Portrait of a Conversation Between Two Friends

: All these clovers flooding the hill,

they're different each time we come here you know.

Remember last time? it was only dry grasses, dragonflies. Now there are all these little round flowers and three-leaved children.

But look.

you can still see the parallel paths we took two weeks ago, trampled into the wash.

Look at this spiderweb! how far it stretches, all the way from that tree way over there. Isn't that incredible? This little spider, guided by adopted accidents, the accumulation of chance, is next to God in its creation.

You're right. It is kind of beautiful, though I never thought of it that way.

The way the tracts of shrubland crash along the long fence lines.

It is kind of beautiful.

See that's why I love you

And I know what you mean when you say he's still there like a name that won't leave the dark corners of your mouth. I know what you mean, when you say that in the deep of your chest there's something breaking how a bead of ink breaks.

And I get it. When you say you didn't listen when they told you about Vassar, even though it's a good school and all.

We climb the hill, eyes up at the transmission towers, their steel boots buried in the clovers, power lines ahead. You say they look like a piece of art you saw once, I say they look like titans, wandering the earth.

And I think about that time nine months ago
we wandered a crowded mall in the early signs of winter,
its skeleton an inevitable island on the cold tarmac,
you in your grandfather's flannel followed him and I
as we searched for fast food and something greener,
when I asked if you were lonely, like me and you said

I think everybody's lonely

And now we sit here

One Two beneath the power lines,

our backs to the signpost forbidding us go further because this spot is good enough as it is and even though when you asked me here you called it a walk,

I know you'd rather sit here and listen and tear at clovers.