

FIND YOURSELF IN SPOKANE

by Fitz Fitzpatrick

The journey starts on third street, the last street before you start climbing the concrete to train tracks, in the bad part of the cool neighborhood where I moved to during that big breakup and then that bad breakup, but still the best rent and just one block from the park where I'd wind myself through the trees to see if I could untangle my thoughts. One time I got lost despite it only being two square blocks, just like my mother, getting lost in the city I've lived in for 20 years, she can't even seem to find her way to Main Street these days, mislead compass spinning post-stroke and I still can't explain to her my way,

skipping all the cracks in the broken sidewalk on first, where I walk if I want to be in the city and not see anybody on a warm night, it's a straight shot down to Irvs or Nyne or Brooklyn or Suki or maybe some place classy, there's a lot of bars in that four block stretch, we have a lot to drink about I guess,

at least I used to, just like my mother, or was that father, or lover, there's a whole section of Sprague I wouldn't walk down for months for fear that the drink would follow me home, go the long way, through riverfront, the street lights glowing orbs, crystal balls *outlook cloudy*. One day my friend Susan took me to the bridge down there, the one suspended, over the waterfall, look to the east, the river is rage and I learn that progress doesn't just flow straight one way, it folds back in on itself in waves in waves,

look to the west, you'd think the river had never seen a splash, no troubled waters, smooth, like glass. She hands me kids bubbles. Pull out the magic wand. See how they travel all the way to the surface, little orbs, crystal balls, *outlook floating*,

You don't end here.

Don't jump.

Keep going.