

San Antonio, Texas
HEB parking lot

10 December 2022
07:57 – it is gray

I got online and added a carry bag to Dim's flight back to L.A. Says he just needs to play golf. I think he's got a boyfriend. He hates women too much to return to the wholesome honey. I just want him to find some peace. Love would be nice. Heaven's would be best. If he'd search for it. He has lived the nomadic 'anywhere but here' quest his whole life. As I have but he has never seen it for himself. Aside from his Mary and his time in the service, he's been of 'no place.'

I wonder if my brother has ever found a place to anchor. I think life with the nuns in NY's Foundling Home shook him up. The nuns on Sparkhill finished him. Thus, only Mary was his anchor. Just not mine. Something about Christmas Eve '67 – shook me. Shook my heart right out of hers. For good. I hung on to an idyllic dream. Until it cost too much to hold.

And all that it cost me to rise from an unrocked cradle on an unsung and joyless day. I often wonder, by capacity, if we ever qualified as human. It's not a thing I would know with certainty. Funny thing, my heart, my innocent heart is filled with love to give. But to woman...

Who see my closed black composition notebook as a threat. Hearts of true? Never was it so. It's why I could only drop one anchor in woman. Their thorns of insecurity that say love means full access. No. No. Love is a *maybe* access as another's diary and art are concerned. These are inviolate. The birth gift, the primary anchor, excels and exceeds all other bonds and trusts happily ever after.

When a woman uncertain pries – in that Act – she makes an adulterer out of me. A first love and marriage was thus violated. Forcing me to try now and love two. When alone I was made for one.

Look around, what lasted? This faithful ink of my soul. If just one Eve had ever, after I love you, not violated my word-garden, eating of the ink-tree at dead center, she would have kept me. Sure, a mere aloof lodger, more often talking to trees and silly leaves and reading omens in the sky. But no nomad at evening's demise. Home by undercovers time.

Look around. Cup for one. A clock for a lover and a river in my heart that ever flows, rushing, frolicking, into the eye of this pen. Woman? Could you, any of you – have ever given half as much? Say what? Oh, well now.

You hold on just a second. Preparing your face, you say? Good, let me interrupt. Please. Read you a season of age in my ink? In its flow? Read it, you? Read mistrust? Read dishonesty in its ebony hue? Read nosiness? Ink is beyond loyal. It bears no season. No fallen brow or chin. No 365th blink to an age. To you, your age, and yea, me to mine. Ink is timeless. Ageless. Deathless.

You fair and lovely wraith, you'd have me in the Tik-Tok essence of your huff'n puff eye, you'd have me forsake this? You'd milk one pen at the sake of heaven's other? A writing desk for your well-lit vanity set? This for a byline on your weekend chore list? This for the stolen sweetness of an hour that to ink compared is sour? My diary, anchor of my days in all its ways to privacy as power.

I chose well. I chose true. I chose me with a pen over you. Who's the better for it? You all are. I'm left only to be truer by being wiser. Since outside of this composition notebook all other of my love makes an adulterer out of me. How sweet the dream would be if – if at *Seventeen with a Pen* (written in the White Plains Inn) I had only seen clearly. Not proudly. The Muse, she to beauty spoke her first, spoke of eternal loyalty and so, claimed me. Soul, ink, pen, book – anchor of my days in all her ways.