

I'm Going Either Way

by Peter Erich

Will you join me in the romance
of heat lightning, boiling the
reservoir with its strobe lights,
Will you join me on a lavender
farm that is folding over its
scent and creating a bowl of
casual sitting, Will you join me
kneeling in a Homegoods parking
lot, Will you join me when I am
alone where the people were
supposed to gather.

Come with me on an adventure and
trust me to point out the parallel
beauty of two fighters orbiting each
other like hummingbird courting with
flitters, because I am fucking waiting
and waiting and waiting for you to
join me and enjoy me but most of all
I am wanting for you to walk willingly and
enthusiastically into our future because
still-waters rot.

The big fat Buddha is invisible and
preserved in the crease of my hand,
in a grip, in a damage, in a wildfire,
in an oath, and we ignore it
in a way in-which we kick the rock
down the road until we become the rock,
and we orbit our own lack of
presence to each other, sitting in the
blue light of our iPhones, in a state of

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meditative distain but sticking it out
'cause we said I do on one hot day in June.

