

Reading from *Death Blues: No Time Like the Present*

by Jon Mueller

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As I walk into the house I feel the change of presence, of sentiment, of personal belonging, of bodies and things, of history and ideas. And I see. I see what's been placed, what's been treasured, and what's been remembered. I see what exists in space and in time, and I feel the temperature you've set, the warmth that you've kept, and the cold age of our memory.

The eyes that look back from pictures, unknown faces and the lives within that scraped along like pendulums in sand, speak to us like songs played on strings of consciousness. We have arrived. We are here.

This is what we've been waiting for, whatever it is.

As I wait for you to join me in this room I know that you might not come because it might not be time. It might be 'other time.' It might be never. It might be now.

I could hear you crying, but you were laughing, and I awoke trembling in this room. Where we could be, and where we could go, will not be seen, but it will be. And maybe you did cry.

And maybe I laughed, and am laughing, and was wrong.

Look around the room. Look at what you've done. Look at what is.

Breathe in. Swallow. Dream.

A melody plays, or is it your eyes and how they looked? How they sought, and how they knew.

I wrote you a story to tell you that I'm sorry. I wrote you a book to tell you that I'm thankful. And I wrote you a song to tell you that I love you. But it is all things to say, it is all stories told, and it is all we know. It is in words, it is in ideas, it is in silence, and it is in movement.

But it is *NOT IT*. It is *NOT IT*. It is *NOT IT*.

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