

Surviving a Few Days

By James Karkut

I sip tea in the kitchen of my new home, seven miles south of Hayden way out in the beautiful countryside of intersecting hillsides and valleys which widen out to the north and then to the south bunch and roll out to the Flattop mountains about thirty miles away. Four or five of us living here, give or take a few, in a neat old half wood half stone country house with 160 acres of hills, sage, scrub oak, bushes, stunted aspen, and lots of flowers, some rattlesnakes and also owls, deer, hawks, and two dobermans; Now while I sip tea in the kitchen quietly with the stereo rolling out "Anthem of the Sun" the house is a bit smokey as the fireplace smoked a bit as we decided to test it out while some really cool winds came upon us in the midst of glaring sunny days and great heat, myself now having completed my fourth full week of work out at the Craig power plant, a vast voidness of giant blocks and steel, cranes, dust storms, wind, and shimmering heat but in all truthfulness so far have felt disturbed and deranged to be back in a spot like this only sometimes, and others have minded it hardly at all as a profitable propelling through time method of occupying times' passing which I'm into in ways now.



A short while ago I was walking along the road with Plum, one of the dogs in residence here, I spied a bounding doe slanting up towards the sunset rocks. The sunset rocks being a series of sandstone cliffs rounded smooth and soft where I try to go sometimes to see the descent of the hallowed orb. Following the deer path somewhat haphazardly, I strode upwards too. This time I caught only orange mirrored skies which were still fine to behold. I sat on the edge of a two hundred foot drop watching a familiar hawk, he-with-the-hole-in-his-wing, circle and scream.

Generally, I felt shakey today due to being in Steamboat. I find the place to be more and more foreign each time I enter it. Therein lies such wreckage of my happiest happenings that just to get in the vicinity causes my being to tremble inwardly begging to leave right then and there before I see certain people or sights that cause the bad burning synapse to fire. I walk the streets furtively with nothing to say except stammerings of the thrown and mundane sort as occurred when against my better judgement today I wandered into Safeway to gain munchy material only to find my brain seared by elfishly smiling Krista, friendly now that she has blown me out of her drama asking and telling me simple connections while I could only stand with pounding heart and half grimace-grin hooked on just looking intently at her face feeling insides all churning about while trying to be smooth and cool but then net getting out fast enough after she left. Jumping into the borrowed land rover and heading back here to the country feeling so torn because she ripped through the protective numbness I'd been trying to achieve in my nerves. All so totally unconsciously twisting them up completely with one look.

Feeling frustrated as nothing or the wrong thing comes out like with rehearsed mental conversations that always stay locked up inside screaming for the right time to burst forth always slipping out stunted and useless, so misinterpreted; like I can't do anything these days off the level of surface musing cause otherwise I fall into downward introspection of the depressive sort, so too my silences fall similarly but also I don't want to cut all ties which is impossible and also wrong.

I would move but I cannot because of the but-because-clause which for me now means that here for me now in the processes about me and in me is where I have got to get back to creative happiness and satisfaction through



the paradoxical mutualness of striving and letting so simultaneously that is so sensitive and hard to feel and other times so obvious as to be not obvious.

tiny leaves in snow holes
are as fortune cookies
carefully reaching into the depression
you can scoop one out
and perceive numerous wonderful inscriptions
about form, beauty, and being
in slowly unrolling its curls
sense the delicate sureness of its existence
folded within frozen rhythm of symmetry

The above penned on Friday eve past, now once again I sit in the kitchen table regarding the outside skies of low hanging grey fogness, the white bushes, and the six inches of snow that fell last night. More is supposedly on the way this evening in a truly amazing seasonal reversal from the ninety degree days of the previous week. As we just planted our garden last week, these inclement conditions are not as bad as they could be, although I'd much rather be in shimmering heat and lush greenness. I didn't work today which is fine with me, as it was super windy, muddy and around twenty-seven degrees when we arrived in Craig. Earlier around 5:30 when I raised my head from sleep and gazed out back, the moon glimmering through the grey was unreal.