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I'm doing a balancing act, with a stack of fresh fruit on the top of my head. I love you. I want you both to eat well. We've not allowed to buy blackberries anymore because they're mean to their workers and you're reading newsites online. "Tilly, Mena, I asked, and you said nothing. So that's one healthy food off the list. I'm still buying pineapples and you're still eating them. I guess you've never seen the website about glass. This morning our cat rolled on the floor showing me her belly which I leaned down and rubbed. Behind the ~~dog~~ pine in the back a big yard beside the neighbor's cat was eating a mole one of our cats notes, at least the moles all went down the land proper, her. It's so complicated staying soot alive some times. The voices of the collection are here, on the machine sound menacing. They're paid to sound that way and they're not paid much more than the

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people they're menacing, which can help you thinking if you're the sort of person who likes to think that that sort of thing. Other people subscribe in all these magazines and read that people who rode across Turkey in the late 1800s before anything was even happening in the world. Before strawberries probably existed. When you could get an honest wage for an honest days work. When we loved like there maintain storms, with the blood of eagles in our hearts, exchanging a dozen birds that just said you you you you all the way down.

- Living like awesome animals
- Taking flight in (our version of) the modern world
- Our beautiful life when it's like with shrieks
- Nobody in this superhet knows that I am a mountain lion
 desert lynx
 ponderosa pine
 maybe aname without "mountain"

Sunday October 11, 2014 Morning, Home, Office

For this morning's writing, I started by jotting down some diary material. Then I wrote a draft of a poem that I've never typed up, which ended with the sentence:

In some cold cubicle elsewhere in this flinty city beats an actual juicy heart that at the end of the week will sit across a table and toast that we're still living our lives and the food is on the way.

After this I wrote my usual list of possible titles for this poem, including:

- Living in a sort of zoo
- Even though this is our life I love you
- Living as wild animals in this dingy city
- Now that we have jobs
- It's better to have a job than to not have a job
- I roll my paycheck and smoke it

Then I drew a wiggly line, turned the page, and wrote the draft of "Our Beautiful Life When It's Filled with Shrieks" in one unbroken, unplanned burst, the way I usually write my first drafts.

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I'm doing a balancing act with a stack of fresh fruit on the top of my head. I love you. I want us both to eat well. We're not allowed to buy blackberries anymore because they're mean to their workers and you read leftwing newsites online. "Till when?" I asked, and you said nothing. So that's one healthy food off the list. I'm still buying pineapples and you're still eating them. I guess you've never seen the websites about those. This morning our cat rolled on the floor showing me her belly which I leaned down and rubbed. Beneath the ~~pine in the ba~~ a backyard pike tree the neighbor's cat was eating a ~~mole~~ one of our cat's mole, at least the moles we rent from the landlord for her. It's so complicated staying ~~som~~ alive sometimes. The voices of the collection agencies on the machine sound menacing. They're paid to sound that way and they're not paid much more than the people they're menacing, which can get you thinking if you're the sort of person who likes to think about that sort of thing. Other people subscribe to adventure cycling magazines and read about people who rode across Turkey in the late 1800s before anything was even happening in the world. Before strawberries probably existed. When you could get an honest wage for an honest day's worth. When we loved like fierce mountain storms, with the blood of eagles in our hearts, exchanging grocery lists that just said you you you you all the way down.

- Living like awesome animals
  - Taking flight in (our version of) the modern world
  - \*Our beautiful life when it's filled with shrieks\*
- or
- \*Nobody in this supermarket knows that I am a

~~mountain~~ lion ← maybe a name without "mountain"  
~~desert~~ lynx

Christopher Citro  
First Draft of My Poem  
"Our Beautiful Life When It's Filled with Shrieks"

ponderosa pine