

## *IT'S ABOUT TIME*

I am forgetfulness. I am forgetting. I am anger when attached by a tether attacked by my raving. Unseen the clock, the blind apraxia to every yaw. Silence tapering the yawn of the maple tree, leaving leaves like limb-kinetic fingers.

The bunker mentality, noticeable. Suicide shells, a sham. It's not such a big deal. People do it all the time. Some are habitual latecomers.

The skeleton society is dancing a shindig. Rummaging for circadian rhythms; I find only air and a pockmarked couple of days. I think like this all the [time]. Briefly.

To alight equals living. I am Zebrafish. Studying regeneration [I was relegated to the cloakroom for combativeness], I thought it meant *re-energize*, like taking a shower, drinking four cups of coffee.

When time is this puny, I reject all paragraphs.

~Lea Banks, *Lexicon Polaroid*, Issue 3