

after *Grief Logic*, if there is just logic

after Diana Khoi Nguyen's *Grief Logic* in the *Ghost Of*

If you hold your breath in a paper bag, it will stay fresh.

If you hold that bag with your chest, you can see your breath moving your breath.

If the breath begins to escape, shut your eyes until they wrinkle.

For a tree base is the only place for one hundred year shut eyes.

If you shut all of the cabinet doors, you won't pinch or bang or see it anymore.

If seeing can only be done one way, it isn't the best way.

If it is my way or high water ways, I don't think you'll get to pick.

If choice were real, I would have wings, and I'd also sew some for you.

If choice is the opposite of something, it is the opposite of everything.

For there is nothing else.

If nothing is elsewhere, then you should go there to see what it's really like.

If it is far, make sure you first enjoy your mode of transportation.

For flight is one thing, and falling is something else.

For those that fly too high, there is sun and wax and still there is falling.

If you must still go farther, I'll pack you a housewarming gift for the stars.

If the stars have died when you arrive, you can make your gift a memorial.

If the stars have died we might still see them.

If the stars haven't died you will still see them.

If the stars don't die then we've always seen them.

For stars don't actually go out, they're the same as we've always seen them.

If that is a lie, then you now have a choice.

If that is a choice.

Sometimes I wish to blow a wish as far as a can.

Sometimes I wish to curl into a ball so tight that it becomes a rock.

Sometimes I wish to see you.

But stars don't tell us about loss, we can't find them in our eyelashes, or balancing on cheeks.

But cheeks are good for holding other things.

If you want anything to be held at all.

When I am held I am going to take one, two, three big breaths.