

Weeks

Jack Trego

Week 1

sudden ineffable gift of time falling down like Borges' map — puffed
up underneath full of bright ideas and clear thoughts

all novel and unknown (unprecedented), therefore exciting

Week 2

heavy clouds roll in partially cover the spring sun

morning zooms to night as new cyber
life is mediated through the screen

Week 3

days long and tasteless; a blind man's fingers spread
over a clean white sheet looking for a guiding texture.

a knot in the thread — break bread with suffering's descendants

Week *n*

a tree decays from within, its exterior intact until its interior peels out

rules effaced, reinterpreted, reimagined
for this time

and the only support is the game of continuing on

past present future coalesce into a
cruel imitation of themselves

Week $n + 1$

the Beyond bookends the Before —

a future bliss we must believe in to keep sane