

Moose es Sign?

By: John Leonard

David Foster Wallace ruined lobster for me.

So, there's that now.

In the unrelated book I'm reading, (Notice I didn't say novel)

all the whales are dead and climate change doesn't really exist.

It sounds like the Bible, I suppose. But it isn't.

Whatever man.

Someone at a bar in Nappanee, Indiana once told me a joke.

The punch line involved a preacher in a dung heap.

Now I'm a regular, and pretty soon

I'll be a townie. Knowing Beethoven means very little these days.

(49 minutes elapses)

I should be put in a corner and forced to stare at cobweb architecture.

A spy revealing the secret song of dust when it turns indigo,
signal flares of a stratus uprising.

(I'm blowing you all meaningful kisses)

Figure out a way to make all those parentheses go away
and send me a note. (Please)

If I could ask you one thing, it would not be about those starlings.

I wouldn't ask you if you saw our future in their murmuration,
black like the storms of your youth, charmingly rhythmic.

Say you held a gun to my head, and killed a couple of people
in front of me...I still wouldn't ask you about those starlings.

Even if it meant freedom.

Cheaply we'd go sailing, and on your third glass of
Morse Code Shiraz, maybe you'd remember the sage advice
that your grandmother gave you that Easter Sunday-
the time she made you wash her windows
all afternoon
hungover.

"It must be."

