

“Hibernation”

AL Blank doesn't remember. He has hobbies, very immediate-type activities. Building ships in bottles. Growing fruit in bottles. What?

It goes in progress made. Nothing lost or forgotten. It spells of the nothing go-work so common with the frozen freedom of amnesia. The trellis for the sails, once glued, hard to undo. Of course he has smashed completed bottles on the floor. It's no good, no good in there. So he takes up bonsai. It's there next to the bed, compacted beauty, and something nips at him. He has to work with the bottles, the ships in trees, protected for sortieing birds.

It nips at him in a forgotten closet corner. The brain it works, except this corner. It ruined the rest of the gray matter he thinks. He can solve every problem, but he'd forget. So they're momentary insights that cajole not the corner. Dormant. Do I need something more tangible, more beautiful, no, he can't convince this corner. Sometimes, when he has to, doesn't choose to, he can hide his whole self there. When he awakens to see it's not a dream. And it really is not a dream. Maybe a bit.

Days down to the city dogpark. Old friends know, so they introduce themselves for the first time. Looking for that glimmer of recognition that is always a lie. An illusion really. He doesn't know. He knows his high speed equations, his ways to make it through the day. Always suggested to him. And his bonsai, cut back the half-inch superfluous. Maybe get back to the essence, the most important part.

He walks the neighborhood, keeping a log of how many left turns (left turns only) he's made. Stop in a museum, a building of memory. Sometimes there is an inkling there. All that connected memory. A supermarket, I liked bananas. Tries one. Yes, yes I did (or do). Neurons fire but don't catch, mostly spinning gears.

So it spreads. Dormant for the whole brain then. No past, so no plans. And very little of the now. Present of the presence rejected as most do. A lot of staring, clearing the thoughts based of figments away. Plagiarize others' pasts. Staring, tossing. Strange unharnessed dreams based on nothing or sensations or suggestions. A ghost limb, a ghost brain, a ghost life. A floater on the sometimes ether. The hibernation of the flawed and the flawless.