

This, About The Man I Met Out Here In Nearly Nowhere

by kate hill cantrill

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Out here in nearly nowhere I met this man. About him I know something something, and no one can tell me otherwise. The man was out in nearly nowhere, so how chance a thing like meeting. Out here one loses track of somewhere when all this nowhere nearly looms.

About this man, he chooses flight if such an option options through. Out here wings float on wind as if there's nowhere else but here in nearly nowhere; out here in nearly nowhere where I met this man who nowheres with me, with--or even so--*without* the wings we both will choose if such an option options through out here in nearly nowhere.

