

# I'm Going Either Way

*by* Peter Erich

Will you join me in the romance  
of heat lightning, boiling the  
reservoir with its strobe lights,  
Will you join me on a lavender  
farm that is folding over its  
scent and creating a bowl of  
casual sitting, Will you join me  
kneeling in a Homegoods parking  
lot, Will you join me when I am  
alone where the people were  
supposed to gather.

Come with me on an adventure and  
trust me to point out the parallel  
beauty of two fighters orbiting each  
other like hummingbird courting with  
flitters, because I am fucking waiting  
and waiting and waiting for you to  
join me and enjoy me but most of all  
I am wanting for you to walk willingly and  
enthusiastically into our future because  
still-waters rot.

The big fat Buddha is invisible and  
preserved in the crease of my hand,  
in a grip, in a damage, in a wildfire,  
in an oath, and we ignore it  
in a way in-which we kick the rock  
down the road until we become the rock,  
and we orbit our own lack of  
presence to each other, sitting in the  
blue light of our iPhones, in a state of

meditative distain but sticking it out  
'cause we said I do on one hot day in June.

