

*Risk Tolerance Assessment Logic*

*Notes for beginning the search:*

Boolean logic is elemental: arrive at keywords. The middle-back-brain of it. Make a list. Be descriptive but succinct. Document change. Some jargon is universal. Some is personal. Combine as needed.

Start search:

*SEARCH TERMS*

Bad weather *or* tornado *or* “tornado warning” *or* sirens

*RESULTS (sorted by relevance)*

How can you not love the leftover gesso of sky, peach and gray pigment suspended in rainwater?

Another Wednesday tornado?

Watch and wait refresh refresh radar

Witness to the hexagonal outlines of weather warnings.

The city doesn’t run the practice siren if it seems the emergency might be real.

Home is as real as an emergency is as real as hurting a lover is as real as the vibe shift is as real as

Twilight *or* “witching hour” *or* post-storm sky

Five crows clear their throat.

Branching knuckles of trees: stock photo bifurcations that silhouette and disappear.

Can we love what is exquisite, or float above the deeper pleasure using what we need to get by?

Light is another way of saying nothing. What can we see without it? Nothing.

(Front porch *or* back steps) *and* marijuana

Like so many pointillist paintings, the picture at

Vulnerability *or* willingness

a distance is more coherent than the close up view.

Night is something people look forward to.  
What kind of creation is this?

How swiftly the shift from sweet to bittersweet.

The body is just a machine for measuring time and we want everything to be unique, to remember the colors as they are, as they were when sitting on the porch looking, looking at the sky. Stay inside, face.

Identify the problem.

Try not to war.

There are no results.

Resentment *and* anger *and* rage *and* contempt  
*and* stubbornness *and* Refusal to See Your  
Goddamn Point

*Delete* Contempt

*Delete* Resentment

*Delete* Rage

Forgiveness *and/or* absolution

There are no results.

There are no results.

There are no results.

We beg each other for softness.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I said I'm sorry.

Do you remember the problem?

He husbands me hotly and sometimes  
I hate him but I love

Our hands on her It's

good when we work

together

*Add* Restraint(s)

Subject Term: FLUID MECHANICS

Let your husband fuck her and fall in love.

Let it happen at the same time you do.

Watch and listen and, I mean this, pay attention.

Love *and* Mercy

How she loves my body. How he loves my body. How I try not to hate my body.

Love *and* Love *and* Love

We fuck again after she leaves and I allow myself to dip below the anger. I allow myself to be won over.