

Jaime's Regulator
by Theo Konrad Auer

A lot of things weren't right,
Your shoulder, timing, your inbox,
The past was/is still right now being
rewritten recast re-edited and little seems right.

The lighting is unflattering
and the volume too loud,
the soundtrack is off key
and you are too and
it smelled noxious,
the gas was lit even
if the scene wasn't,
I mean anymore but
even tainted memories
have their moments,
that is why you keep
going back trying to
find an(d) answer,
a key to a door
will be in a place
you'll know the way to,
in a time you don't know yet.

It's easy to forget air is a fluid
Especially if you never knew
But I think you do.
It's easier for some to cry than others.
It's harder to let go of the people
we let in who let us down
when we didn't plan for this,
we didn't believe a backup plan was necessary,
You never expected the fella who you held in high regard
would pull a heel turn,
you'd rather not be wrestling with this
and your wing will soon be in a sling
and it's harder to laugh these days
when you dream of May and diving deep in less turbulent waters.

After we're born we
Gestate in fluidic space
You'll be in a similar place
Nearly as warm,

Just as soothing,
You'll have changed by then
And find that you're changing still
and it is good and isn't true what they say
about Leopards and spots, you're
a different sort of animal and your gills will come in soon.

I am wondering what the next card you draw will say,
I am wondering what it'll be like to breathe water,
to be able to traverse two worlds
divided by a thin ever moving film,
to be able to leave the past behind:
a place so dry every sponge is shriveled
and every throat parched,
everything late, everything dated,
fated for a shelf not worth more than a fleeting glance.