

*To Quote a Poet*

(for the Scott in "Andrew Scott Nease")

Scott would pick up his pen and feel sorry for people. He said, as a poet, his job was to explore the depths of human suffering.

*The wind sails this way then that way over the  
derelict  
sentries who cross by Raspberry Square. In  
newspaper cathedrals,  
in alleys without names, they gather for sleep, tuck  
in their flannels  
and lay their heads against fluffy white garbage  
cans.*

He liked to say things like "fluffy white garbage cans." He once slammed his finger in a car door and later recalled he had "cried like a staple."

That makes half-sense to me. Scott said lots of things that made just half-sense, like, "The only way to get organized is to jump off a cliff."

*Here are they, found their way through the day  
unafraid  
of losing what had already been lost — resolution.  
From the closet I watch the world play dress-up.  
In Mother's best atomic clothes, she pastes on  
yellow lipstick.*

One time, in his apartment, I asked for a can of root beer.

He said to grab one "from the arctic womb."

He meant the cooler in his closet, of course.

So why did he see an *arctic womb* when I only saw a cooler?

*The sunlight unwraps the dust in the living room.  
There's a rose bending over to smell its own feet.  
The key clicks in the back of the lock; the door won't  
open.*

Before he died, Scott told me that life is a series of reciprocal doors.

"You can only go so far into a building before turning around and coming back out."

He built a life philosophy around doors, "Doorism" he called it.

And he often talked about "finding the hatchway back to heaven."

*The house, the street, the car door, the car door, the street. Here we pull the thread and needle of our footsteps through arches and pinholes.*

Although he never seemed unhappy, Scott never had a thrill for life either.

He overdosed on antidepressants in March of this year, an accident.

Scott was 24 years old, just shy of a quarter of a century.

Too young to die.

*The mallard kicks its legs under the water of the southbound river. The mallard drifts backwards as it paddles north up the river. The mallard pushes forward as it's pulled into the southern sea. The mallard flips and drowns beneath a bastard of a wave. The mallard is nibbled by guppies.*

I suppose a staple might cry, with its legs breaking under the mammoth arm, its howl of pain silenced in a short, sharp crunch, and the mangled body buried in a ghost-white field. But I don't know; poetry is not my kind of crutch. I'm not a poet.

Andrew Nease says hi. He replies <http://www.theperfectcompany.com/nease.htm>. I found a note on the floor. I think you should know what it says. The Perfect Company loves you.