

I Should Just Get a Cabin in the Woods

i. if only *this* were it

if life began and ended by the river
if the passage of time were not so violent
if only the present moment
existed beyond our imaginations

in the woods, i am not ill
by the bubbling water, i am well
and yet *this* cannot be life
they will not allow *this* to be life

this mode of existence carries the only remedy

to the ailments that plague my mind
and yet
i cannot have *this*!

ii. *this* refuted

~~they~~ i will not allow *this* to be life!
accepting *this* feels like giving up

ashamed, i blame it on the call and tug of capitalism
but there is something so familiar in my refusal of *this*
(like pride)

the truth is this:
to hide in the woods is to be forgotten

the truth is this:
maybe we are meant to be forgotten

iii. epiphany

the foolish desire to be witnessed

is the ultimate hubris
we drink up attention like water
hoping to keep ourselves alive healthy
safe

and yet even the hydrated perish

abstaining is not an option
there is no relief
no blessed assurance

we cling

to our moments in space and time
so as not to go mad
but the hour of forgetting approaches

have you tried letting this be temporary?