



## ON LOWERLINE

Hard to say what's elective about an  
affinity – about an affection –  
about a trust – pretty much absolute –  
i.e., don't bear qualification of  
any circumspection from the outside  
nor of doubt in the inner completeness –

still, there is a human sadness – sorrow  
they call it – equally unelective  
as of the change, it is a change, from the  
life of it the death seals, from the once sense  
of presence to the other sense of same –  
it is another arrangement of course –

now I reach for the hand in the air just  
as before, reach into the quiet air,  
into the distant thing where you are not  
anymore where you were, that distance is  
over with, this one is the other one –  
no goodbyes – maybe some kind of farewell

for now against god knows what the new thing  
is or what the sorrow has to have its  
way for that the change be properly felt,  
properly seen to, the one side to the  
so-called other side – all of its argued  
proof. I can't do anything about that,

big belief, other than ignore it, it  
offends my sadness, offends the air, my  
quiet air – its indecent need to get  
in the way.

Patrick – good luck.

Me, I'm the same in the way you know me.  
You are the same in the way I know you too.

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early November 13