

The Way You Read

by Joshua Fish

The way you read
from *Finnegan's Wake*, you understand
"muzzlenimiissilehims," you laugh at the quirks, it makes me want
to look for more than just sounds
and rhythm. To get lost,
as one can only do, in story.

In history,
we swam in the Great Salt Lake,
on the way from the same salt city, getting lost
riding the symbolic desert highway not taking time to understand
the map. It was only, "that sounds
cool, let's go there." Driven by our want

we wanted everything
to shatter. Ourselves, to invent a new story,
singing, "how does it feel to be on your own, a complete unknown." Bob Dylan sounds
good on the highway, under sticky water
the buoyancy propels me like a dolphin in the air and you are running on the beach
chasing bugs, under sand
piles. A fleet moving up from their homes, excitedly laughing, flying scattered, lost.

Riding back, in the back seat, reading *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, I too am lost
and ask you a question about the theme because I want
to know what you think about, anything really, to talk to you and understand
you light up a joint and say, "Fuck that story
dude, let's get ice cream cones," Thanks, a good reading,
"ice cream sounds great."

And even with the air rushing past at seventy five miles an hour through all four open
windows, past your dangling freckled feet, I can hear the sounds
of your tongue licking ice cream. I lose
my thoughts and am left with only my senses to read
the world, what I wanted
to be, part of a story
a story I understand.

Do you understand?

I know it sounds

simple, and that's why I didn't get mad when you told me to get a life. You weren't sorry

I know. It was part of getting lost, I lost

you too, along with my wants.

what I couldn't read about.

you