

Lobster Clouds
and
Pieces of People

words by
Michael Watson

to terry,
marshall,
james,
blake,
and emily.

love,
david.

zero

I am the universe. But we'll get back to that later.

I'm sitting on a beach, burying my feet in the hot sand, and I can't help but get lost in the color of the sky over me.

Cerulean blue, as smooth as the sand around my toes.

Deep in the sun.

Waves collapsing on the shore.

A lover's-breath breeze.

I couldn't begin to tell you *where* the shore is—it's just here, as long as I am. It travels forever in both directions, eventually curving far out of sight, just as it meets the horizon.

Of course I'm the only one here.

No one around for . . . Well, forever.

There's no profit, no tricks, no liars. Not a pair of eyes in sight.

Just me.

Hello.

Just me.

This sand feels good, so I'm going to sit down at the hem of the sea, right here where the wet sand meets the dry, and tell you exactly how I got here. As if you were real.

Hello, just me.

The cosmic joke.

I have this dream often—it's not a dream this time, you see—over and over and over. I'm watching life itself begin. Maybe it's more than just life beginning. I wouldn't know what either looks like, but I have a really strong imagination.

If you didn't know me, you'd say I was ending. You don't know me, though, so you're probably thinking just that. This is just the beginning.

Glorious and sounded, like a trumpet.

I'm beginning my story because that just happens to be where I am.

And what a sight it is.

