cities like sepia and the second half of the dusk

by Brian Michael Barbeito

The source of things has broken open and that is why everything is around and about. I keep trying to tell you that but you don't believe it. No worries. If you are self-actualized and going in a routine, well, such is well enough. But I am telling you that I saw something when we were in those old cities. Most people can skip past it and go along for better or worse. Not me, though sometimes I would like to do that also. If you split dusk in half, the latter side of such a time is even sadder than the first. When we went down to those places that is the time that it was in the world. It could be called ‘half-past dusk and more...' The seams of the cement walls were coming undone. The pipes under the ground in disrepair and being worked on by men in trucks. The bright days of prosperity and fellowship were long gone. They don't go with little seasons and come back in the spring and summer months, no. They left years and years before. A crumbling place really. The source of things has broken and opened itself like I said. I was naive. I thought the source of things promised strong purple plums and sweet cherry trees abundant. I thought the source of things would have, dare I say it, something almost like rainbows. Jeeze, there was a time I would swear by it when even small things like car doors, a group of papers placed by the windows there, a hat, a telephone book, a lamp, a clay pot, someone's crown molding...heck- someone's double crown even!- say a Gemini chap whose name they changed at birth!, your silver cross- that favorite one you wear, the hues in the pictures, a key chain, a sticker, filing cabinet,- had so much luster verve bounce and jam!- I thought the source, being the source, would bring gaiety and abundance and a preternatural light for you and me. For everyone! But no. The source breaks open and births towns and cities that get old and have trouble enduring. It births our wounds and scars. Through cold wind

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streets on the darker side of dusk it says, *I don't know what you think you saw in the world before, but I am source and I am here and I do give life and am fair enough but this is not a picnic, parade, pageant or party and it is certainly not a game.* The source of things has broken open and that is why everything is around and about.