Vicinity

Vicinity. A lovely word. I was in the vicinity and thought of you, thought I'd stop by. It sounds like Kennedy, Cynthia, affinity, or zippity as in doo-dah, happy words, words like serenity, oh but then comes trinity and that connotes implosion, still, the end of war but can we ever believe that as long as we humans lurk in the vicinity? Oh, obscenity!

Hello Eighty

Four score, somewhere in a Lincoln speech somewhere I never thought I'd be or see take heed children when you hear that speech you may just meet up with that someday

Hello eighty I say as I would talk to a tree or a cow in the locative case, a place, a marker I've come to and passed at the speed of life, which is constant yet changing daily

by the minute. Past and present are illusions but a bullrider can slow down eight seconds and make it even slower if his hand is caught in his rope. The bull's massive body simply

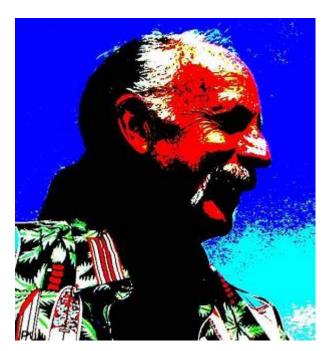
won't slow down for anyone even Einstein or Mercury which could collide with earth in a billion years. The cowboy will collide with earth on every ride. Relatively speaking.

Back to eighty, I've busted through to the other side and might as well wave goodbye to that younger me, no longer riding bulls or even my old gentle horse. Bye-bye bikes too

except for pedaled variety, got a fatbike for a pasture cruiser, but walking more, Fitbit on my wrist, but I don't wear velcro fastened shoes or walk in a mall on inclement days.

Gray Day

The road is a long trough of dusty gray and the sky matches it so well the road appears to vanish up into it; the gray sky may be full of number nine gravel but looking to the right into the distance I see a barn roof of sheet tin that earlier matched the sky and the road but it is now taking the shape of a very bright parallelogram floating above field and road quavering in the sky sharp and angular suspended like a shiny UFO. The sun is sneaking in under the trees and is illuminating items, a bored child playing with a flashlight in a familiar not quite darkened room. Now the shape has been eaten by the sky and buried beneath the road's gray gravel. Only silence where you'd expect to hear the gravel crunch against the tin.



Guinotte Wise writes and welds steel sculpture on a farm in Resume Speed, Kansas. His short story collection (Night Train, Cold Beer) won publication by a university press and enough money to fix the soffits. Four more books since. A double Pushcart nominee, his fiction and poetry have been published in numerous literary journals, including Atticus, The MacGuffin, Santa Fe Writers Project, Rattle and The American Journal of Poetry. His wife has an honest job in the city and drives 100 miles a day to keep it. Some of his work is at http://www.wisesculpture.com.

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