

To Reaffirm a Warmth

Max Schmetterer

Shocking ice rubbed on face lets spacesky night get so numb:

I'm stuck inside of my skull, trying to freeze and hammer an edge off my forehead and pry open my brain wedge to stimulate its kite sensation, cut short by careening surges of oh my god what a voice and how can i classify this type of attraction, when all i want to do is spin, spin then dive into a sheet of polar bear country, screaming from the white cold but laughing from the hysteria, the ranges of blue and gold and white and yellow stretched over the snowfield and those are the only four colors we need to see shooting in our night sky, blue gold white yellow, like that time on the plane when we wrote about love, like a fairytale blue we are pasted onto a background of pop-out bake sales and sailboats, juxtaposed into a whirling reality, but flip the page and again—white for harold's purple crayon, waiting to be moved about in a singsong way, getting us dizzydrunk with immediacy, that warming exhilaration that a child gets when diving into beverly cleary's fantastic thrills, that twelve month summer where nothing goes right but everything teaches you something, and everybody gets a little edge with that scratch on the cheek, that bruise on the tailbone, and everybody swims in the creek every single day, even when your brother got

leeches and the mud has risen to dangerous levels, threatening to take us far away just like harold might do, painting with a now brown crayon, isles of fenced pasture, waiting to be jumped so that teenage boys can lay about in the fields (twig of wheat in mouth, eyes focused toward stars, voices that reaffirm a warmth), doing nothing yet living more than any artist trying not to drive himself blind from symbols, living more than any artist who steps back from the creeks and boys and wheat and sailboats in order to see the stars, living more than that artist who has to nearly freeze a piece of his face off because he's not quite sure he can feel anything anymore now that all the glory in the universe is spinning around him, glory like the corn husk boy, chewing and spitting and laughing about mary sue's party.