

Them Stones

By Theo Konrad Auer

Playing host to the ghost I'm

Giving up

The steles are being considered and the ghosts are assembling

Its quite a sight!

The murder goblins had their fill and the media needs their rest

A hearty backdrop,

a meaty scrim of burning homes alit,

lite Disneyland's California Adventure,

I don't want to go there

but have

and it was too expensive for my taste

and that was enough to take my sample for the lab

The frequency is as it was

In and out? Young country versus jazz there is no

Question but pledge breaks

seem to come every other month

and the other day seems so far away

that I needed Muzak to remind me

I am forgetting a couple things

I think were important enough

to not forget but I did

and that why I am here in a cafe post work  
nursing the beer I ordered  
they were out of the pale ale  
I wanted so Racer 5 sufficed  
in a pinch and  
that is why you're not here  
with me and  
that is why I find myself  
obsessing on the flower scene  
from Harold and Maude,  
you know the one set in the cemetery in Colma,  
I have always meant to go there  
but I haven't- no!  
Not yet, it is too soon for That  
always too soon  
and it is late already  
and I really want to go to the cemetery next door  
first or second, I'm still not sure,  
but I know the brother I never met  
is buried there  
and I always wanted to pay his grave a visit  
and grace it with a flower  
  
but there was there was always a but  
and I want less buts in my life,

so this is the moment I resolve to pay Hartmutt Auer  
a visit wondering what he'd make of me  
and the other brother and sister I never met  
and the one I knew more as an aunt  
than as a sister who is also dead,  
she spoke seven languages and now no more  
to meet you and have a moment,  
not necessarily big, but big enough  
the kind you can't help but remember  
I really wanted that more than anything else.