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by Gary Percesepe

I sat in bed reading *The Sentient Stranger* and looked out at the empty street. Someone kept calling but the satellite was defective. Earlier, I'd decided to sever all known links to the past, no crisis for the mailman. Boundaries, you cannot really have enough. Like bran accumulating in whorls on the rutted earth or cats circling milk, my thoughts were wanton. It was as though my doctor pronounced me ready for a bout of amnesia just when I was ready to put the gloves on again. I couldn't begin to give an account of the latest days. On the radio, someone was saying something about how no two people could agree about the meaning of a sentence, how nothing really is required of us. I wanted to pound a three penny nail into the speakers. There's a crack in every conversation. Meanwhile, the sky out my window has no color. Blackbirds pass overhead like punctuation. There's a feeling like rain. Once, in high school, I knew where I wanted to go. This was during my senior year. In class, our history teacher apologized profusely for what was coming. Every coastline would change, he said. It was the first encouraging thing he'd said all year. I stood and moved toward the door. I wanted to return to the refectory. Thinking, at the time, the road is made by walking.

