

III: bloom to ash

It's a glazed gloppy morning of springtime lust, it's honey-gold and thick, sappy and overflowing with a viscous, oleaginous sexual breaching of blooming life. The warm weather is inviting, but the feel of springtime's apex is just not resonant with my inner workings - autumn, which is showered in light similar to spring, holds so much more sway over my soul. Autumn's sun doesn't illuminate a bunch of fucking sex-crazed plants, animals, and dipshit media-drone humans bursting in eye-shattering, over-the-top displays of bright vulgar colors, but it marks a culmination, a completion of life, the beginning of Nature's introspective calm before winter's wrath, the complimentary shades of browns, oranges, yellows, and reds glowing in a coherent, calming, contented light. Paraphrased: spring is the season for hollow, obnoxious displays of virility and sexuality, while autumn is the season that yields quiet insight and a soft, rich, enveloping sensuality. Spring is for the fuck-as-many-as-you-can-and-mark-'em-on-your-headboard mentality, while autumn's the theater for the blaze ignited by the tight, smooth junction and cadence of skin on skin. Spring's just a cheap fucking fling, while autumn is the fuck of a lifetime.

It's days like this, these, when my heart's only desire is to lay on the soft carpet, washed in the bath of evening's young summer sun spilling through my window's screen, an unseasonably prickly coolness from outside air creeping into my abode, both fought and loved by the splash of booze that soothes and smoothes and matches the day's fading light. The silky, lusty, sultry and tawdry tones of Trailer Bride emanate from the speakers and mesh and swirl with the robin's songs and the hummingbird's twitters to form a complete aural theater for this, for *us*. And you - bare skin against my own, heat, dripping, soft and sweet and gliding and flying, completes the fusion between non-human and human life, integrates this existence from simple atoms to sixth-sense *feeling*, actualization. This setting, with you, in the glowing ruby light of this June's evening, we exist on a totally different plane, *plain*, that's all our own.

Hot and rumbling, trembling and thundering, sweaty, white, seams and curves, all framed in pink and black, blushing pink and black, an aphrodisiac, so fucking consuming and ensconcing and enrapturing, and, because of that, so fucking completely debilitating.

August threshold signified by the blushed and jaded withering leaves. A stone stillness in the hot, heavy air - stillness, silence, a ghostly silence, but ghosts and phantoms of warmth and love and comfort. The shimmering sunset when all is bathed in a glistening glow, as if all is naked, clothes burned off by mid-summer's chafing heat, all exposed and open for autumn to sweep all up in her contemplative, intimate eyes. You're naked, too, on the field, also warm, yielding, open, alive, close and buttery and smooth and sweet and the apex, the actualization, of late summer's purity. I love you.

Terracotta tiles, copper light flowing through stately redwoods and velvet firs, a gentle evening ocean-born breeze, us, together, one, on iron chairs in the dying summer's waning sunlight warmth. No self-consciousness, no brazen artificial lights, just complete resonance, just pure connection, where and when the words flow effortlessly, the energy flows effortlessly, time halts, and life transcends mundane daily ritual and routine. The context, you, me, all meld as one

harmonious whole, this space-time actualization of potential, and we rise above, touching immortality.

Dreamy semblance of ancient times past, this autumn, the colors and sensations that ebb and flow in its feathery wake. I drift through the autumn, dissociated, isolated in a rarefied chamber of mind where intellect and reason don't penetrate, just feeling, and a feeling so strange that I exist a world apart. In the calm, glass expanse of the Delta. In the ruddy, soft tones of a North Coast Range braided riparian forest. On old, tar-striped asphalt rural roads, bordered by tawny agricultural fields tended by the occasional lone human somehow swinging a tractor so, so softly. Deep tendrils from the past wedded to this season find actualization in the blurring of worlds I find myself straddling today, an inchoate world without delineation by logic, impressions that somehow seep around cognition to embed in the subconscious netherworld of the reptile and old-mammal brains of mind.

She's gone was the message.