

Lucas Farrell

Sugaring

The snowy fields have softened to a raw chevre. I eat a little of it
I drink a little water I sing a little mercy to myself which makes
me an honest man. Fingers numb, I tune my ears to the 7 or 8
metal spouts in the vicinity dripping sap into tin amid a greater
orchestra of uncertainty. Listen further, listen deeper: record the
unkindnesses, the atrocities, bitter soliloquies, brutalities, note
the sounds of the acts and the sounds of the consequences, and
play them all back one-by-one on random on repeat in an empty
wing of an underfunded museum in a thriving city somewhere in
the vicinity of your heart and listen. Then reside there. Year after
year for eighty some odd years, let's say a lifetime, let's call it life,
call it weather, let's call it love.

