

A Proper Goodbye

February 30, 2012

To the elderly man residing in the house on the decline,

How do you do? It has been too long.

There are twenty ants in my peripheral.

I thought I should let you know.

They are the height of four or five senior-sized footballs
stacked on top of one another.

When I lay down in the evening, they come out and watch.

Do not worry for me; I feel they are not here to harm.

Although I must admit their clicks and pops are somewhat unsettling.

I write to you today not because of the ants, no;
rather to catch you up on my happenings since we last conversed.

I have just returned from a lengthy expedition in the alps.

You would not believe the height we ascended.

Unfortunately, we had a fall and found ourselves in a cavern.

My memory of this time is gone.

I do not have the time or space to share all my ventures.

But if I were to list the highlights:

I was fortunate enough to share a meal with a famous person
(I forgot their name)

and I had an encounter with a deep unsettling hum

and I dodged a lethal knife swung at me by the local priest

and I flew a rocket ship into space

and it fell apart but it was okay because I could float

and I went to New World to buy ChapStick

and cereal but unfortunately aisle twenty-three caught on fire

and I adopted an unusually long dachshund at the checkout

and I got home to find I had seven bunches of bananas

and I think you would agree when I say

that is too many bananas
for a small boy such as myself.

I have been having the most mysterious dreams as of late.

Don't worry, I won't bore you with the details.

Dreams within dreams within dreams, like the film with that fella.
(I realise upon proof-reading that you likely haven't seen it)
You'll be pleased to hear you have featured in a few.

You always appear when I least expect it.

You're just as funny there as in the real world.

You leave us in tears.

I must be off now. It seems the ants are moving out.

I would love to tell you more, but

I probably won't see them ever again.

I must be sure to give them a proper goodbye. Fool me twice.

I trust you understand my logic. And

I do hope you write back,

I miss you dearly.

With love,

Grandson.