BECAUSE

I'm staring at a red pen with a black cap lying on a blue and white woven

throw rug thrown over a small portion of an alternately white

and black square tiled floor above which the walls are painted blue

and the ceiling off white atop the bathroom of a long skinny house

on a side street
named after an Italian poet
just two blocks off a main avenue

below some honest to god trees the clouds sometimes worry about because

their outskirts get caught on sharp branches and often rip

and around this red pen surrounding this white and blue woven rug

above this black and white checkered floor between these blue walls

below the ceiling in the bathroom of this railroad car house on

a side street at 10:46
of a friday morning
every little thing

simply couldn't be clearer.