

Novelettes Ablaze on the Living Room Floor

Nathan Markiewicz

*I can't decide
which I love best-
you lying next to me
like an open book
or an open book
lying next to me
-Cyn Zarco*

Sometimes
I lay in bed,
always flippant, random
Pg. 268, Pg. 132, Pg. 766.

Fourth line, second stanza, etc.
The rebel and the antagonist choose dancing partners
and waltz across my mind
with angular bewilderment,
Last four of chapter 6, first two of chapter 14.

The rain's nervous twitching
as it collides with concrete,
like the tingling of a synapse,
itchy and impatient
one story dies to beget new themes.

The precipitation sifts through my ears
In echoes of encouragement,
further direction on becoming lost
through creeping sporadic input,
reflecting off the page, bouncing off the headboard,
rattling through collaged memory, and onto the window,
where the sun awakens me to find
collapsed novels, dying anthologies, choking catalogues,
like sunken ships in the Sea of Japan:
See Russo-Japanese War, 1904-05,
Chapter 32, Pg. 207.

When the pages turn sequentially,
They will burn, ashes creep to the next page.
72, 73, 74 stoking the coals.

The remains to be stored in mason jars
That sit on cortex shelves.
Nothing to itemize, deduce,
all breathless reasoning.

Dreams 3, 4, and 5 become suspended by mid- paragraph.

The deceased bindings never to leave
the still illiterate mind.
The wreckage will warm me in the morning,
and prompt me to navigate the battle strewn seas
that lay silent on the living room floor.