

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 4 | 1995

Bohemien
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BOHÉMIEN

There was a man many people believed to be a gypsy at heart, although he wanted very much to settle in one house and call it his own. The more he moved about the country in what became almost an annual migration, the more often people pointed to the pronounced markings on his shoulders, buds manifestly like wings. With each new town he called home, he had to worry how evident his condition had become, all too remarkable.

"Bill, you will soon disappear," one acquaintance said, and he had to smile to keep himself from weeping.

At times, he could detect those same projections. It was true, he knew of creatures caught between land and sea, dolphins not yet wholly at home in one habitat or the other. Perhaps what he called his gift was not an adaptation, an evolutionary process, but a prolonged growth out of himself, into himself. He wanted to believe that if he would live for thousands of years, he could see what was already present in him, himself among the first. "I'll be going soon," he began to tell his friends, as if to remark before they could. Then, the flutter of his wings. Then, that alarming smile.