook spaces,
I think I've chosen Joshua Tree
My patio
Take-out preselected my lover.

I wonder if you see me drive and speak without awe,

No wow's

No Look at that's

No wow's -

No points

No jabs towards rivers

No prescribed desire to the awe,

You tell me rocks look like children,

And those like men,
Lions and Sons,
How they kiss the sky
And cut it so the clouds may stick their landing

And then me

I think now that you see it
My fizzle, postmortem pedal to the metal -
Perhaps it's not you who wants to disappear.

You'd hate being an Angelino.

Death Valley comes before landing in LA
Granted it's little North of that
But what's that say about the basin?

I fear you'd hate being me.

About as much as I fear you'd hate to need me.

That's what this is starting to feel like.
I don't feel equipped.

That's why I get so mad.

Not because you annoy me –
But because it feels as though the way I'm going
We're going, really
I could never help you

True

Buckled knees buckle less when with woman with hope

At least that's what I've come to understand from sharing this cabin here with you
But
What of a man devoid of any?

Perhaps you see that of me too.

No wow's.

I'm starting to see it now.

I don't think you want to disappear.

No

I think it's someone else you don't want to vanish.

For your two lens,

I'm beginning to think not both of them are just for you.

Your timecards, points I convincingly feigned happiness, if only for you.

At least so, I pray it's worked.

If only that were enough.

Don't let me disappear.

Mother who knows me no more

Don't let me disappear

From the man that I've become

Who still sings for the boy we both used to know

Somehow still in me

Gypsy-dancing over coals

It's getting hot and

The car AC's still blaring blindly

Mother, don't let me disappear.