

## Little Rags of Thought

It's like there's this big bull's eye on Our back  
Making balladeers  
Facade around our tight lipped  
Pasts.  
Searching, searching, searching,  
No results.  
Is this what You meant to say?

Pantheons in China  
And Smorgasbords of benefits  
Circle vindaloos,  
Resurface caution,  
And all the while  
Eat smoked ice cubes as We  
Nibble salads of symphonies.

"You'll find me with wings"  
He said.  
But his benchmark was filled to the brim  
With sharper stings of disparity  
And contradictory impulses.

*Redouble our efforts* I tell myself.  
Brittany hands me butter,  
Anesthetized to history,  
But the link is there,  
Always there,  
Never here,  
Reserving a bit of mystery  
For Ourselves.  
It's the one.  
The one and only everything:  
Nothing.

-John Landon