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## Association

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► **Association** | Patrick Bryant  
*Editor-in-Chief's Choice*

remember

used human-oiled textile smell — animalscent of sweat of grease of man—  
backseat '93 plymouth, gray, looking up'n at'em out the window:  
9 old years the sun ... not the sun the kid looking at...  
warmth above the skin of his temple  
set upon, glowing haze from/through, the windowpane

staring off boredom at play of sun and powerline,  
now orbish miracle on black bough,  
now n/ever-ending serpent — *ouroboros* whipping through fire  
and forth back and over green-brown blur of trees the highway  
seeking out its tail, its gape a yawning stretch of midday  
into a midsummer night's camp site

snap back

noonish sun's photons' movement of brightness on brightness  
laced 'round black cable to sink upon gravel lot  
split by shadow — powerline veil cast upon rocks' eaves' shadows' darkness  
slipping on darkness like a cloak or lover's arms or image around the self  
tossed/tossing among sheets in frenzied lowgravity haze by lamplight

remember

firelight roaring like old country road sighing-pining for tired wind's  
droning passage over and through engined metal vessel—  
staring fixated on embered ashes ... not the fire reflecting upon itself ... the  
kid  
hypnotized by gray soft-fractured orange-red glow  
boiling its own image

lifted limply out from flooding deep-sea forest darkness—  
shyly but immanently unhinging its jaws to swallow them all:  
the voices strangely singing *there's a hole in the bottom of the sea,*  
*there's a hole, there's a hole, there's a hole in the bottom of the*

snap back

can't be that kid again within myself, my self must look without  
that self no longer myself ... any instant: a shade drawn over a shade  
drawn over the walls encircling the bed  
now cradling lovers now spent  
in exchange for a hope

for something more than the sucking draining slippage of time—  
spiraling body through its senses  
away from world-itself, down past all the gillish floating flakage of forms  
into the hole in the hole in the black hole in the bottom of the sea, asking  
when it stepped between — the light of and what exactly was — their youth  
to cast them here so hungrily upon each other

**NOTE:** *This poem is best understood in its original context. It is part of a digital multimedia project that I created for WRIT 502 (Cyber Rhetoric).  
The website is: <http://bryantp2.wix.com/writ502multimedia>*