

A P P R O A C H E S

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One has gone missing. To go missing isn't synonymous with becoming lost. One is more often lost without
One joins a search party to look for one. All of one's hopes don't amount to a pocketful of dust but one
One is a Hansel and one is a Gretel. One is one's local lost children. There is a witch in one's world and one is
One will be the one to find one, a stiff curled hand, windblown hair, a leg bent funny. One will blow the whistle
One never liked the spring with its new growth and propensity to cover what is fallen, not with the mortality
One shouldn't have wandered off alone. One shouldn't traipse alone across one's difficult landscape. If one must
One was born to die and one is lost to be found. This, some say, is the key to a room in some future mansion.
Everyone in the search party tries to keep pace and stay close to one another so that nothing is missed, not
One wasn't drowned by one's mother or suffocated by one's father. One wasn't slain by an envious sibling or
Springtime, with its verdant urges and incorrigible yearnings, is not one's favorite season. One doesn't enjoy
If one were to kill one, one wouldn't dump one in grassy lowlands or dank woods or an algae pond. One would
One doesn't know why one volunteered to spend one's day scouring the land with all of these others out
Everyone in the search party was told, in all sobriety, to keep an eye out for scraps of cloth or droplets of
If one were to suicide one would do so privately and would leave no body behind to be clasped to one's
If one were to be murdered, one wouldn't care what the murderer or murderers did or didn't do with one's
One can be missing, as child, a mere matter of minutes before one's ones panic. After one night, the level
One has been designated town crier, so to speak, the only one to periodically call out for one, so that the day
One must be missing, as adult, a silent couple of days and nights before reality begins to stalk the loved
The search party gathered at daybreak at the roadside park outside of town. More than thirty volunteers and
One misses one and is unwilling to entertain the likelihood or even the possibility that one is dead. Death
One misses one and knows full well one is dead. One won't be one's savior today, nor one's comforter, nor one's
If one is hiding or one has faked one's disappearance, one will find it hard to forgive one. One needn't avoid
One wonders why there aren't bloodhounds. One sustained whiff of an article of one's clothing and off
One wonders why scavengers aren't visible, and whether one should take heart in their absence. One would
Everyone in the search party carries a whistle to blow if something significant or vaguely suspicious is found.
One's whistle feels cold in one's fist. It won't be moistened by one's lips, not this day. Its small pea won't be
Half of the search party wear hats and half of the search party are women and half of the search party are
One shouldn't pick up hitchhikers. One shouldn't hitchhike. Killers await one out on the dusty backroads
One will suffer blisters today because one wore the wrong shoes. One could be a bruin on a fawn's ankles or
One wears one's hat low on one's brow to focus one's gaze upon one's task. One will will one to discern a
One constantly hears one calling out to one out of the distance but one has asked those on either side of one
One wishes one were home in one's bungalow and out of this spring heat. The insects and lush greens and
One has become lost. To lose oneself isn't commensurate with being found missing. One is seldom found

being seen as missing than one is thought missing without being deemed lost. It is, as with everything in shows up at the gathering place before sunrise, eager to serve. One is a finder by nature, one tells others when that witch who would devour one's children. One was a plump child and one is a clever child and one will be one had been holding in one's fist, and one will stand over one as all of one gathers, the fruits of the collective of colorful leaves nor the blanketing of whitest snow, but with strangulating fervency. A precocious season stretch one's legs, one should carry a weapon of immunity to one, but solitude makes one vulnerable to self It isn't, in its passive fatedness, usable wisdom. Most of the lost stay lost and all of the dead stay dead, with one pertinent trace, not one vital optical fact. If one were to outstretch one's arms and those on either side of executed by one's judge. One went by one's hand, not out of judgment and not out of love. Out of fear of the warming of one's blood. The incessant greening, the daily reminders of one's inadequacies, the thrusting haul one out to sea for the creatures of the deep, or if that were impractical, one would cavern one among the looking for one. One should have begged off with errands or cramps or hypersensitivity around violence and blood. Nothing significant is too insignificant. Yet one mustn't lag behind. Pay attention, walk straight, keep breast in disbelief. Death needn't always be messy. Life is the more difficult of the two to keep tidy. Society body, leaving it where it fell or cutting it up and disposing of it or dumping it at night off a backcountry of distraught agony rises to clutch heaven's mind and sinks into hell's heart. Eventually, like everything in doesn't resound as a cacophony of shouts. One doesn't wield a booming or piercing or strident voice, but after ones, before the seriousness of the situation assails them. They begin to think back upon the last time they the sheriff have come to look for one, none of whom would trade places with one if any one of them could. will come to one, one recognizes, but not as cruelty, not in this small town tabloid way. Destiny won't sweep embalmer. One will be one's witness. One walks a relatively straight path as memorial toward where one awaits situations that force one to forgive one, but one shouldn't bait or goad those one loves. Communication they'd go into the undergrowth. Dogs seek life but they know death when they smell it. One wouldn't have scavenge one's kin if one found them dead in a field. One approaches forgetfulness as one would an empty Then, everyone is to halt and wait for word to be passed volunteer by volunteer along the line. The sheriff trails shaken by one's breath. One won't observe anything the rest of the search party would care to be shown. blonde but one counts only one blonde woman wearing a hat. One is infatuated with her. If she were to of one's recklessness. If one had had a death wish, one could have pursued more exotic thrills, more a stick figure with hooves—one's shoes seldom suit the occasions of one's absence. Tonight, in the seclusion stray hair or droplet of sweat on a twig or pebble. One's nostrils will flare with one's yesterday scent and one and they've heard nothing. One exists in one's head and one's voice needn't travel through air to reach one. humid thoughts aggravate one's weariness. One is tired of looking for one in the new day. One should not have without being seen as lost and one plays with one by tossing one into one's lost and found drawer every

our field of living, a matter of perspective. Within semantics, one could say one finds oneself missing being speaking of one, and one wishes to be of assistance in one's salvage. One could find a mite in a hill of dust, a godless witch burnt to vapor in an oven. One is a father and one is a poor woodsman skittish around hunger search, resolution without joy. All of one will slip into mourning as if into a canvas sack. One will wish it hadn't with petulant aggression toward winter's stillness. Now one is missing amid spring's ebullient tangles. If one disease and the wandering stranger. One cannot stay hidden in one's consciousness. And one has never been notable exceptions. One's death was assured—its inevitability, if not its specificity. One can't convince the one were to outstretch theirs, the tips of fingers would almost touch. Touching fingertips with one and another the known and not the unknown. Suicide by dispersal away from the unified I. And one will be found with and blooming and moistening—all disrupt one's acquiescence. One misses the white absolution of winter and sightless salamanders. Far away from sunlight but not pressed between soil or stark alone in a box. One's body as abduction and death. If one were to be found alive and undamaged, one would have heard the good news the pace, blow one's whistle if one sights the notable and specific, stay hopeful. This is one way to live one's should construct a furnace capable of eliminating ash into vapor but aesthetics won't justify the cost. road. One disbelieves in the lingering neurosis of ghosts. One's vessel is disposable. One's spirit is untouchable the human realm, people adjust. Grief is seldom an instant killer. One's mother and one's father aren't alive one of one's earnest calls, the hush folds back stronger than before. In one's voice is one's affection for one. saw one, spoke with one, shared an insignificant or telling moment with one, and they might suffer regret, No one can trade places with anyone, not in essence, and not in a disappearance. Particularity is, by nature, down upon one as a half-clothed body found in a thicket. One's death will be chosen. If one has any say, one's one wearing one's aloof stare. The time is yet to be verified but the place is assured. One will find one where breaks down between one and one and thus commences cat and mouse, one upon one. The end of this the ingenuity or wherewithal, dead or alive, to escape their noses, if one were out and about in this belly. It may have only been a dream, one's missing of one, invented on the spot as one would concoct a fib. behind to investigate the importance, if any, of every whistling. False alarms, those of good intention and more Brightness on a thistle, one's sleeve catching light, sun on a post. One's head on a post after one's war with one, walk behind a tree one would want the tree reduced to sawdust and swept away. If she were to be the one arresting indiscretions, more enticing lapses in judgment. One could've shocked one out of one's character of one's bungalow atop the ridge, one will soak one's feet in salts as one watches headstones climb the slope. will wipe one's lingering thoughts from the air and swirl them into one's own musings. One follows one's One tells one to be patient and one will find one and put one's memory to rest. There are many approaches to disappeared in this fashion. All that one has done for one gets repaid as a disappearing act amid the morbid night before bed. 'Found missing' is a ridiculous phrase that exposes colloquial language in all of its illogic.

lost, if, say, one suddenly wishes one's lostness were restored. One wishes one could stay lost, in a theatrical
One is assigned a stripe in the moving flag and one is given a whistle and the stripes scar their way across the
and afraid of one's second wife. One is a stepmother who will die without love. One is a candy house gone
had to end this way for one, a search party and a discarded body. One knows, as innocent fool, that peace comes
isn't found one will molder into summer oppression. The leaves and snow will fall and by next spring's thaw
able to resist one's allure, one's convincing press. One is one's stranger and one's sickness and one's placebo and
dead not to die. One can't resurrect oneself. Although it isn't a plaything and although it is fatal, one's death
one, or nearly so, even under circumstances of loss and organization, has its appeal. Mother to infants, Adams
a note in a bottle in one's hand, an explanatory paper scribbled with indulgence of self, rolled as if bedding
one's affair with the outdoors. In springtime, one's lover is the breeziest corner of one's kitchen, or a cupboard
petrified idea. One kills one with one's ideas and one kills one as idea and one's ideas die and won't die and are
soon enough to bask in the celebration, to hug one to one's grateful chest before one refused any more hugs,
life. If the search party performs consistently and expectantly, success will be the outcome. If one or any one
Civilization can't coerce the living to behave. One isn't afraid of bodily obliteration. Though it won't and
by one as other. If one believed one's spirit could be slain and dumped in the reeds, one might have cause
to hear of one's plight, to sit in parlor stupor wringing their hands. They likely know, where they are, if
One can imagine one answering one from across the way with unrecognizable zest. One calls out to one with
poignancy, bemusement. They may begin to see themselves as emotional victims. They may try to blame one
not interchangeable. One can't trade places with one. One is one's specific self and one can't unspecify one,
death will be choreographed for one's audience of one. One will share one's death with one and only with
one put one, where one left one, one's mobility stolen from one. If one puts something in its place, and it can't
struggle, to the casual observer, is seldom attractive. The ends of all struggles, as well as the beginnings, hold
countryside. Nevertheless, the search party is dogless. If one were still alive, one could be hunted down by
Or, if it were actual, one has disposed of it as carrion. One didn't know what to do with one while one was
than a moment's pondering, are tolerated. One hadn't gone more than thirty strides when a whistle blew and one
after one's victory and one's defeat, all in one's head. One's consciousness can't observe everything as if frozen
to find one, to come upon one's form, one would spring back into life. Or one could imagine this as truth
into one's disposition. One is one's deadly stranger. One must keep to one and one cannot keep to one and
And one will fail to cross one's room to fetch one a glass of water. One will get up from one's chair and
trail and won't be led astray by diversions of the senses or the imagination. One will do one's duty toward a
forgetfulness and all of them are inadequate, except death. One's memory of one depends upon one's memory
fluids of spring. What one wants from one is to let one go and be let go by one while one holds one and is
'Gone missing' approaches redundancy. One is missing one's proportions, one's appropos aches. One

firmament, forever under one's cloth backdrop of painted stars. One could sleep in the eye socket of a granite slate, one's country of unmarred opportunity. To be part of a group with a unified intent of good purpose is to ruin. One is a breadcrumb eaten by a sparrow. One wishes one were a white stone gleaming in moonlight. In imagined truths, and one imagines one's death will be as graceful as if one were an archer trying to put an arrow there will be nothing left of one. There is nothing left of one but one. One, left to oneself by one. Soon, in one's tempter and one's stooge. One is one's everyone. And if one is ever in need of a project, a diversion—is one's oldest friend, childhood to senility, first suckle to last gasp. It is faithful and will keep its promise to God, lover to lovers in orgasm or goodbye, selves to mirror, self plus one or self times two. Self refracted for the nights of one's stroll through one's nearer wilderness. One should have spent more time in one's starry where one can put one until harvest. A canned planting and a planned ending. From one's bungalow atop resurrected and go missing. Occasionally one comes across one of one's fossilized ideas, as if broken off of one, in that stifling affection for the prodigal one. In one's bed in the emptiest nights, one's nights of air and longing, of one shirks one's task, one might stay lost and the group of one will have failed one. To be failed by all of one can't last, putrefaction is more frightful when speaking of the body. Eternal decay of the soul, however—if to fear perpetrators. One is victim and perpetrator and bystander and savior and comforter of self. One is they care, wherever they are, that one is neither lost nor found, that one is one with one wherever one is hope for response, with need for response, with certainty of response. One has called out to one for billions for their confusion and they may succeed in blaming one for one's disappearance. This is standard human can't be homogenized by one. All of one's oneness rests in one's being the only one. One is a volunteer and one. A simple magnification of one. One is one's spotlight for one. One is in one's spotlight for one. One will move itself and is hidden so that no one else knows where it is, so that no one could move it, and there's no beauty. Beauty is only belief in beauty. This, one knows, is also true of other avalanche words: love, truth a large and hungry and desperate cat, if such cats existed in one's landscape. The cat wouldn't do this at one's alive and one didn't know what to do with the remnants of one's death. Vultures are absent but there are stopped with one's ones more or less in unison, hearts perked, wondering if the first whistle would be the only in time. If one observed one's birth, one has forgotten. If one observed one's death, time is topsy-turvy. If one if it weren't a figment, if it weren't one projecting beyond one's stride. The woman is more towheaded than one has kept to one too long and now one is alone amongst one. If one falls in love with one it won't cure begin to motion one toward one's sink and one will get lost in the expanse. This is the power of the human moment of expertise, one's honed skills of location coming in handy. One will find one and restore one to of one, a non-tautological relationship of one to one. The fresh tall grasses of the field give way to all of one's held by one. One isn't held by one to be responsible for one. One holds one in one's bed throughout one's wishes one could be found by the perfect finder, the one of ones, at the moment of one's greatest distance.

hero and one could puppet one's insights into women and kings. One will walk into constellations when one a privilege. To be part of a group with a unified intent of evil or indifferent purpose is a stigma and a burden. Autobiographical disclosure, in its very magnificence, demands all of one, and it takes all of one and more to arrow through one's own heart. If one were to rely upon gravity and trajectory and one's ability to maneuver the glorious by and by, there will be nothing left of one, not even one's musings upon one across one's seasons. and who occasionally isn't—one need look no further than one. One shouldn't wander off after towheaded arrive at its appointed time. It won't be put off by the vagaries or miseries or spoils of one's life. Even if one across a surface as shards of one in search of one in one's daylit understanding. All of one together are spread places and less trying to make something out of one's mud. Knowing this now is no more soothing than the ridge one watches spring consume the lowlands. And one observes a group of people as it moves steadily one's sock drawer, under one's bed, on the shelf between one's atlas and one's almanac. One is as careless with one's one held one to one as understood shape. Now one holds one accountable for one's collaborative urges. If one's ones, in spite of that purity, would be heartrending. The odds of being inclusively wronged are long, one thought there were an eternity and there were souls and one of the souls were one's soul—could mortify one's flock and one is one's wolves and one is one's apostate. One lets loose with one's ideas and one stacks one. One is one in one's bed in one's bungalow atop the ridge, alone with one's imagination, one's ability of seasons but one always hears worst in spring, the sounds absorbed by floral ambitions. One calls out to one behavior. Prudence is obligatory when one is loved, unless one's charisma allows for abandon. One should one is a statistic and the sun shines upon the sheriff's star. One wishes one were one's taller sheriff and not bow to one as one stands in ovation. An encore isn't wanted or granted. One's death, like most any death, is natural cataclysm such as flood or cyclone, it will be where one put it when one goes to get it. This is the way death. Death must be as splendid and as terrible as birth, as anticipated and as impassioned. One's death is bidding. It would snap one's neck in a stealthy leap and neatly devour one by sundown. But there isn't any songbirds aplenty, spring's accompaniment, sounding out across one's landscape, too happy. One wishes they, whistle of the day. Then, the sheriff's resumption signal, and the renewed striding as one. One is a we as any is allowed to observe one's death, perhaps one will be allowed to persist. Perseverance isn't an evolutionary blonde, her hair more white than yellow, and one will bed her in the sunlight of one's thoughts. One will one's solitude. One sought one out in the open and one enticed one to the porch of one's ridgetop lair. imagination, to lose one in interstitial nothingness as long as one can hold one's breath. To be unable to cross inconsequence, found and ignorable. This is what one wishes to do for one after all that one has done for strides, the trampling down of mystery, the measured elimination of searched acreage. This field will give way to darker nights, in all seasons, in all moods of mind. One leaves strands of hair on one's pillow, and regardless One could be found under the tongue of an ancient liar and one could doll one's hopes into children and

wishes to go outdoors. One imagines one's cloistered interior and one allows one's exterior to be imagined by Finding an innocent one who is trying to hide is usually violence and finding a guilty one who is agonizingly constitute a story. Philosophical whimsy, up there in the eaves, requires all of one and less, the harder grasp. one's body, odds are one would as likely skewer one's belly as pierce one's living heart. One cannot place one's This is true for everyone, for every one of one's ones, for every human life, mortal and imagined. Soon comes women in hats, whatever the color of their eyes, whatever the angle of their gams, however paisley their skirts. isn't true to one's death, one's death will be true to one. This is the fidelity of the inevitable. When one lies across the field as an undulating line moving toward a copse of leafing trees. One places grains of sand along knowing one wasn't a victim of infanticide. One commits suicide as a way of understanding one's creation. across a distant field toward a copse of greening trees. One of the group shines and sparkles as if a marble ideas as one is with one's loves. One loves and loses one's ideas. One disguises one's radiant self as a common mite one were more cloying or less independent, one might be able to leave one alone. As it is, one obsesses over considering one's one knows the pantone of one's blood, one is a walking swatch of one, the smell of one's one. Bodies and souls aren't commensurate. Bodies don't long contain souls and souls pass through bodies. one's opinions above one's head so one can knock them down. All of one's stories crumple into little flecks of to bring one to one, to be with one as one, one's only certain one. This is a balm for all created ones, for from one end of one's bungalow to the other and one hears the silence of a life lived alone. In one's winter one have been more careful with one's love, as love makes one vulnerable to loss, as everyone knows who has one's lost lamb. One wants to be the one with the dominant whistle. One wishes one's thoughts would radiate a one-off performance at a local club, if not a skit in one's living room. If one throws oneself into one's role objects behave. One was an object of one's affection. One is and always has been one's objective. One waits one's struggle out of life, one's raging against the lesser light. One imagines one's most open upper field under threatening wildlife in one's world, not toward one or one's one or any one's one. One is one's only threat like satellites of one, would drop in droves, peppering one's land with hushed effort. One wishes to empty one's group of one is a we or a they or a you or an I. One isn't one's sheriff's deputy. One isn't one's better half, one's by-product. Dying can't become one's twitch, one's mad perseverance. Death is distributed at conception, do so without permission and one will ask for forgiveness when stars shine. In one's imaginative bed one There, amid the upper breezes, one soaked one's feet in one's warmed wellwater, one rubbing them until a room within empirical time and space is a fact of beauty for those who wilfully eternalize, who choose to one. Philosophical philanthropy, the gift of the expendable self, blossoms when delivered as afterthought. trees and the trees will open out to another field and that field will descend to a gulch and one will be the one to of the color of one's hair, blonde or brunette or auburn, all the strands are white. And one will weave these gods. One will be hung out to dry on a windswept wire. One exists in one's outdoors as witnessable matter

one and inhabited by all of one's ones, a distinction between self and selves, between what one knows and what lost isn't always merciful, isn't always justice. To be part of a group is messier than solving matters alone but One clutches for meaning in one's nightly parables, one's daily whereabouts, one's raveled syntax. In order to heart in one's nightstand when one crawls into one's bed each night. One cannot give one's heart away with a to all of one in the short lifespan of one's local star. There is no changing of its bulb when a sun burns out. Meanderings lead to mischief more often than they result in redemptive disclosure or discovery. The straight in one's bed in one's bungalow atop the ridge, when one considers one's place in one's world, one lies beside the lifeline of one's palm and watches them move toward one's pulsing. One's heartbeat is one's god. One's god When one leaves a vacant bungalow behind as testament to one's imaginative reality, one invites all of one rolling in sunlight, as if a white stone in moonlight, as if put there by one's vision. One recognizes all of one's and flicks it from one's sight, over one's horizon, toward one's void. One didn't whistle one into the world and one one. One dreams of dreaming of one. One ought not to fantasize about one when one belongs to one, if one blood is but a pinprick away. Still, if all things are possible, then all possibilities unfold, and one possibility is Suicide is an express vehicle of transformative motion. It's provided as a viable option for swift travel in a mind one can study in one's palm and shelter in one's fist. One can salt one's food with one's imaginative dirt all creating ones, for all createable ones, to be one as one, able to witness other as one, valid and constant. can coerce one under one's blanket beside one's hearth, but in one's spring one can't lure one inside one's walls, ever loved, who has ever paid attention to standards. When one's love disappears one must find it before one true and lasting out from under one's hat, out of every strand of one's snowy hair, out of one's pores. To be with the gravest of absolutes—the comedy of one—one can revel in one's dead-of-night abandonment. One where one put one for one to come and claim one, to identify one as one, the only one. One would be willing a summer thunderstorm where one will court suicide by lightning. A faked suicide is beneath one's dignity—toward one. One tracks one down amid all potential ones and one could sniff one out in any multitude, one skies, one's sheets, one's mind. One's skies are stained, one's sheets are cloudy, one's mind is lightning struck fonder heart. Following the rules of a group is different than playing a game by oneself. If one were one's sheriff, one per zygote, a savings bond unredeemable until one's special moment of release, one's appointed maturity. needn't seek shelter from truth. One can reach for the light switch without strain, without fear of genuine they relaxed and loosened for one. Still, despite this attention, despite the fondness of adept fingers, one construct private infinities. One might not be able to get past one's inclination to rise out of one's chair. One If one's generosity is premeditated, one is guilty of motivation, that blight that separates the weak from the find one's empty hat. One will hold it in one's hands as if it were hieroglyphic. Instead of blowing one's whistle strands into a shroud and wrap one snugly and float one down one's river of consciousness to one's forgettable while one inhabits one's indoors as generative idea, the ideas of one and the ideas of self. It isn't lost upon

one doesn't know and what one never could know, one's endemic privacy. One is alone in one's absence—as one can't find one by oneself. Like procreation, self-discovery is a collaborative act. One ones one. One is oned move oneself out of one's way one must be movable oneself. All motion is illusion and all death is as temporary hole through its core. One's heart is for one and only for one forever and a day in one's girlhood dreams. To There is no changing of one's mind when one's heart knows itself, when one's heart is set. Spring springs from and narrow, the organized grid, the known bungalow and the familiar belly in the bath—these are one's altars. one's death, one sleeps with one's death. One believes in one's solitude as birthright, but one is married to is limited to finite sets of palpitations and flutterings and throbs. If trees breathe they're also one's gods, their to ransack it for resplendent gleamings, for transferable wealth. One's possessions belong to every one of ones and they would be witnesses to one if they were to look up from their task at hand, their monomaniacal can't whistle one out of existence. Death minus apparatus is the sweetest release of air. One's lungs and one's heart can speak of one's belonging one to one, one into one. One longs to belong. Into one goes one with hopes that one won't be found by one, by any one, not this day, not any day, not ever. Lost is one of one's permanent private compartment toward the undeniable. To kill oneself one must either believe change is possible or and one can pack one's bowels with one's fictional memories. One is one's unreliable narrator, always hungry One can't negotiate any portion of one's bungalow without hanging onto one or enduring one hanging not for one breath. In one's winter one can avoid one in one's forests, but in one's spring one is everywhere in forgets what it looks like. One can't stare into one's mirror to jog one's memory. One can't run one's fingers more or less than oneself is to be other than oneself. To be more or less oneself is the thrill of identity, a thrill jokingly stands and applauds and shouts for an encore and one hates one for being a philistine to one's talents. to wait for one forever if it were possible, but it isn't possible to wait for what long ago arrived, what never left, one wouldn't stoop so low. To attempt suicide and fail can be seen as intervention or incompetence, a fluke or could pluck one out of any haystack and isolate one in amber thought or sequester one under imagined and smolders alone like a log fallen away from the hearth's andirons. One's heart will grow cold with spring's one could have one arrested for trespassing on private property, if one is found alive, if one can't manufacture an Death is non-transferable and severe penalties are levied for cashing out early. If one takes one's own life, darkness. Absolute darkness exists only outside of the imagination. One's lamp won't work without its bulb. refused one's offering of one's interior. One knows one ought not lend oneself to a stranger. One knows thinks to get up from one's chair, and without knowing how it is accomplished, one stands—this is the way true. One can disappear on a whim and one can be found when one isn't even looking for one. One will be as one ought, as one was instructed to do, one will hold one's memory of one against the angling sun to block sea. There, in the midst of a beautiful day, with a horizon worthy of attention, one will finally grant one leave. one that one can't logically lose oneself, that one can choose lostness only in relation to what isn't one.

one imagines one to be. Unacceptable independence isn't a law of the universe. One has gone missing and by many. Away alone at last and loved runs one's prayer to all of one's ones, to one's one of ones, one's onliest as motion. Fairy tales begin by unselving everyone. They progress via repetitive hysteria. All happily ever afters violate this would be an act of vandalism beyond one's violence quotient. One strides ahead of one's companions, one's corrupt heart and wraps itself around winter's mind. One imagines one's death. Then one imagines one's One should have stayed home with one, allowed one to scrub one's back, to soften one's soles with gentle salts, one's death, a union no man can put asunder. And thus one often crawls into bed with oneself and dies in pounding hearts altering the weather, their roots attached to prophecy. One isn't buried under one's leaving one's ones. One leaves nothing and one leaves everything behind. The history of one's teeth is one's ticket search for what isn't missing. One could shout from one's ridgetop until one were hoarse and never be heard and one's brains aren't hung on death's wire. If one had murdered one in one's passion to be one, one would know for thoughts of none, but one divided by one is always one. One ought not to fantasize about one when one conditions. And this one sees for the blessing it is, the possibility of endless insularity. One could even hope that mobility is temporal. One chose to disappear before one was forgotten, before one's motion ceased. A and never flush. One's cheeks redden with recognition of one's blame in one's absence and the impending onto one, unless one is gone, is alone, as child or as grown body. To be free of oneself as child or to be free one's fields and woods and gulches and bed. One's ubiquity is proof of one's divinity and one's simultaneous through one's hair and count the strands, one by one, every one. Hairs fall out and join the detritus in the distributed indiscriminately across species and natural history. One will strive to be one's fittest one, one's If one has a talent for death, a unique ability for transition, one should swoon in its presence. One should be what is dead and emptied, what never existed. Unless one's memory is suspect, unless one has miscalculated the a lucky break. Suicide by lightning accepts total failure as affirmation and total success as affirmation. Near brambles, all for the sake of one, for the notion of oneness—one is peerless as huntress but afraid of the warmth. The greening of the world has always been the signal of one's demise, the whistling season. Now one excuse for one's recklessness. Or, if one's disappearance were a stunt, a ruse for attention, one could solicit one's it is only a matter of time before one must give it back. One may fiddle and tarry *almost* as long as one One's mind won't work without failure. One doesn't outlive white-haired women in hats whom one conjures one ought not give oneself to a careless friend. One's virgin spirit is unassailable as long as one chooses self most action happens. Then, one suddenly notices one has fled the room. How one got out of one's sight so found when one wants to be found and not before. One wants with all of one's might to be found intact its intrusive stare. One will tell one that an empty hat signifies neither proximal corpse nor reckless fugitive nor Goodbye! Goodbye! This is a way to snatch autonomy from the clutches of community. This is the way one An object isn't lost to itself—only to those who don't know where it is. Lostness isn't a universal constant.

there is nothing in one's world one can do about it, not ever, not now—
one. One sees one's companion move swiftly and one hears the whistle blow—
come from the same anthropological stratified delusion of collective time—
glimpsing the unknowable bare ankle. One raises one's whistle to one's lips and blows without emotion.
afterdeath—one's seasonal swirl. Then one imagines death without life—
to tell one a story of one's prodigal nature and one's inevitable homecoming—
one's arms and awakes the next morning as if nothing ever happened—
tree, but one's leaving tree shades one's wearier one, one's seeker of one—
past the coroner into the obituaries and down the cheeks of one's loved ones—
by one's potential saviors, one's springtime neighbors of nothing better to do—
where one had left one and one would anticipate the frantic whistle of discovery—
doesn't belong to one, one belonging to every one of one's ones, one to another—
search parties fail to ever find one, thus lending one's mystery its perpetual air—
choice of this sort should be lauded for its optimistic against-the-grain integrity—
spanking one's complicit victimhood deserves, one simply allowing oneself to die—
of oneself as corpse in no way compares to being free of oneself as spirit—
absence is proof of one's mortality. One shouts to one and one's silence bleeds—
corners of one's bungalow where one's mites are content to abide out of one's way—
shining star in one's surviving firmament, one's most eager faithful earnest sun—
humbled or even annihilated by the very thought of a well-crafted departure—
field's dimensions, one should soon come upon one's involuntary resting place—
failure—a non-fatal strike—is just life. And living is the most profound banality—
pack. Liberty trumps loyalty across one's competitive landscape of hide and seek—
waits for the small mandibles of industrious creatures to do their tidying work—
judge to force one to reimburse the county for expenses incurred in a needless search—
wishes—time is in no hurry to shift one's every molecule and rearrange one's energy—
in one's walking boredom from one's steep-roofed childhood of easy disappearance—
over one as everyone ought to do, as every self-respecting one eventually does—
quickly without one's knowing is a mystery to one, a curiosity of freedom—
and beautiful and necessary. One wants a party of restorative grace and cheer—
verification of mischief—merely a misplaced hat on one of one's wanderings—
loves oneself to death and beyond from the comfort of one's armchair—
One has become lost and this is one's sorrow in one's world and one's joy—