

the incongruities stalk your mind.

a relentless hunt with local big game trackers

hunting down the matrix of organized expectations...

some things just do not belong together

but there i am staring

with my fence cutters

from the wrong side of the dirt road fence

at the wild grapes

wild grapes ready to be picked

densely clustered

begging to be picked

behind the sign that says private property

with the next line saying

trespassers will be shot.

i guess that is why the gate was not locked

congruities

do not tolerate the incongruities

and take deep offense

when the incongruities try to live out their realities.

i guess they believe

necessary measures

have been taken and the proper

reality is their ownership even if no one benefits.

after all how wild can wild grapes be

when they have been fitted with

triple aught buckshot leak proof chastity belts.

the incongruities decide to mosey on down the road.

wf.h.

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