

## Early Summer Computer Blues

You know what is awful, or what is going to continue to be awful?  
Being inside in a cubicle, at a computer, under the fluorescent  
Lights all summer long. I said all summer. All of it. Not part  
Of it, not the beginning of it, not some of the daytime hours

In it, but all of it. All summer long. I just got an email from Benny  
In North Dakota. The letter was about nine words long. He said he  
Had to run because he's fixing the roof on his 1976 Westfalia camper.  
I could somehow tell he was halfway out the door around word seven.

Then it hit me. Something I forgot somehow somewhere between the  
Denver inner-city bars, graduate school and having a miracle of a daughter.  
I am an outside person, as they say. I like to run the gravel roads twelve  
Months out of the year, even in Montana, way up northwest near Canada

Unless I get sick with a cold and then I stay inside for a few days or weeks  
And drink more green tea by the fire. Not the gas light switch Denver suburban  
Fire, but the big black iron wood burning stove. I like to smell all summer like  
Sweat, suntan lotion and the outside air. I like to feel the sunburn on my back

When I take a shower at night, or when I get into bed and the cold cotton  
Sheets sink in the sting. I don't like to comb my hair. I've never used deodorant  
From the shelves of the stores, row after row. I get sick when I smell perfume or  
Cologne or a new car. I hate this rank burned factory packed instamatic drip

Coffee that fills up the office. Someone this morning closed the blinds on the  
Window at the end of my cubicle row, the big window, the only window I can  
See out of all the way to the mountains. The blinds are bent, and through one crack  
I can just make out the Super Target, and just behind, a craggy snow capped peak.