

Make Believe

"Abracadabra - Thumbs!"

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the same old lady in the mansion that once told me "i feel like a 94 year old little boy." said "what a back-breaking life it's been, carrying around this air-conditioning.

thank god right here's everywhere i've got left to go." clouds are snow and snow is clouds. abracadabra. learned to kiss from momma bird feeding her baby a worm. nothing's harder to find in life than quiet and then you gotta hide in quiet till you find what's hidden in it.

sit on your hands and wait till you have no hands, count on your thumbs. you'll be doing your all of your deep thinking with your belly. i'd visit her often in quick infinite slow moments. she'd hand me candy after candy and laugh and laugh, "i'm just trying to make everyone happy here, it's just the devil in me, i guess." i'd get stuck spinning in her wallpaper and it'd seem just like we were sitting wrapped up in gift wrapping paper. so this room is the present. abracadabra, the present is a gift beyond take or give that we can't name or know, but bird tracks in snow.

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