

February, 2014
the night catcher

His words became enmeshed, strangled. He looked up from the page, his red eyes drooping with lackluster vision, his pupils dwarfed to the size of split peas. His brain felt split. Between the desire and craving to write more sentences that would ultimately land flat and the ache in his right hip that tugged at him, "Sleep. Just roll onto that sofa and sleep sleep sleep."

The day was nearing dawn, a time he most despised. The creativity he reflected into the night waxed and vanished as the sun rose. Something in the stillness allowed his fevered thoughts to take shape and curl out of his membrane onto the parched yellow paper in front of him.

He despised lines as he despised his neighbor next door. A couple of young age with a young daughter who did very young things and squealed with delight so often he hoped one day soon she would turn into a bright pink piggy. This couple rose with the sun, and it was people like this that made his hip ache harder pleading, "sleep, sleep, sleep, just roll over onto the sofa and sleep."

He didn't like to eat. He found the muscles of his mouth were often tight and only liked to part his lips to taste the words on the page when he read them back to himself.

Eating was for those with too much time and not enough snuff in their heads to lick out a creative thought. He rubbed his bare temples. There was too much time in showering as well. With his head exposed he felt his thoughts were able to radiate into the room and onto his page with more clarity, if clarity were a thing one was able to possess. No, always the crave for clarity, never the actuality of it. It would probably kill him if he ever landed on it.

His black eyes caressed the curtained window. His ink dripped from his utensil and he wrote his final words of the night, "Thou shalt live far longer than the beast in my chest will roar."

He dropped the pen onto the barked table, the last of the ink scratches falling into the wood. He held up the paper, unlined and stained- and blew. The words began to slowly swirl on the paper. His right, gnarled hand tilted toward the desk. The words swum toward the table. He tilted to the fro of the the left and the syntax followed suit.

He carefully set his paper against the grain and meticulously folded- one side in, another side in, creating a point he imagined searing straight into the now agonizing pinch of pain in his hip. A third fold, a fourth, a fifth. His breath remained steady and controlled as his fingers picked up pace. A final turn in , a quiver of the lips as he parted

open his gaping parched lips and with a directed exhale sent the inky dove straight into the air. It airplaned into the desolate living quarters and began its disintegration. Words fell like dust into the blue light, fraying from the edges and flying into the cold atmosphere like dandelion sprigs but with less grace. With more force than the weed's seedlings. Like black soot made magic by a wizard in a tirade wanting to conceal his identity against his rotten evil companion. Like a storm cloud set in the East to demolish a ruined city just to say "that land was conquered."

Six- nine- twelve his paper was gone with nothing but speckled ink on the hard, musky floor. The blue light turned sour pink. He rose, clutching his right hip deeply, and sank into the folds of his sofa.

