

the paint has not even dried  
i was here, it says  
i was here, it says here in cursive  
here in print, here monospaced.  
here in an essay, there backwards, obfuscated in code under that.  
here it says it again, calligraphic blood from nails over a chalkboard  
a boulder up a hill, trailing sans serif on grassless soil  
it is uttered by an author who leans on a wrought iron railing on a balcony three stories high  
the weather is good, better than it has been in months, and he can look out at the quaint, bumbling  
little town as if everything was all right.  
he fills his lungs and pushes the weight out again.  
there is a hole in his chest and he is getting tired of drowning