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The Mean Time

After San Francisco, after getting back from going to San Francisco, I wash one glass while I unpack and collect the half-eaten apples of the afternoon I left all afternoon. All through each room of the intolerable tract house of the afternoon: the interim of the airplane, the interrogation of the seat strap, then out into the bright humiliation of high noon. I’m back to the embarrassment of the bathroom where the one window watches while I tweeze tiny feathers from the breast of the bath mat between twelve and two. I can feel my feet because I can feel my feet on fire. Burnt to the slack asphalt of the black tarmac staunching the center of the living room. I am burning because I’ve been built to burn and I have been burning because I’ve been left to burn and I am still burning, built like a boat tied to a float and I am forbidden to turn.