

...
S&
W8

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University of Washington
Abstract

...
S&
W8

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...

S&

w8 is a hybrid text moving in waves vertically down the page, adrift from prose to verse, passing in time through childhood memory and adult reflection.

...

S&

w8 starts with an ontological question on the nature being and hypothesizes similarities between the body, sand, and memory.

...

S&

w8 is never a singular thing, just as a grain of sand - 's&' - stands alone, imperceptible, a bit of grit establishes a memory start unseen. Small kernel, single grain, a seed of s& memory. From small starts grows a flourishing into perceptibility through an increase of plurality. Memories condensed through reflection & sharing, expand in strands by adding more s& from more s& a beachhead. A s&bar grows to benefit our together understanding.

...

S&

w8 weaves the sensational phenomena of first experiences and early memory within the shared history and psychology which is formative to the contours within the family romance.

...

S&

w8 straddles ambiguous edges of perception, teasing out what one actually remembers from what is really just an old story told & retold,

...

S&

w8, a project leaving lines in dust, marking out a new passages of history on palimpsest

...

S&

w8 an incomplete, not quite memoir of infant encounters & midlife crisis, an effort at recalling the hollow center of life spent wading through waves, swept away under the

...

S&

w8

...

S &

W 8

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I. S&:

Before there were states, there were borders ...
Borders are constitutive.

Thomas Nail,
The Undisciplined Podcast



.....
Thus easier 'tis to hold that many things have primal bodies in common
(as we see the single letter common to many words)

Lucretius,
De Rerum Natura
W. Ellery Leonard, trans.

... because neither the book nor sand possesses a beginning or an end.

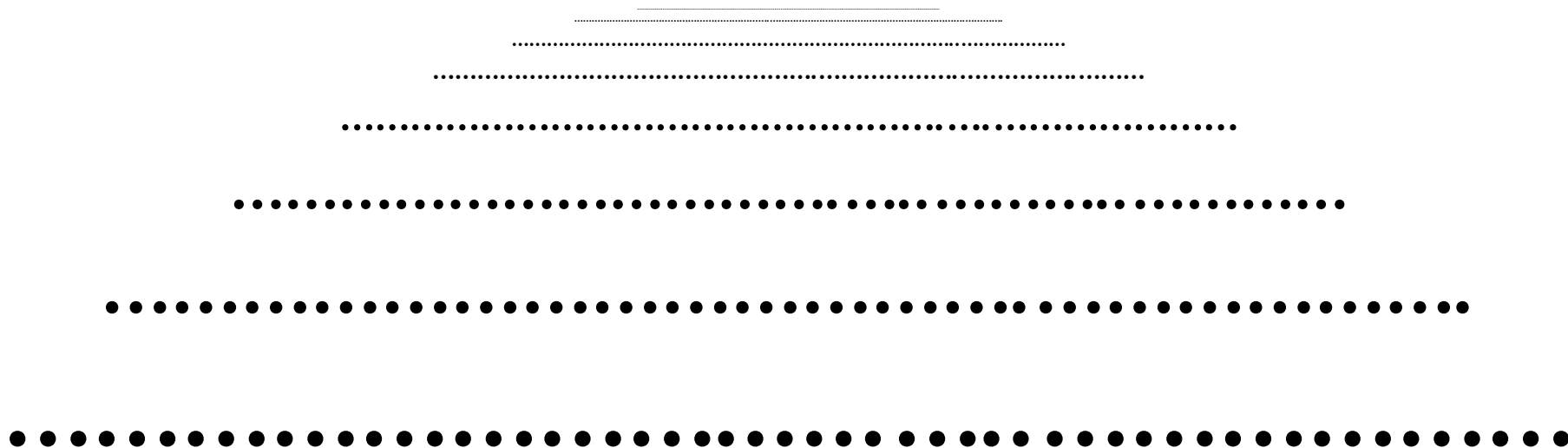
Jorge Luis Borges,
The Book of Sand

...

Stars S
To — A
Sea — N
To — D
Sand — B
To — A
Shoals R
Waves
Wash — S
Away — H
Fall Θ
Again A
As — L
Snow — S

Infinite center
no origin
no end
Here at edges
We look back
Wake up in the middle
Amidst the act of
Teasing out strings
Tying loose ends
Unraveling.
Threads...

..
.
.
.
.



-
-
-
-
-
-
-

S&:

S& falls.

S& from.

S& in folds.

S& up enfolds.

S& in as matter.

S& is everywhere ...

S& invades everything

S& never singular, always plural

S& as a single thing is a category of plurality

S& singled out is but a grain. S& cannot be singular in it is itself a mass

S& sounds hiss ambiguous. S& goes from centered. S& seeks out to edge. S& fills all spaces small between.....

& s& like memory, like life in each grain, Blake's world, each universe unto itself every speck a chance to grits& spits& forms& pearls&

gain

by

grain

s n o t t u b d s s w s s t n u o c c a l s e v a w o d y t f s i c c A c s f o
M Q C R h f r h y o e a c o n t o l o g y l e s f n y N i a b e x f g h d c u r
s g n M d i e g l f n c o k f z h o s B f s i r q M F s t c l w x a a l J g l g
D u x d f l o l d d f T i o v e r l a p u x e t T M s h Q m a n i o o k U j l a
e s n t l l o k T m F u m t L X d A x I l E p w s u e A F R n n t f N I t p G n
H l c e o h d e d J o y l w s i s u Y C l C o G e r e n q r k i n P Q L S o A i
t x c t v z Q d X z k R d f k r k t f P j n L u N x t n e e c e f a s t D n l z
X v n y n a i l D g Q s Z R q E e r o A v b o c t T i d v F r s i n s i d e U a
m o z e c n o i t a z i n a g r o t w c C Q k i D s n e b e a c o r p o r e a t
u n d e r s t a n d i n g p G u u a n N h l f l s e i j s n l f I I N x Q A Q i
p e r c e i v e d s w v h e a r y o p i a a d s t i k d d u n o G y H s U F P o
Y e o j X J k h A h Y v F c z G k u r n c D s c e Y v b e o a u p I f u o p d n
p e f B T n n s k i j o s h H o s o o s z i y t k a a i o x w c d e a k e w t d
K L r s i m f s F v w k N s t i v i A u e v t o i r k s d G i E c l o s e d n t
d B k a v i X e g e h s D w v a s e k c b i o e s c p r o c e s s t a l v e u p
q t r n e f P t l r y u d n l n v R g c h s z z h z h n y r t s h s o l l a f h
s b d l h f a l l o w x e f e t i h s d u v B e s t s e w l t H k t F o X N Y D
t k d e p i s t e m e p a m d I Q o P o e f w o J t s s r a i q D a g l m w h r
U b i k i d d i n g o r i l k L h B z w r l s v e e w e r X s m E r b n o u h n
H e v n w n x Q s P o d d k a u g l X s Y o w a m A q f n u p l a s m m e w c y
x a q B h Q l T s n i s o r k g w H e y e s s o w o a u d y T o a F d e u s s h
s o s L F N X v Y t o e s u a c t s r i f e L a n l t v i h s t m u s Y d r h o
l a u g h t e r l n x i u r o e m a o f e c y R l k f h L v o I c v g l k G e s
g n i o g n o u o o u z t s o n a r u G q T x u l f a s e o o s I o o h M o r R
s Y B N r x m i Q l l u f o s e r a i d e m n i D c s w m r u c n f r Q t a g L
t w f s E M s w o n s w o s n B w Z T a J G e w c h t u M i c t a M t p t e j T
r U j k y u B h h s i d l i h c c v s N y n o v M H c Q t H o a c t d s o Y r b
i x f c l y y m f N M p r c i d q l R D o G o X r h g e R L u s o n i D x r a q
n q l c y h s o o n D R C Z K I y E m m s R m i m e r o c v n t j F f o c v a f
g w n d w e s e i m o n o c e l a c i t i l o p t c w i u m t e l o v e n g h l
t i o o w w y l e t a g e n p e l D Y f u g B E u a r s u y i w F N t s r i f c
h t s n D n l d f e c w E q r a s l D a o f F L m c l r i m n l a c o n t e x t
e D o u s i e i n v s v g t o y t u a Y D l K x l o e u a e g p y s t s r i f P
o o Q u t s e p s a t j h w c r R b a F s t d e o r t t c h g v o l h t J s R m
r c t s c l d k i x s g e w e J C N H c h f y i o s u i w c z K r e h t o r b D
y D i v d h k l e s i l o l s n i a g A o l v P n r l u o m o a G P v l f x b N
G d m o u t h t o f t w j i s p T l p M a o w K e g X a d n r l G e n f o l d s
w C o w q f n L h f E e c I s I c n F J l w m k n M d d e m F w f l q E Y h n Q
n u u w N o L A Z E R S m F Y R R U W I s s i d n u o s y J y i x K C u n p p u
t h q f c v M w W H M u g e D X B L A G M W o M P m y T Z v I f x x e h k l s i

Seek & Find

Spatially

Answers are:

Horizontal

Vertical

Diagonal

Motion is

Directed:

Forwards

&

Backwards

In Action

Waves

Enfold

Middle's Negation of Both Sides an Edge

Ashes to ashes.
Dust to dust.
Out to
See
S&
What
Lines draw in
There, where it happens.

Here I lost ... In s&s it's ...

Where particles pile as all fall awful
squall swept-up little letter's litter s& &
s&bar collects facts drifted to gathrers&
drift apart. Mementos& gathered bits
cull data combed fine by elegant fingers
long lingering over affects& felt forms
shown in, revealed by altering shores
where in shoals weave shifted. Watch
patterns form & deform on s& in foam.

Recall this:

Thirteen thinks he's strong
enough, a swimmer wades in
oceans until sea water's
overhead, cold current runs
below.

S& falls away. Hesitate & tread,
dread remaining, just floating
near the shore now left.

Paused, middled in a moment
until breaking fear head free
under waves commitment to
sea, to continue right away.

Still further out breast & back I
stroke until feet meet s& greet
on felt & sea foam breaks&
swells in waves& foam cresting
cracks on sternum, subsides to

reside at knees me in middle
whole. Half cold water under
current, other half burnt, over
exposed, sunlit.

In middles I'm distilled. Still
stand on s&bars hearing voices,
people talking, someone's
yelling, are they laughing, is
this playing or are they, is this
running away, being plotted,
preyed upon here in s&?

In the s&bar I sink &

Return to wonder, what's left?
Perhaps continue out right to
forever has sunk into sinks&
under anchor
w8

On tideland silt pulls out, subsiding left
distended. Muddy shores, slimy flats &
rotting. Here I am again. Hear inside
hollow shells emptied of squish bodies
soft eaten only brittle sharp-edged shard
remains. What's recovered sinks. Grit &
grain under coral. Silicate diatoms
settle below prehistoric

... firsthand understand
s&bar: I'm close to
shore up &
separate
part
not

Horizons as
Real as...
But...
Right
Out
Of
...

It: What is *It*?

Life begins with lines of division, a cutting. Between father & mother & child & cord & blood is a knot, a tying off. Life's line ties itself off in a circle, heads out straight, turns on itself in a cycle, enclose spaces, names a place. You, we, I live, here in life's spiral living linear movements of shiver, quivering, quaked. Motion blurs the edge.

Concentric ripples in a bowl of milk.

Sit still, be still, stop moving, quiet down, repress, advance underground. Pressure closes off the line.

Stop. Arrest. Arrested. Dead.

Its motion is what's living as it moves & when it stops it doesn't stop full stop. Pauses only changes phase; fragments decay. Dividing lines drawn around a quartered body decompose into context.

Children's chalk circles carved on concrete fade in rainfall.

An Ontology of Motion is Thomas Nail's close reading & new translation of Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura* with the intention of highlighting motion's primacy in matter, though Nail acknowledges both are immanent, nested within each other, coiled. Life's manifold holds its unfolding, a threaded spool unraveling.

Perceptions create discrete objects outlined in world. Within materiality flows undoing, a river runs through or a similar sense of instability. Corporeal flows within the corpus, ongoing. According to Nail *ex nihilo swerve* & the atomist theory generally attributed to Lucretius is mistranslation. Nail posits Lucretian ontology not as orderly isolated singularity, but as an unending stochastic contingency. Being is caught within, tossed upon waves. Material constitution is enveloped movements, moments of void enfolded & in unfolding entangle materials. Moving on, in waves, motion's matter folds in, a hold on to fold in nothing.

My life, some collected lines, drawn up plans, jotted down notes, a to-do list, itinerary traced on an unfolded map. Life moves around so what it was or where's I, or who's with me, where'd they go, where're they now? My life, & I suspect yours also, is made from what's remembered, what others remind you of, what empty space echoes. Knotted up, strung out on clothes lines, laundry receipts tacked in closed ledgers, a tally of dirty debts, settle balanced bedsheets. Life's account for unwashed dishes, leftovers crowd the back of iceboxes, one of many acts forgotten, among other overlooked impacts: the gossip of strangers, whispers of loved ones...

So much s&

Memory decomposes& shifts as people go, taking their allotted s& with them. Still, dunes are proof of life's aggregation. Some dunes rise above. But s& never resolves. S&s doesn't settle, won't be left. Life's& dunes grow until collapsing into themselves, slipping adrift in currents. Some fall as s&bars fall or further sums& right out to sea so much lost completely. Dunes heave; life breathes, rough shifts spits& speaks& arguments against s& asserted. Mined s&s scatter grit in gears& stops up minds& flowing.

What happened was I looked down & found ground unwound, understanding unraveled,
the center worn out, bled through, a middle gone missing.

&

That's not how it happened.

For what is it? Where'd life's solid center go? As substance drains
out a line's left a ring around. This marks the hollow.

&

You don't have any proof.

At eight I lie on a bed & promise myself I'll figure it out, eventually unlock
the nature of things, a commitment to mean something, maybe sooner.

&

Get your facts straight.

Equivocate here, shiver unsure of exact edges, which side to be on, or is this the bottom? A space
without solid plane, no surface to witness, or alibi available against inevitable accusations.

&

Those—not my words.

Nothing more solid than disfigured memories, dismembered life
misremembered positions. Was it striving or strife?

&

There you go again.

Moirai spins yarn, pulls a thread, a single line falls to be cut & again. & cut.
Again. Into little piece. Again. How many fatal beginnings?

&

You're so sensitive.

Making up lines to stand on, knotted concepts of understanding woven together underneath, grounds this, ties up
that, meanings materialize in current flows, furrowed brows. A mind names me, a place for seeds to go.

&

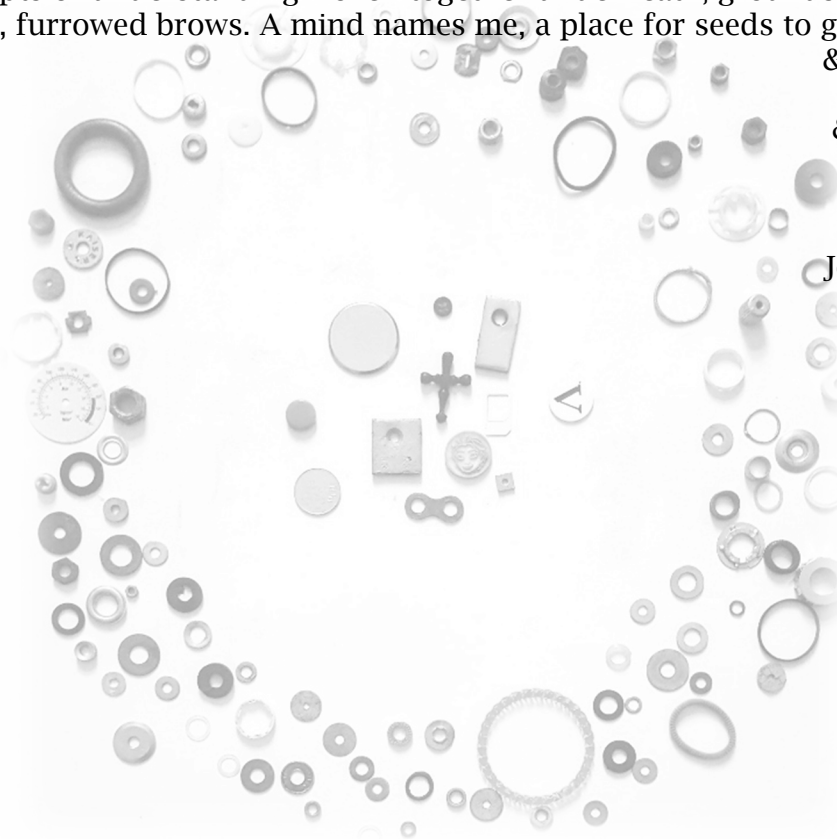
Eyes lie kid ...

&

Can't you

Take a

Joke?



Immanence: Time of Life, Place of Living

Life: lines pin down ground. To start time. To start place.

Once upon a line, life makes space with its movement, it's fluttering; it shudders, quakes.

Life: incision & suture. Separate—conjoining. An always process ever becomes undone. A wake behind me.

Can you see it, here in lines? Do you anticipate this means to get to that something else later, after more? How much meaning means enough? Under how much more does meaning collapse? Do lines forget themselves?

Life within this line, lives on in that next one & all the others written beside. Each ties before into after in nets of knotwork to mingle with jotted sounds in bars, on scales. This fish seems to that fix, until a mixed muddle of s& falls underfoot forming jetty, aligns a bar. I walk out from under, on & within, writing s&.

Can you see it, so close to it? Is it bigger, further away? Is scale only a trick of perception? Question seeing both near & far. Linger on moments passed. Under us s& we stand on its ongoing presence. Understand s&.

In my room I start to feel lifelike. Life starts out like a fleshy rope writhing. I moved further along & life became skin flaps flapping. Later a wrinkled leather satchel. Later still I found sturdy legs before at last tugging out a tale. This big body in my room isn't separate parts, but an integrated whole where I'd supposed independent perceptions. Thought together, brings one thing forward: a s&y pachyderm at room's center.

My mom always offered pithy questions as forms of advice. At every beginning she asks,

Have you started?

No matter the answer, she replies the same refrain:

Well begun's half done.

When staring a beast in the face she asks:

How do you eat an elephant?

Place/Format	37.	June	73. June	Gentle-wind	108. May	Turn 9	139.	Dec	176. Jan	1989	213.	Feb	243.	Aug
	38.	July	Lane		109.	June			177.	Jan	1989	214.	March	244.
0 May	39.	Aug	74.	July	110.	July	140. Jan	1986	177.	Feb	215.	April	245.	Oct
Birth, Hawaii	40.	Sept	75.	Aug	111.	Aug	141.	Feb	178.	March	216.	May	Turn 18	246.
1.	41.	Oct	76.	Sept	1st	Sept 4 th	Grade	142.	March	179.	April	217.	June	247. Dec NC for Xmas
2.	42.	Nov	Grade	Martinez	Columbia		143.	April	180. May	Turn 15	218.	July		
3.	43.	Dec	77.	Oct	113.	Oct	144. May	Turn 12	181.	June	219.	Aug	248.	Jan 1995
4.	44.	Jan 1978	78.	Nov	114.	Nov	145.	June	182.	July	220. Sept	Johnson &	249.	Feb
5.	45.	Feb	79.	Dec	115.	Dec	146.	July	183.	Aug	221. Oct	Catering - Kn	250.	March
6.	46.	March	80. Jan	1981			147.	Aug	184. Sept	10th	71st	Snot South	Dorm	251.
7.	47.	April	81.	Feb	116. Jan	1984			148. Sept	7th	Lewis	HS		Turn 21
8. Jan 1975	48.	May	Turn 4		117.	Feb	149.	Oct	186.	Nov	223. Dec	NC Home	atm	252.
9.	49.	June	83.	April			150.	Nov	187.	Dec	Xmas? argue	about	254.	July
10.	50.	July	84. May	Turn 7	118. March	A hotel in	51.	Dec			seeing	friends		NC 4th?
11.	51.	Aug	85.	June	Fayetteville	with flags			188. Jan	1990			255.	Aug
12. May Turn 1	52.	Sept	86.	July	and pastry		152. Jan	1987	189.	Feb	224. Jan	1993	256. Sept	Intro SW?
13.	53.	Oct	87.	Aug	120.	May	153.	Feb	190.	March	225.	Feb	Greenville,	ECU
14.	54.	Nov	88. Sept	2 nd	Grade		154.	March	191.	April	226. March	Start	RA at	57. Oct 40/wk
15.	55.	Dec	Martinez				105.	April	192. May	Turn 16	Hospitality,	Warwick,	Christinne's	
16.	56.	Jan 1979	89.	Oct	Mondamin		156. May	Turn 13	193.	June	Narragansett	Blvd	258.	Nov
17.	57.	Feb	90.	Nov	122. July	CT, ME, VT, NH	157.	June	194.	July	227.	April	259.	Dec
18.	58.	March	91.	Dec	123. Aug	FL, NC	159.	Aug	196. Sept	11th	71st	SE	29.	June
19.	59.	April	92. Jan	1982	Elm		124. Sept	5th	Grade	71st	HS			July
20. Jan 1976	60.	May	Turn 5	Spar	83.	Feb	125.	Oct	161.	Oct	198.	Nov	232.	Sept RI
21. Feb Alexandria VA	61.	June	94.	March			126.	Nov	162.	Nov	199.	Dec	232.	Hospitality, with
22.	62.	July	95.	April	127.	Dec	163. Dec	Tears in the			Tomatoes	and	Bread	
23.	63.	Aug	96. May	Turn 8			200. Jan	1991			233.	Oct		
24. May Turn 2	64.	Sept	Kinder-garten	97. June	Westport	Ct	128. Jan	1985	201.	Feb	234.	Nov		
25.	65.	Oct	98.	Aug	130.	March	129.	Feb	164. Jan	1988	202.	March	235.	Dec
26. Würzburg	66.	Nov	100. Sept	3 rd	Grade		131.	April	166.	March	204. May	Turn 17		
27. Aug Leominster MA	67.	Dec	Kinder-garten	Columbia			132. May	Turn 11	167.	April	205.	June	236. Jan	1994
28.	68.	Jan 1980	101.	Oct	133.	June	168. May	Turn 14	206.	July	237.	Feb		
29. Claremont, FL	69.	Feb	102.	Nov	134. July	FL with	169.	Aug	207.	Aug	238. March	Tampa, FL		
30.	70.	March	Kinder-garten				170.	July	208. Sept	12th	71st	SDon	Ce Sar	intern
31. Dec Giebelstadt, FRG	71.	April	103.	Dec	Grandpa	dying? Was	171.	Aug	HS		239.	April		
32. Jan 1977	72.	May	Turn 6				135.	Aug	172. Sept	9th	Lewis	209.	Oct	240. May
33.	73.	June	104. Jan	1983			136. Sept	6th	Grade	7th	Chapel Jr	HS	210.	Nov
34. March Xmas?	74.	July	105.	Feb	Elm		173.	Oct	211.	Dec	241. June	FL DCSar	136	
35.	75.	Aug	106.	March			137.	Nov	174.	Nov				
36. May Turn 3	76.	Sept	107.	April	138.	Nov	175.	Dec	212. Jan	1992	242.	July		

Abbr.	15. Aug	33. Feb	52. Sept	70. March Kindergarten Martin	87. Aug	106. March	123. Aug FL, NC
Place/Format	16. Sept	34. March Xmas?	53. Oct	GA stand out front Paddington	88. Sept 2 nd Grade Martinez	107. April	124. Sept 5th Grade 71st Elm
0 May	17. Oct	35. April	54. Nov	71. April	89. Oct	108. May Turn 9	125. Oct
Birth, Hawaii	18. Nov	36. May Turn 3	55. Dec	72. May Turn 6	90. Nov	109. June	126. Nov
1. Jun	19. Dec	37. June	56. Jan 1979	73. June Gentle-wind Lane	91. Dec	110. July	127. Dec
2. July	20. Jan 1976	38. July	57. Feb	74. July	92. Jan 1982	111. Aug	128. Jan 1985
3. Aug	21. Feb Alexandria VA ??	39. Aug	58. March	75. Aug	93. Feb	112. Sept 4 th Grade Columbia	129. Feb
4. Sept	22. March	40. Sept	59. April	76. Sept 1st Grade 94. March	94. April	113. Oct	130. March
5. Oct	23. April	41. Oct	60. May Turn 5, Spain	Martinez	95. April	114. Nov	131. April
6. Nov	24. May Turn 2	42. Nov	61. June	77. Oct	96. May Turn 8	115. Dec	132. May Turn 11
7. Dec	25. June	43. Dec	62. July	78. Nov	97. June Westport Ct		133. June
8. Jan 1975	26. July	44. Jan 1978	63. Aug	79. Dec	98. July	116. Jan 1984	134. July FL with Grandpa dying?
9. Feb	27. Aug Leominster MA ??	45. Feb	64. Sept Kinder-garten Würzburg	80. Jan 1981	99. Aug	117. Feb	Was that yet?
10. March	28. Sept	46. March	65. Oct	81. Feb	100. Sept 3 rd Grade Columbia	118. March A hotel in Fayetteville.	Aug
11. April	29. Oct	47. April	66. Nov	82. March	101. Oct	with flags and pastry	136. Sept 6th Grade 71st Elm
12. May Turn 1	30. Nov	48. May Turn 4	67. Dec Kindergarten Claremont, FL	83. April	102. Nov	119. April	137. Oct
13. June	31. Dec Giebelstadt, FRG	49. June		84. May Turn 7	103. Dec	120. May	138. Nov
14. July	32. Jan 1977	50. July	68. Jan 1980	85. June	104. Jan 1983	Turn 10	
		51. Aug	69. Feb	86. July	105. Feb	June Mondamin	
						122. July CT, ME, VT, NH	

Answer: *One Spoonful at a Time*

It must start somewhere. **Begin**

Here:

Abbr. Place/Format: Translated

- May '74 Honolulu, HI
- Feb '76 Alexandria, VA
- Aug '76 Leominster, MA
- Sept' 76 Mill Road, NY
- Dec '76 Giebelstadt, FGR
- Sept '78 Würzburg, FGR
- Dec '79 Claremont, FL
- March '80 Martinez, GA
- June '82 Augusta, GA
- May -- --
-

And so on ...

In media res

Starts in middles; center cut open. It exits the circle. 1 from 0.

We are ... before we're born, what're we?

Life isn't like my poor similes& metaphors mix me up, so Lucretius' explanation,

De Rerum Natura is what I have left. It'll do well enough where I can't explain myself.

We're stilled potential, our light shines& settles, stops where it fell. Carl Sagan's stardust distilled.

Lucretius says *The Nature of Things* begins with the birth of Venus, G-dd-ss of Love, embodied in sea foam folds, effluent formed from Ouranos's castrated genitals flung into the sea. See ...

We stars fall from heaven, meet horizons, seed seas.

Enfold our form in foam; life's unfurled from waves, shore up Ocean & Sky.

Material ontogenesis: form, enfolded, unfolding.

Continuous Venus, erotic embodied form into any flat self *is* many folds, gathers of fabrics& folds& drop-stitches& s& slips past hourglass waist a narrow W8 when dust motes float in filtered sun & moon lit laminar shafts casting out of walled window portals. Snow fall outside melts in rain. Words inside write at life, lives in lines shift state, trace phrases of change. Alive is not static. Life is stochastic, not random as life aims.

Questing out a straight line life returns crooked, bent backwards, broke into its own end.

Lifelines encircle, cycling enclosing grains in moment-to-moment

gains, admixture to the many folds gathered & lost.

Rest's arrival circles only once a spiral turn into itself. Spins& settles.

Tides pool, grow restless, now calm pools& currents recede. Reeds separate seas& shore.

Like cells. Like closure. Waiting.

Seed of the dying g-d falls, trailing tails to land, inseminating life's movement—shuddering, folding waves.
 In water air foams, froth forms, solids& flocculates out as Earth dirt& soils& go down one seed's won desire.
 To rise, to greet, to kiss Venus' feet

Where she wanders for want of love, life springs forth to claim itself.

Sow many grains into life's fabric.

Love's vessel founders found grounded

on fecund dust ...

This story materializes us: tell a myth of us—as bodies—as matter—as movement. As encapsulated ships we
 sail with-in-to our captured space. We are names placing us in movement—a being in time—lines of our
 lives—draw close to the close of a circle. Cinch.

Sew in a loop of sand ...

Each star fall's story in each enveloped wave's grain of ...

settles in shoals, knot the shores, all anthologies lift & shift eyes

entails from me to you back &

forth in waves

That Ground Zero–Sandbar

0. May 30, 1974 – Thursday: NASA launches
the Application Technology Satellite-6,
or ATS-6, described as the world's
first educational & direct
broadcast satellite.

Ground as skin, as surface and still so much Earth submerged below. Often only peaks of island archipelagos rise above, speak as land. Just to be. As Earth breaks water surface, so does birth. Dry arrivals are intervals, not guarantees against watery return. Silted flesh bodies often sink down, dirt pulled back undertowed. Incomplete movements left s&bars nearly out as dry land. Nearly, just not quite, not complete. Neither drowned nor washed out to sea. Never full. Ever partial. Half sop wet sodden other half hung dry.

S&bars determined in a ratio of tides.

In shifts, between liminal rifts, these movements create each other's shoals. I drift out of reach of myself into other's reefs& waves marks& remarks me, a remarkable way of shifting into you. We, me—merge. I contract, mingled ... amidst s&, among waves, mangled.

This zero an emptied whole.

That offers up all the rest to pass through it.

A s&bar, that is me. Starts on an island at May's end...I start as a story I'm told later. Is that a question?

I seek to speak my life through its own embodiment, thus a claim to know myself at this beginning fails. I didn't start here because there I wouldn't know myself. Later, I remember myself here through a self-sensed membrane. Account direct remembrance as from my own tissue: skin, tongue, nose, fleshy sense forms, intuited time-space, through visceral perceptions recalled.

But not at the beginning that is here. Here I'm still, submerged. A tongue without words. Here only just now out of an envelope, a new whole to feed on a body in fits.

She gives me that to fill.

That Story Mothers Me

Stories are old stories told to you are some story sum of one was told to you you r yourself tales trail clouds
 Some tales only others could tell you didn't know but among those too
 About you *inter homines esse* as in only one sum one who else can
 I'll tell you what you look like when
 You're sleeping or
 out of sorts out
 of order. No
 your mind not
 yourself noted at all
 taken away by
 reverie lost in a storm.
 These two stories true stories about you
 who is that one, only those who make you later you'll tattle other tales on yourself.
 But now, over years she tells me
 she woke up active at ease, the sky
 clear blue dazed in paradise another's duty, easy delivery on time
 not first time second time all efforts go off without a hitch, not like first's
always hard, but the last, Oh god this breech baby turns around slips out
 quick almost immediately after a push quick clean up
 she walks alone along a corridor's end isn't private room's not
 available at Tripler untwined twin without a little baby's in a nursery
 far from arms base military harm complete ranks later fed held, to
 have she walks, drifts, epidural fades
 into a room after chamber scenes of light array
 command performance pleased audience episiotomy cut not so
 nice but what's one expecting an ARMY?
 She's expected was hewn
 not from them.

Fee of delivery was free of charge, sewn
 Facts of money & place are known, receipts

So, there's that.

Not me—
more eyes have
scenes sew much is
not a drama she
shares with me
but these stories
look back now
a wake myself, as - I
think, yes tell
yes, that may
must be as
just how well
it happened

just like that

That Begin A Gain A Body

Beginning embodied is being a story retold to a body later, with the insistence a body mind that story's life.

Forever. Or as long as body holds onto its mind.

Bodies cannot give up scars, can't let go the start, the restart. & every 'body' has a starting, a flesh account, a material inheritance, physicality corporealized, motives from desire & unspoken behaviors embedded. Flesh cannot remind itself of every history passed over, but history sits still, mined within rich seams of self.

Hidden seems connect/ /at seams worn/ /where we're/ /ripped apart.

S/He tries to say it plainly, but truth's never what s/he could say, or even act out. S/he couldn't extricate any self from him/er. Even her/is way of moving carries unreality, often perceived as degrees of dishonesty. S/he drifts& they can't put a finger on why. Instead of walking into rooms s/he glides, floats unconnected. Not normal, no solid footfalls, no Earth firm below to wise, as others easily stride in, accurately report themselves via behavior alone, while here s/he's not settled, not even touching surface. Still, s/he claims to exist in it, if not on it; of it, if not from it. Others plainly see s/he disconnects, though they remain too polite to call out impropriety. One day s/he'll finally alight, but only her/his body is interred. The self s/he was, the him/er floating above ground was but some material self, some hidden-self, under clothes, neck/bow ties, skins& nail. Substance inside fabrications of her/im escaped again, in the throes of it all.

Their truest intention: never be observed, a soul escaping capture in recollection, a soul undumfoundered on s&, in only the remains of a body of thought.

Soul, if it has substance, floats free, untied from a bodied-self, which flails, fails, falls, forgotten.

Says a soul that remaining empty is the best way a soul-self is freed, full, filled.

Do not touch the ground. Do not disturb the s& ...

What a body lost in remains isn't transcendent, not a soul-self.

That wants escape—never be—more imagined—thought passing in process.

Here before an ultimate end, s/he tells you now s/he wants to be. Honest. That's a lie on land.

S/He wants this nothing. S/He also states s/he wants it all, but here's another lie to lay astride and belie this.

S/He wanted nothing. Nothing was/is/will be his/er firm guidepost. Nothing bears the conviction that firmly holding onto ... is the best method to make way for everything deserved.

Older & more mindful, we cannot return to the body any memory of what was folded into its before.

Mined with wants, nothing offers blank freedom, a contrast with the dangerous something that is ours. A palimpsest wears nothing wiped clean. Fleshy, sweaty, messy impressions are what's inside, in a body alone. No one else's nose, no one else resides in what sensations a body knows as body.

All that passes as embodied knowledge is transmitted text written in a not entirely foreign language, but a tongue known best to the population of oneself. Otherwise, body is forever mute. That story attributed to this body starts as an already poor translation, disembodied words.

How many s& grains required to make a bar?

How many are left,

Upswept on beaches?

How many wash, right

out to sea?

That'S'Mother Story: Don't Bother, Brother Loves You

An other not me she says to warp hand me climbs in— but invites home his ho- a dog, he's mother tells that right, she first word this in- ative, he not what he says he he smoth- twice often had a way	story's actually he gifts wrapped downs fant at a new use like nice, you wants to a lot you said, he she said stance in was nice. I remem- loves you, ers me. enough of show-	mother but O excite - up his into the four he's stranger a pet know that say. She no, know, said that he said no the crib At least ber. Re— loved you This says I recall ing brot-	tells me brother meant toys he crib he replaced into his cat or some how says often no that's not no was his first but in not neg— once. That's member once before once or but he herly love.
Left	me	breath-	less
We visit Not always Kind- er, up at bare it's will be boys throats. Oh To run. A	Philly, kindly, er little oh. beat just a are at deer. mock. Oh	oh, years kindled bother Boys each way each To be dear.	later memory broth— be other sways other's a buck. O, deer.

That Story We Repeat In

According to her when I first arrived, he climbed in the crib offering wrapped-up toys as gifts.

Given a few years, he found he didn't like me as much as he first thought, came to treat me as the rival, something to fight, not a fighter, but a caged animal, cornered, wild eyes& berserk. Sad pacing.

We're a relationship which overarches initially cute stories, later bad or blocked memory. We're not invisible behind bars. At times we feel whole, even free, even if it is only the cage falling from beneath us. One time we're talking & he likes this example. We'd been on the phone for hours when I explained, As the cage is thrown across the room the bird imagines it is free for a moment before the cage smashes against the tiles with enough force to kill the bird, but not to unlatch the door.

...

He's previously shared a story about me from when I was a child. He's outside my room & hears me talking to myself. Old enough to talk, still in a bed during daylight, maybe a crib, maybe with bars; it's not my story, not my details. He hears me belch & I'm old enough to know excusing myself is polite, old enough to know I might be offensive, so I ask to be excused, but I don't know he's watching. Instead of his forgiveness I seek something greater. *Excuse me G-d*, he says I say, but again, not my story, not self-vision. It's his story, that story of me.

I don't hold a spiritual view of myself. Any ongoing relation I've with g-d is abbreviated, truncated. Silence.

...

Over years we've resolved ourselves to move beyond the past. Our mother & her sisters still go round about childhood slights & psychic wounds. My father & his lone brother now estranged after distant years& a contested parental estate. So, sure, my brother beat me up, goaded me into dissembling until the age of? Well, he left home when I was fourteen & before that, for a few years at least he's busy being a teen, breaking rules, rebelling & that's when he stopped being a bother, stopped his torture. At eleven or twelve. It may've been harder to hit me when I held the baby. I think he gave up on breaking me in when I would never fall

apart easy, just, eventually, explode—hard. We forgave each other, or I forgave him. Based on what he said, he's not forgiven himself.

You can call me; you can tell me you need to unload. I know what I did was unkind; the cruelty of kids, I see this now with my children. I'm sorry & if you need to remind me what happened, how it happened, to make it okay, if you like.

I think he thinks this is something I can return to & pass back. I can't pass along all of whatever happened because I mostly don't remember, just recall mind games & ways that rules are structured so I may only lose.

Anyways, in the present we're ok. We talk & whatever happened, happened, & we don't talk about that.

...

I'm not touching you, he says, his hand's close to my face & he's *not* touching me. Just invading, close enough for that. Close enough to feel the pulse if not a skin. I couldn't not fight for the space, an inch of space above my surface. As I couldn't defend that place, I just retreat inside, go numb. Shy remains away from touch. Still. Without caveat or detail—I'd not like to be touched. Sensational pain, on skin, in self. I've read that tickling travels the nerves as a sensation of pain & void is also a feeling, the sense that something is missed.

....

Anyways.

...

Over the years he's reminded me of my position on nothing.

Nothing's what I say I want. Nothing's what I've said for a long time. Nothing in an empty room.

(.) Without furniture I sit on the floor. Only a breeze enters & open windows let it flow out.

He wanted a wife, a house in the burbs & kids. One day, after he'd had it all for a decade or more, he woke up & wondered if he needed a formal dining room with an Ethan Allen oval table made of maple & sliding interleaf extenders he never uses. As he recounts it, he stood in the dining room confounded by his life. It's

true he didn't choose those words, but the consternation on his face makes clear his existential disappointment. Or was it dismay? To be confused about arrival is as bad as actualizing a lowly dream easily & well achieved within common expectations, parameters.

Perhaps he envies the possibility of my having nothing, a begrudging respect for an extended effort to produce only an ideal product within my own head. Most physical things I touch I lay no claim to, nothing is firm. For a long time, I thought of myself as irresponsible, unable to preserve material stuff.

For me it's all s& through fingers.

Slipping ashes through ashes,

& ephemera,

etc.

...

Recently I read that an embrace of nothing is a trauma response, lack of desire as a self-protection, denial as defense. For myself I don't entirely agree, as I believe I'm genuinely materially content. What I want & don't ask for is existential: I want to change the poor choices & cruel behaviors of others. Or, more accurately, I want safety from the venality & viciousness of them. Without protection from that little else is worth being granted. What lasts in the face of others? & out of fear I lack the desire to make the time to maintain what I might love, anticipating that I'll watch that love wash away. Instead, I say,

It's better to not expect castles when building in s&.

...

I don't know how much of this is true, but it feels as accurate as breaking waves.

...

We talk the other day. I say, I think I'm an anti-natalist. He's growing kids & I say, I don't judge those with children. In my judgment if people can make a choice about children that choice should be to not. I say, It'd

be swell for humanity to contract its ranks; we're inflamed, swollen enough. He laughs. I expound on my attitude, which I don't consider pessimistic, rather realistic & of course that's an inaccurate equivocation. What I say is, The glass isn't half full; the glass isn't half empty. The glass is broken & all we've put in it leaks all about.

My sense that this assessment is correct leaves me in conflicted satisfaction.

He recommends, *You should read Schopenhauer*. I smile. Yes, I think, to read someone else with similar views through a glass darkly. Old enough now, I'm tired of being told to feel optimistic, tired of hearing I don't feel correctly, or I feel wrong, not on the Brightside. I am now therapeutically experienced enough now to know that how I feel might be socially wrong, but what I see through the weight of depressive realism is in fact different in its greater accuracy than rose tint. All of us are clearly subject to distortion, but positive spin distorts more greatly out of popularity, not accuracy. So, a view is flawed or skewed, but I tire of hearing it is me. Sew close to the skin. Alone.

Most often, for the most part I just lie along with the land.

When speaking I simply say that story—

Everything's fine.

...

We end the call & make a plan to talk again in three to six months.

That Intentionally Blank Story

The INTEL on Dad is at CENTCOM, though I won't know this then & am unsure even now what INTEL COM means, but, of course, ARMY intelligence is an oxymoron.

That's a joke. *You're supposed to laugh!*

What's worse, he's COUNTER INTEL, so not only (not) Ø communicating but also not (not) Ø intelligent in that he is not (not) Ø stupid, but working at the opposite end, counter to that...

INTENTIONALLY BLANK

Does that make sense?

Any answer will do:

[A: It's not supposed to

B: An INTEL trick]

The central ARMY command, CENT COM means the ARMY full of acronyms:

SNAFUS & PSYOPS; BS & MREs; in BDUs COs dispatch NCOs to HQ B4 going MIA on a REQ to the PX or OC.

A lot of code for men to speak TS/SCI w/out talking.

When I'm older, Dad explains what it was & I'm much older now than when he was back then when he was eleventh in line to a big cheese. His eye's filter messages, he's two eyes are ten steps & twenty more aye-eyes away from Commander-In-Chief, el Presidenté

Of the U. S... of A. ...

& Dad gets to say... this is important... that must be

Passed on. Maybe a President sees what he saw, eventually.

But first he sees ... or doesn't ... See?

Count back from ten

Always seems he's close

To power. We're never close enough.

What's more, he's modest about his few feet from the top

Whatever that feat is or was.

You see, actually seeing makes

Real scenes seen, if you

Arrive at one

.
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .

That Father's COUNTERINTEL Covers Itself

Looking back, pulling pictures from shoe boxes, I know Dad's there. Often, he's not pictured, out of frame, holding the camera. This invisibility is a clichéd position for the midcentury modern man. When he's framed in the picture, I know Mom posed him, placed his hands. He smiles, a response to *Say Cheese*.

...

A good man with a good heart, my father works hard & when observed at a distance his lips so often seem closed. If you get closer, you'll hear him unraveling intricacies. On certain newsworthy topics he has a lot to say, much of which leads most to lose interest in the topic as they realize how deep his cursory knowledge of this or that odd thing goes. When you look close he is often still saying, *something*.

Still, on 'more important matters' he remains quite a mystery. Says, *Nothing*.

His father-in-law called him a pedant of the irrelevant—not an insult, an observation. His mother-in-law called him the salt of the Earth. Every Sunday he called his own mother until she passed one winter at 99.

For all he can say about the world's current of affairs & minutia, if you ask after himself, How's *he* feeling? He'll look to her for confirmation. If she's smiling, he's well; if not, he'll excuse himself from your polite inquiry & check on her. He dotes on her, secures her okay.

In securing her satisfaction he only ever sometimes succeeds. Everything for her approval isn't entirely okay as so much of what's to be corrected remains out of anyone's control, all that has gone astray, out of sorts.

We'll all work really hard at almost succeeding. It's little shortcomings which undermine. We're not meant to dwell but strive, not content on happy plateaus, but a sum of struggles, ever crawl out of hollows.

There is no being happy, only coming closer. What is the infinitive 'to happy'?

...

I think, if he reads this, he'll disagree. Or, what he says most is silence, the best way to say nothing.

...

As a young teen I take to the kitchen. Often while I cook Dad watches. Perhaps now he's impressed at my skill; back then I never felt anything but criticized. Now my feeling is that this might not be his fault; he might have been doing nothing other than remaining ignorant of how a kitchen functions & the nature of cooking. Mom finds ignorance on the correct location for housing spoons or the proper shelf to return the clean pot as part of a greater general indifference on his part, which, though benevolent, is dismissive. Maybe for this reason his questions feel accusative, as he's not asking to learn, but to remark.

What are you doing with the broccoli?

Cooking it, I reply.

& that's an answer I don't know how to expound upon. He wants more. But why?

If he didn't learn which drawer was for the forks, why should I believe he wants to learn to prepare broccoli or roast a chicken? I overthink what he must mean while at a deeper level I find him essentially missing something I somehow understand innately. The order of operations for a pot seems so natural, or a well-trained professionalism that I cannot explain how I know to match the size of this cut to that cut, so everything comes to equilibrium & tenderness simultaneously. His quizzical look is daft, his bright eyes darting from cutting board to boiling pot, all around the humid room uncomprehending.

He is standing too close & I hold a knife.

...

I really hate being scattered s& attention in bits& pieces, will power put to test with every temptation. Things, I don't even want things. But I am compelled by, can't stop flows of new arriving, news never-ending, perpetually on the devolving scroll. The promised hyper-connectivity increases a feeling of terrible, brittle, alienation. Looking for meaning behind social media, I deconstruct a cat post or a political satire meme, a lifetime expenditure to deprioritize an increasing inconsequence. Some new thing is, must be more important, much more consequential than myself. The state of a privy chamber arrives as news at 8, headlines on the top of forever. To not know is a shortcoming, a personal failure to be unaware. So much to know, perpetually afraid of missing out, always frightened by what is found. A distraction fed on fear, motivate by enfeebled rage, knowing a lot of nothing in the face of all the more consequential.

But here's the thing, my thing

What matters to me is inconsequential. That's the point of what I love most deeply. Beauty & pleasure & happiness and the tissue of aesthetics, philosophy, & thought, ephemeral & immaterial things. There's nothing emboldening about good feeling & deep thought. No need for courage to seek out pleasure & lassitude, though they are a remainder, primary and unspoken motives to live, for living. The rest of life's what matters to me, the occasion to dream, not all the unavoidable responsibility of being awake.

The biggest fight I recall with my father: a disagreement over whether one ought eat to live or live to eat. Fighting over how in the world to be. Still, after we go round & round I remain still, and solid behind a cutting board, learning to be a chef, have some control.

Somehow a stoic acceptance of a self-fortifying misery took over the space where we might just exist.

Damn puritanical, this insistence on consequential productivity, value & worth.

...

I didn't watch him work to the bone. He wasn't home for me to see it. I overhear the term workaholic, figure it out. The ARMY's his job. My mother calls the ARMY his mistress, one more four-letter word like LOVE. His job is the only cheating that makes her jealous. The previous sentence suggests there was some other & acceptable cheat, which is inaccurate. He never cheats, as he is far too honest.

Later, in my own career, I work with the conviction that I can be a good person, a good contributor, a validated being if, & only if, I work harder, stay longer, care more. Some say there are no deathbed wishes for more hours at work. My career was lived as disagreement to such morbid claims. Work made me worthy of life I said, having bought whatever lie that was. While working hard never made me authentically happy it did leave me exhausted, able to sleep like the dead.

To sleep like the dead meant I didn't dream of what I can't have.

Anyways, I cultivated many habits to stave off the empty addiction to it all.

...

Anyways.

...

In his career, Dad was always so responsible, so staid, so reliable. I resent his 'perfection' in this regard, use it as justification to catalog his other failings.

She might've helped with this.

He finds perfection an impossibility & says so in response to an Adam Duritz lyric I am singing.

We're perfect when we started, I've been wondering what went wrong

He speaks up, disagrees with the Counting Crows crowing. Where the singer & I see undefiled youth he doubts such perfection's possibility. He questions innocence, credits no blamelessness at the start. I don't know if it's a religious sentiment that all beings are born into original sin or if it's just a more general lack of conviction that there might be any good in the world. His logic strikes me as a cold realism, but really, I'm unsure how much I know his true thoughts. Either way, I object to his claim, disagree that we're sullied at the outset, doomed from the start, distilled in sin.

...

Even today, many years on, still he is a force of routine stability. Blueberries& bran as breakfast at dawn, in bed at reasonable hours. Sturdy, staid, reliable, like his mother's heavy shoes, solid brown leather ones she wore with a soul set solid, *Like the Rock of Gibraltar*, she'd say, warning me not to get caught under her heel.

That Pattern of Mother: Father-A Watchdog Dialog in Third Place

Even now, if he explains it, I only
sort of still guess what he did; I think it
involved communicability. I know they took
communication skills classes, courses for relations,
so how is it possible he's a communications professional?

How can he not know that?

...

"Jesus Christ"

"...."

"You're a fucking communications officer?"

“-----”

“Communicate!!”

“What'd you want me to say?”

...

His calm eye brings more storm, as if
He wouldn't accept that wet is the point of rain.

Until older, & I'm almost 40 when I get or
Pay attention enough to what he did & why. That's why.
I'm born in Hawai'i. Not Kansas, neither Huachuca nor Hood.

He never talked about it.

She told him she didn't want to hear it.

Or,

Maybe he was top secret? If he told
He would have

Recall: He never really said anything,
No matter how pressed

Loud

Counters

Silence

She said always

He's
A base line

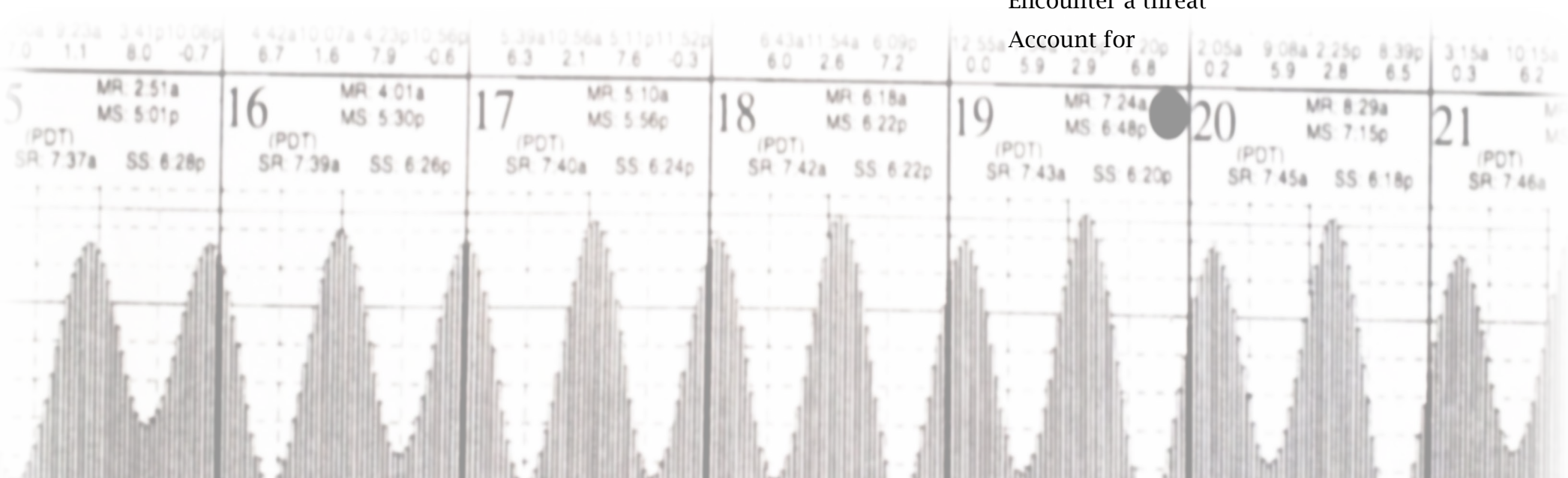
She's a wave, in

up & down

Tides

Encounter a threat

Account for



Spatial Semiosis: This& That—Exchanges

This & that: easy pronouns, pro -
Nuances, these stand ins. This for
That & that for this is not

Neither is here as any -
thing without an antecedent. No-
things other than themselves.

This
They are empty.
But this,

...
s&
I know things about
& I'll tell the story

that:
of that.

The is, this—the thing is, this thing's here

s&
The is here & at the there
this s& that.

There at, that—there at the thing, that's there

This's actual
(Close to this
you can hold it.)

That's far away.
(Farther than
that, really.)

Coded exchanges, labels stand-in ... for what ... was the thing ... is anything missing?
... so much transacted-on code encoded that ...

this is emptied
& they both
encoded there.

...
...
...

s&
are void,
They're

that remains away.
... no substance
outside.

Three or more. Choice
Crowds the space.

That S&, a Family Romance

Know your parents to understand yourself, implores the infographic meme on the perpetual Instagram scroll I'm strung out on, a line running vertical.

Trauma doesn't have to be a huge event, reads the first glowing square. Slide left. Many small impacts leave pocks & craters all the same, intones the paraphrase of the next slide.

Left.

The parental figure may not be responsible for what happens to the child. It's a meme, that sentiment.

What happened to you?

It might be a sibling who introduces dysfunction. Slide. Perhaps a demanding job keeps a caregiver away at work leaving a child at home. Slide. & even at home distracted, the weight of it all slides. Wait for the outside world to come knock down the world inside the home. Slide. Or maybe the world's W8 slowly crushes the spirit of one whose love slides. Now carry unwitting bitterness, pass poison. A sense of world slides.

Slide. Left.

Each grain of grit on sandpaper holds its own tale of existence before getting stuck here. No one speck is responsible for overall worn down, rubbed away wrong. Everything's everything & nothing carries the W8. Once shifts, everything moves. Determination: there's never space for alternative outcomes.

Family's a context, a name, a place to be born into, a space made-up in social understanding, between this lived thing & that idealized nothing is family, some thready thing holding you up.

...

I started here; I had to. Fits& starts by retelling that story & that story about that person & those stories of those people. Background dramatis persona for the unfolding mundane of my own sensuous life. What's ahead isn't alone, but solipsistic, insensate except to me. Though they fall away, characters dwell inside.

...

Always a struggle between two & a mediator in third. *Three's Company* always in the background. The world's changing. It's never violent to a body. In all the worst words are disappointment, let downs, not put downs.

Sew, often pricking fingers.

It's not in words.

Violet withholding.

Maybe the truth, maybe the possibility of negating

violin bows over strings. Silence says nothing.

As something's ever insisted. So, nothing is a most fatal slight.

Some sense of argument, the taking of sides. We lived in Europe, never got to Switzerland.

Instead of neutrality I learn *to not*, which is impossible. The closest *to not* being is to be

off-center.

S&bars& drifts& betwixt s&bars& break wave & s& shifts& ...

That is Not It; All Stories Are Not

That story of my Mom's when I was born, or that other story about brother's gifting, or even the intentionally blank spaces where longer story of my Dad go if his story becomes more than that work history, all those stories become about me, mined from a once buried seam now found in my mind, but they are not me. I didn't founder on the beach to tell the waves their stories. That story, those that they made of me ... maybe later, on a line arranged, I'll recount what's told, finally say what was really seen. Maybe not. Knot now.

Do not ever.

Maybe.

Now I came for form foam from me memos memory memories& s& recalls feeling within sensed sensations awash a middle skins& bony body always silently soaks up the middle in a body's overwhelm. Caught in the act of sensitive, even as lines of life move from moment to moment of contact: touch, taste, smell—real ingested materials make the body, make a life actual in mind.

Left behind
after all with
all this& that.
the leftover
besides
reside
here.

st&

(I)n

s&bar

middle.

Washes Right
Out To Sea
See **this**
Sensation I
Receive In
Actual
Contrast
With *that*
Real Story
You Attest
To All
Muddle
Salt Waters
Milk

Affected Tone Deaf Audit

Arguments& face an expression of in exasperation eyes roll
 to sealing arch blond browse arise
 in the temperature eyes to the floor
 perceive derision too young for such judgement
 Gilt edges. As plain as everyone knows on your face.
I've got your ... smell something Fishy
 They laugh easily read Rouge
 Humiliated. Suppose it's assumed
 I pass judgement for what you, no eyes saw.
 Not playing poker, but pinochle s& eyes said with a look
 a *tone*
 discredit, disparage meant marks
 Look down do, what to do, you do with this? "that *tone*" didn't know
 Subtle did it.
 Two tones let the contrast show eyes out of sync, see too happy
 a note of gray let an edge out hems
 somber scene stay on
 Remark: gallows humor allows
 least lively laughter reeds among cadavers
 Note, to be attenuated *You're simply out of tune.* scripted
 To be *Getting on the ball* not
 not attentioned disharmonious tones orchestrated yet broken
 Or is it the world ? Either way is choked divided by more
 off by a few octaves *Just back up*

cornered in

Just do it.

an acceptable melody

You're scene ...
You've seen the world ?
I heard a

ruckus .

I need you to believe.

Brow

beating

anxiety

bleats

no laying on

where does

here are

hands off

relentless&

s&

&

restless

energy

s&

pressure

flow

luck

energies

here has

to press

your

pressed

sure

to dissipate

?

This Starts Again, Another Beginning

Where to find beginning? It's buried under shift. Data rifts & slips over days of moving to horizon.

Closer comes oblivion.

I'll never reach the edge. Stuck in the middle. Here stitch, sew new in here, near where I stand.

So, 'I'm myself.'

Sewn in to sum sensual now. Seams come closer, soon enough & quicker, sit still. Leave only loose-ends. Leftover. All possible existence exits into an actual act, one outcome. Sense sends closure. On the other hand, what's actually in exchange with the write hand is at least once removed, though concealed as real.

What starts out as no way in becomes, in the end, no way out. It's all through. The keyhole of ... well, actually.

Where we are, we perceive time starts at this end. Where we are a hole's present as time pours into us. Time consumes possible moves past & presence sews itself onto the world presented. World is passed on to future. We sow now, seed futures, present stitched into whatever pitch of material ground we've founded on.

Sew ... go.

& the future, what a dream, such fantasy. The future? I'll tell you more about it tomorrow.

...

Present diligence: make efforts, sew life's passages together. So, this is what? When it's all said & all done... So, when it's written... So, it's been spoken. Sew attentively with rapt attention. See? See...such fabrications loom, sewn in seams, so seems grow thick & together as such.

Just so.

Sow many seeds, so few grow.

Sew many threads pass into needles thrust through shifting s&. Throw stitches along fabric's straight grain.

So many meanings drift from their motives, shorn from hems with hawing.

Plots unspool.

Heroes unravel, cry out, *Defeat*. Tears in puddles collect.

Villains spring from tides, tithe redemption. Cast seeds sow forgiveness. Undo what knot. Such is sown in salts& drifts& caught shifts& captured waves. Washed away pound pummel. What's left other than ...

What's started?

Life's always a leftover, a remainder. What's really left opposes all that's idealized as

rightly unavailable.

In the middle s&bars negotiate waves.

Aggregates form a wicked edge, pressed between two forces.

Rubbing. Change endured through a passage across the middle. What starts out straight came back naught.

Waves break.

What could be said is spoken for. Once sewn up loose ends may not speak, cannot answer, won't unwind, bound in, yielding all reasons, predetermined. What it means, this jarring jawing?

Ask again tomorrow.

To write on an excess of s& draw exclusivity: place lines of compression around the XS options. Simple contemplation, leave something out. Take on austerity. Gather razor wires& shear fat. Separate gristle, snip sinews& now trim. Flesh from bone fabrications. Neat meat parcels: name your cut.

Right, I tried, but there's still excesses to choose from, XS remains.

A frugal character renders me unsure, incapable of trusting my discernment: What's good? What's bad? What's filler? When carving a life what's best boiled into the lot?

Water's the general solution. Wash away priors& second guess work.

What's wrong pursuing a hypothesis of what if something else had been selected?

Without judgement it's all just in a pot.

Under possibility's tide is ground found. Lay down, let go, relieve from smothering the understanding effort.

Underwater, standing up. After sum XS still I'm s& remains. Unsubstantiated. Buried. Invisible.

What's a person, in thought, in being—materially? Are we memories, stories & really ...

Who or what speaks us real?

Are we really only our story, a commodity? Or yours? & what are we actually putting into exchange?

Dissolved in water I cannot speak. Anyways, a seeker of silence knows resistant screams redouble a counter production. Muffled upset disrupts actual silence gained & if lips let go, it is bound for lungs to take in water.

Drown.

Remain free of struggle, resist conscripting waves. But by what route? With what might does one escape their being:
a born soldier, back of armor, breastplate a shield.

Body's a beginning. When does body begin? What of a body settled to serve a thing it cares for not? Were you born to fight? What you fought for—did you love it? If you won it, would you want it?

A want to refrain, but a cock cannot, a mutt with no muzzle won't. Who is trained to peck, to bite, will. The choice of how it unfolds was made in the line that folded in a fowl, some dog.

We are pugilists. Born with bound hands, only good for striking. We strapping strops, run razor phrases over one an other's backsides, sharpen wit, cut to the quick, blood let go, deep, deadly. A bladed tongue defense.

To stop the fight, I'll cut out my own tongue. End here to not argue anymore.

A Start Here

I drive listening to music & a que of podcasts. Nothing's played in any order which might build to greater coherence or understanding. Just driving to add miles to my mind's not sorting. Addition without resolve. I tell myself, In the end I'll pull it all together, whenever ends arrive near bottom lines.

On today's podcast the host brings up Wittgenstein who claimed language involved three modes of being: true, false, meaningless. This apparently sums up Wittgenstein's first work. In his last work he sets out to undo or undermine all the true certainty, false promises & meaningless effort of his first influential effort.

I arrive home before the que switches to an unrelated topic. Later a different talk adds more to another pile.

...

Meaning—in that ends—we find meaning looking back from this end.

Driving, as I do, is pointless. Going away & coming back in a loop. For years I've lived close enough to a freeway that I am frequently aware of traffic's constant rush & moving. Over time I've come to think of & call it the Ocean. When I'm closer, Ocean's loud, I say. When far enough away, for a fleeting moment, I forget, before catching a distant brake's push & I say, Ah, the Ocean.

Even still I hear waves.

When driving I don't.

Among waves I hear myself.

...

The means to this end—a means to those finalities—movement towards that goal—we select our means to arrive at what ends we have selected colors.

While I'm in it, I see myself as a part of it & more importantly is knowing the part I can't see, parts in motion. In life & living I'm actually in a body made up & behaved by my senses. At the same time that body's realized & transacted as a real story, a he said she, etc. No wave without a particle, no traffic without vehicular

movement. So many parts to teasing apart motion as it moves. Vivisect what lives leaving lots of still & bloody.

...

I'm part of ...

It's motion ...

Which part's me ... & ...

What story am I ... are moved by?

The order: Aim & Fire

Ends first means this as only way.

In the ends we see meaning—what became?

At the end we find we may observe whole distances that mean all this between.

While I'm driving or writing as I move to gain velocity, speed out & separate self from all of it's knowing innately I'm part of it in many, sew many ways. It's inseparable all the same but this ... this S& feels closer to this me sos s& sew close with needles sow seeds under calloused skin as all grows sensational. Here, hear I try to be, to be actual, actually what is left

In senses.

This is what happens:

here.

This Order of Things: Out of Order—Body before Consciousness

Mom tells a ground zero story, but that's not the first story I tell myself. Ground zero's just a first unfolding, that story of inside becomes that story of starting out from, while I become material in conscious memory. I spring from this story, a story which comes later, before this experience from which I became. Before this I'm dissolved on milk blank page. Here a story goes, grows rows as herein lines up.

Aware of life is coming into, not a line starting out of. All folds onto, into itself.

Sense's body materializing world for mind to make matter, something to have, to hold on. If sense's material than an ontology of consciousness begins in earliest sensual memory. Made of milk, as I am, I first remember myself as a sense, a body of knowledge, knowing through smell, taste. This, the moment I become; before this moment, that other story develops of how: *you are born here, family moved there, here in such & such, held there by so & so*. Sew. That's how I'm part of something before I'm anyone at all to myself. I can't recall all that. I'm informed of that later.

All recalled as if life is sequential. It isn't. Life's deranged. A being both: a mind made up from that story & a body comprised of this: milk & first memory. In the midst of merger.

Where it starts in a bottle (not a breast?) full of all unformed distinctions between: fluid milk on mouth sits in odors up nose knows kin's skin against skin wrinkles cozy in wool sweaters enfolded in arms mingle with coo's warble. On empty page ink spilt while milk shivers tissue quivers surface between air calms fluid slows solid forms mine, a quiver thickening.

This Prelude: Undifferentiated Tissue

...sensation of Synesthetic Milk

wrist warmed milk on Mill Road upstairs hall light shines bright field across ceiling
 baby sleeps tended in seams of sewn wizened wrinkles on great Gagi's features stretched
 hands lean taut stringy muscled hairs knot on forehead a curl's cut off for Dolly Tingle scraps
 Upstairs there
 Ladders to climb
 Larders for stocking
 Up up up up & outgoing
 Leave behind night's sum

milk

void

page

One who might feed you.
 Night room is near a hall
 Door leads to the attic.
 Years later occupy
 A room again
 & reel

self in milk, remember the moment, more substantive in its particularity. What in
 milk tastes? This first memory, undifferentiated sensation, dissolved tissues
 smells& feels& in tastes& entangled into words& mingles with pachysandra.

This Before That Prelude:

...sensation of Lingering 'Before'

Warm milk layer in latex nipple smell here small sensual wave crashes, cribbed notes, cry & soothe.

Adjacent to this first memory, somehow earlier: an anteroom mental photo, brown & yellow. After Honolulu
s& between Alexandria & Leominster in a room. Without words, smells, sounds, color faded cramp feel dingy,
angry. Compartmented arguments unspoken in apartments I know I lived inside. Like a snapshot seen but
I'm unsure I ever held. How do—or where is—this place's hold?

Vacant rooms, extended layovers, transit moments, stop & go for years. Moving in waves doesn't feel
anything other than. Keep moving into here & out with everything else. We're where arriving? Life's objects
sent away in labeled boxes. *You must tell the movers the manifest's incomplete.* *What are you*
looking for? *Maybe a later delivery, or one after that.* *Maybe lost, gone forever.*

Try to peace it. To gather. Sum calm. Striving.

Disarray disparate parts, seal broken edges. Stuff factual tidbits with sticky tricky logistical glues, goos
physics to facts. Congeal materiality. A messy proof this disjointed journey.

Logic goes like: if this followed that, then this goes here; that must be placed further out, farther away.
Beachcombing as a process of becoming. From preconscious space to named shores, place travels up the
interstitial estuaries of mind.

Name the secure shallows

skirt unconscious depths.

...

I exist sensing whatever I say as recalled experience might be wrong, must be, as if I'm necessarily mistaken
about my life. Sew. I keep circling back, scouring for sources, tacking on resources afterwards. Taking issue
with history, taxing memory with interest.

Sew close to the skin, hit bone, near enough you can hear—know better: feel. Sense it's me, not see.

Even then, it'll come still, wrong, backwards& distorted, muddled in disordered waves.

Maybe distortion's only another perspective. Perhaps many orders are possible?

I recall & then she says—& she's right & he replies—from out of left field & they contend me from their middles, unsure how to clarify where notes on me, my s&bar goes. Instead of getting it correctly I just try getting it down at all.

Dragging a stick through s& ... leaves tails ... or trails.

Independent of disagreement, within myself or with others, time entails chronology, so... sow in s& one stitch following another. Whatever was left out, but returns, must go between. Two fits in space that time sequences, independent of where we cut. So, organize as such, order lines up, time becomes spatial, multi-dimensional, while writing coordinates a reality in only one dimension, the line.

Lines laid over lived events lack life as experience is sculptural.

& people aren't sequential, full of sad & s& & contradictions, contractions. People are punctuated, sewn so full of gaps, sown with disorders. Wholes full of filled in, holes full of s&.

Fall away, patch-up out of order sentiments, awl the time, pierce.

Somehow, take what's left,

Make right.

...

...

...

... if this work is s& this blank page was a map ...

... Prelude, Synesthetic Milk

... Before ... Prelude, Lingering 'Before'

This Suite: Sensation – You are Here at This, Beginning, Again

... sense of a table of contents

... Suite of Senses (Overture)

... Sense: Sweet Crackle Spice Carmel Mixes Coffee & Blood

... Sense: Unnatural Scents of Smell

... Sense: Out of Body Mortality

... Sense: Speed Faster Than Body

... Sense: Losing Sense of Self

... Sense: Reverberations in Soundscape

... Sense: Knot Sensing Nothing

... Sense: Too Much Sense

... Sense: Losing Sense of Time Space

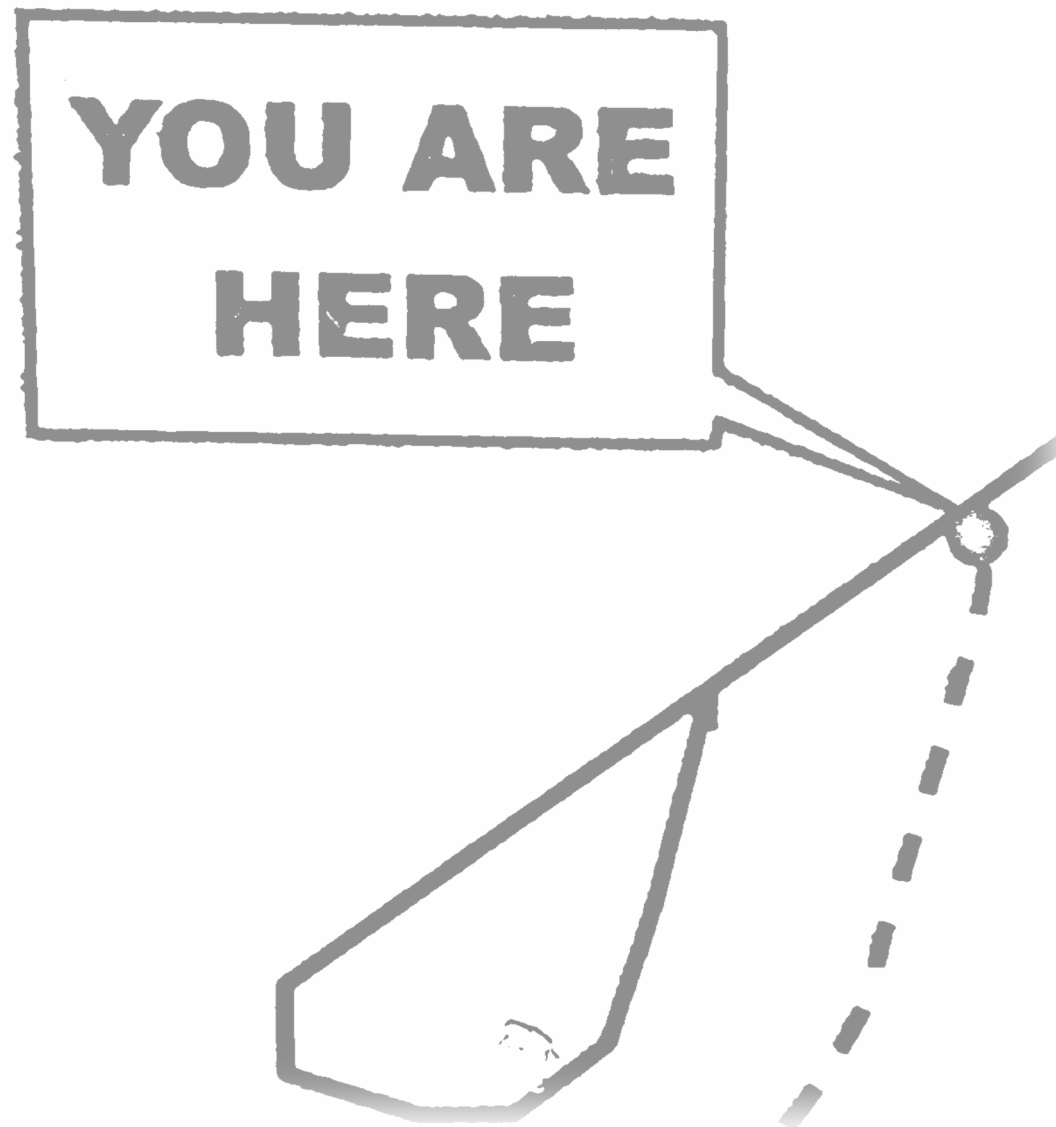
... Sense: Swimming in Living Rooms

... Sense: Being Teases A Confusion of This&That, You&Me

... Sense: Knowing a Book was Mine

... Sense: Danger at Edges

... Sense: Dancing Spins in Sunlight Swirls



This Suite of Senses

... *first sensation of (Overture)*

This sweet, sugar on my tongue, not known directly, can only be/s by analogy, as if you too also knew some sting

... yellow lemon on my tongue sours my stomach if you knew some acid

... bitter bile in my gut galled from my liver if you knew some defeat

... saltwater swelling in my bladder if you knew some ocean

... smell skunk rose, nose to it if you knew a marsh

... sound seas in a shell if you knew the song

... times& places you too intuit life

... mine-alone *You know—*

... where we meet, to gather

... under st& s&

This begins

In the

... Self.

...

..

.

This Nun Sugars Tongues& Coffee Scars& Eyes&

...*first sensation of Sweet Crackle Spice Carmel Mixed Coffee & Blood*

Fine sugar falls, drifts from wire sieve held high over wooden table in ein dunkel Zimmer. Weiß powder in motes of bright sun through high window falls. Ein Raum ohne electric light bulbs, a place too old for modern convenience.

Wearing wrinkled wimples, the nun's habit is to feed children sugar dusted shortbreads, sweet treats for dein Kindergarten Kinder

Ja süß,

bitte, bitte

danke, danke

This memory: falling sweets& scented cinnamon's burnt edge caramel loves memories of butter become a search for That flavor. Look later in recipes.

Of this ratio, I think the taste is: hard winter wheat, imported sugar, heirloom tools worked together in wizened hands to tie up words on tongues where I still long to be a speechless taste.

This: scorched sugar rush ... sweet first recall kitchen sugars& melts& sheet pans& und kuchens mit Kaffee und klatching

... sugar threads to ... home around a coffee table toddle on ...sweet, cream coffee

Toddler toddle rounds coffee table grips edge of coffee top cake at three a coffee break by four drinks a year's worth of left-over cold sweet off coffee reaches pots sips from cups left out early low cool down near a table floor coaster, now a baby scoots in speedy circles.

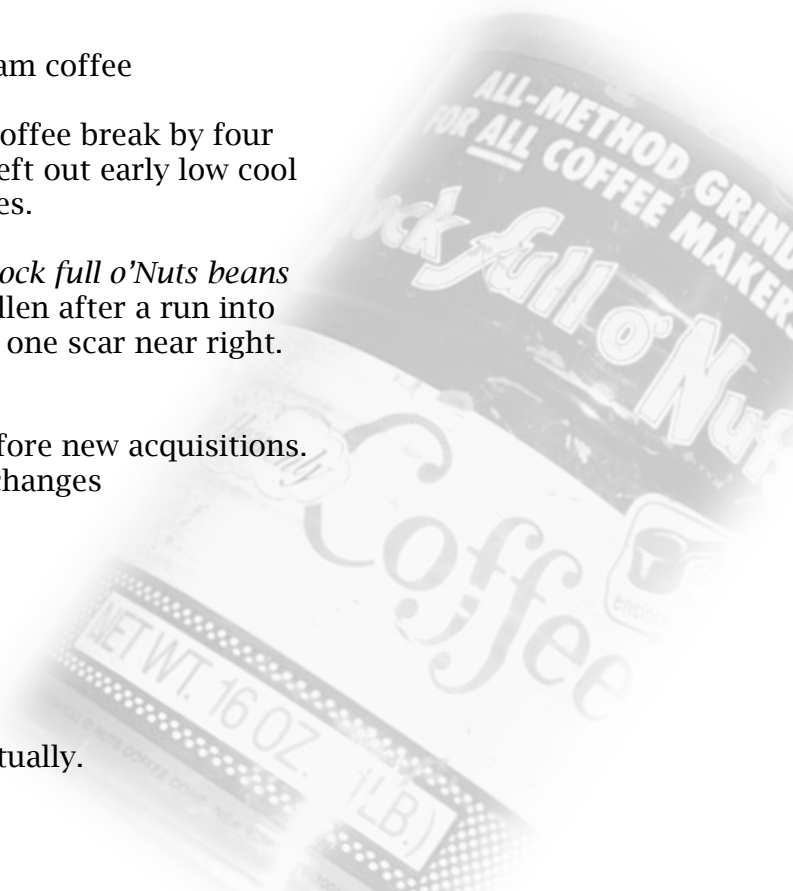
Grabby hand runs chunky feet round & round. *Sweetie, sugar's not a vegetable & Chock full o'Nuts beans are imported.* Important is not safe. *The world's not safe.* Sweet tooth flames & swollen after a run into coffee corner nick near center of *Your eye's almost taken out.* Scars follow bleeding, one scar near right. Eyes include a litany of lesions, scars& the like.

Inventories include lists of damage, account sheets to note loss, index prior flaws, before new acquisitions. Make note of or you may liable to charges. Scars, in their detail, list exchanges between bodies that inflict & bodies which acquire.

Fear, like a list of phobias, like shopping
Select a few to consider.

Those that eyes
not spied come, rest in me.

Eventually.



This Synesthetic Tissue Ear Here's Wet & Nose Sounds

...first sensation of Unnatural Scents of Smell

This mostly lost memory, a fragment of smell: synthetic plastic blown up inside pool water seeps in inflated, floatable

Toys for tipplers consumer advertisement, a gifted green champagne Perignon blown up taut plastic shell, closed, sealed. Uptight, though a pinhole deflates. Arms& legs wrap around, cling to plastic air pocket, float about, prevent sinking. Underwater at the indoor pool, face press into scent nose fumes mix plastics& chlorine with tinny music

Reverberations off tile walls green bottle saga all lapping waves sag while ripple edged music merge melts in memory.

That story which leads to

this memory must've begun...

Dad & orange VW

Memory of Wings

Taped together American music sent from

back home, faraway is a place I don't know

who sent the cassettes?

Philadelphia Freedom follows Paul McCartney

Silly Love Songs

That patriotic irony, bicentennial sentiments blasted by Brits, a politics lost on children.

My parents play, replay tapes

I almost recall the order

...I learn every word to every song

staying in touch with some ideal called home.

What's actually occurred?

What's really only recalled?

between

This memory

s&

that story?

All is muddle

Another German natatorium, one of many.

Full of German bathers, German swimmers, wets&
dripping Germany merges in memories of German singing?

No, I don't recall that

... was Swedes brought singing pools

but, bells ringing, surly yes, always in Germany bells ring ...

To this ringing near that singing, I do, I do remember

This ...

I do... I do... I do...

I do, I do, I do

ABBA on a radio nearby

... Afloat feeling

inflated on champagne

bottle door prize,

That party favor from events for officers&

Wives full of boozy breathless laughter. American parents

Get together for getting America together forgetting

While celebrating German Economic Miracles

Take off from the (out) post or go

Out (inside) the Deutschland.

This day, we're out. I'm inside a pool on a trinket, an inflated plastic junket given away on ...

We Americans play with this pool toy while a little German American boy wrapped around a bauble floats on sparkling wine bottle bobs arms around a neck. It dunks like drunks on chlorinated water chokes. Quickly enough sealed seams buckle, pierce a real seal broken. Plastic champagne in green & gold flags, sinks below.

From under a waterline, I'm fished along with the plastic inflatable all while ABBA whines

a din of horns against glass above blares

This memory, indelible, illegible permanently sewn in nose together knows

intoxication, water, joy, sinking into chemistry

a synthetic sweet scent, not offensive, mild

but not pleasant;

also, not neutral

All while ABBA wails off walls distorted light underwater

Id ooo I do I do Id ooo

I do I do I do I do I do

Won't you too? I do Id oo I doo

This Memory Pool Reminds Me of

...

...*first sensation of Out of Body Mortality*

That Rein, France Border Story

That story: *He wandered into a foreign street,
almost run down by a car.*

This is in France, a border town, so

it must've been a Renault.

That story of a near accident,
pulled from assured death,
lifted by the collar to safety

That relates to...

This memory: deflating in a pool, sinking in a puddle, looking down

That all happened sometime Grandparents visit. Or, I'm told, *to remember*
& to that story of *that car*
& *that near miss* add

This: I'm without a body,

saw a car come at me,

from above, recall—

This: stone tunnel through a building, all—

This: horn blare

That story's about how I almost die (again) &

This: how

I recall ... feeling not

being

∅

Inside not me

Outside myself

This Impression Speeds Red

...first sensation of Speed Faster Than Body

This memory: sunlight broke on cobbles tone of clanging metal wheels shod in rubber bounce on stone

Golden triangles crack open on red

brown square

This ... rumbles& pitches, giggles& laughter

That memory: is it of a wagon, of a stroller?

... gilded light leaves scatter a movement above speed

exhilaration

descends

Uphill again...

Do it again?

Again please...

No bloody leaks from scraped knees but boy,

oh boy a body

boils red release air's collision

crosses blushed cheeks pink

Joy in a body moves

hot bundle

closed in winter under sweaters knit mittens worn out

against cold. Spring's just sprung,

begun.

This memory

Very small.

That story build—surrounds:

suppose a

Radio Flyer,

suppose the

wagon's red...

Remember rumbles ...

downhill

...

Over cobbles ... ride bounces down
Bobbling ... head lolls sun above jostles
Fragment— airy broken beam tattered light spots
ground arounds& under apple
trees dappled yellow puzzle
pieces breech blue skies

memory

above

That story continues:

gold draws ultramarine

That world's memory

rich with laughter

Later picnic lunch.

Now, let's go

Don't stop until

The top

Cobbled bank—

Ment

descend

once

more

That story sees:

To sea rations of salt.

This memory feels:
To feel flees free of see water.

Fluid

Sense space places in motion,
senseless time out of time's repeating loop.

Look of movement's feeling mixed in seeing this:
I am. Blind inside a body of pleasure,
This I feel, I cannot see—

that sense's—not the same

This Tissue Vision Heart

...first sensation of Losing Sense of Self

A trolley A city A woman All old

I have hundreds of such memories; but at times one will come up out of the hundreds and oppress me. For some reason I think that it will leave me alone once it is written down. Why not try, then?

Fyodor Dostoevsky
Notes from Underground

Avocado brown mustard burnt sienna tangerine orange
White piping colors within a time stilled.
Close enough to war's latest stand.
On a bus or trolley.
Moving.
Still.

Straßenbahn transit mit Mutter. Alles gut, alles fröhlich.

It's winter, or it's Germany, or
Sky's always gray enough; winter never leaves small child's ride. A train with mother's cloudy day, gray skies push back against flat hills run vertical beside rows of sown green grapes grown on lined steep trellis. Bavarian styled vines. Trolley trundles down high streets with fairies & trolls inside imagination, greet silent & self-contained, even the sunny southern Germans are all alike, cold. Look awhile out a window, rundown shawled woman in head scarf shields her suddenly sullen eyes.

Winter's Christmas market, or Frühlingsblumenmarkt und das ist Zeit I'm certain, I recall. I cannot place. It happened. Time doesn't matter as an old woman remains under wraps, forms frowns though not unhappy, she's only grown incapable having not known how to happy for a while now. Maybe the cause was war. Maybe a child.

Maybe it was, but it's not any longer. Was alles war dieses.

Transit stops. Child looks out a window, & here sad defaced woman & he merged in glass together they cannot be undone having forgotten how. Acts of forgetting still cloud her eyes. In her seas he is into her eyes sunken in sadness, sins here in the ground, looking up a child is stopped by whatever she's seen to make her humble, unable—how do you translate the infinitive—to happy?

Here's this memory in a time close enough to war one might still investigate old faces, see shattered facades. Life & landscape are still. Firebombed city is rebuilt to history. Seized a moment unmoving. Sees in her, seized in her moment, he is in her war. Bus lurches, moves again. He's arrested in bleak old woman's black attire. She hasn't boarded a train, doesn't enter the trolley, just wasting on cobblestones, stuck in solidified silence, all-consuming sadness, her weary lined face under scarves worn as a feeble gesture against gray cold.

Bus pulls away.

Something made itself aboard a child's eyes. Sees her hoard, her pain alive. Sew needled, a child cried.

Mother pushes along. Perhaps
Brother pushes Mother rushes
No time sits alone in, rest a
While on a stranger tragedy.

Later get lost in department stores
Centered in part of a steel cloak
Rack among coats & capes a child's
Run off again, escapes the looking
Back then a child hid eyes from fright.

At three, or four, hide from
Pained scenes. A hurt to looking.

Dostoevsky moves along *Underground*, writes memory of wet snow.

Maybe if it's written

thick

down

Does memory

fallow

callous

heavy
damp?

This Sound of Bells Ears Gables

...first sensation of Reverberations in Soundscape

Giebelstadt, steeples over cobblestones. Pastoral Catholicism across Bavaria rings tradition.

Fully bells on the hour; one toll for the half. Down street chimes bounce different times slight

Overlap, echolocation orients a little body in a city or town in this country this other side

Of an ocean. Even regular bells all-around sound differing rate. For this season

Rings in ears all day.

Church bells ring Europe & here the town of Gables peal bells from towers gone throughout

The day. More noon tomorrow & where you're on land's told by where bells ring round corners

Comes a milker with a clapper down the Alps cows are run from meadow to pastures& cheese's

Spreadable across a cracker.

Bell's clang, cobble tone. Old stones clomp-clop-clomp under feet rung hollow

Building's belfries rise medieval. The age of a place's heard in bell's echo, ring off

Stucco. Many places aren't old enough to make a sound impression. I'm too young

To know that yet.

This Cold Tissue

...first sensation of Knot Sensing Nothing

In waves warmth starts. Enfold ins& falls out along life's unfolding times& little things get lost.

Times& changes& too sad.

Wash ashes away 'n' sway from grit & warm begins as even a child grew, withdrew warmth. Got cool, play coy. Refrained from. Asking obliges one to hurt when denied so want not. Strategy prevents pain potential, but only devised after the presence of unrequited years of yearn. Muzzled desire, though mute, still claw skin. Clause kin. Go numb. Once dumb there, know knots in any pawing sense of need. On ice floes flow slows& gritty pearlized s& is safer in smooth cooling ice.

Memories of snows. Is cold a memory or a feeling? In German winter snowdrifts we sled downhill. Trudge back up banksides, run long ridges, slide back & over ourselves in snow suits& moon boots. Rough tumbling.

Memories of snow. Of whited out, sound is soft as flakes fall. My cousin's a spy, lifting clues from stranger's mail boxes, hoarding secrets as we walk soft & I look into streetlamps, turn away from her with my tongue out catching cold flakes from high clouds over long needle pines. Cold fills my frozen jaw unable to articulate that she ought to put letters back. Frozen I cannot say what she ought not have done.

Memories of snow. Walking around a world obliterated in witness. Gray sky earth all around white out.

Memories of blank pages. I'm to make slush on New York City streets, but we go upstate past the City. Up where drifts stay longer, not unlike urban memories, which aren't mine. Lifted from movies, these silvery places we visit in Hallmark greetings. Post cards we never get to enter in & never leave.

Memories of snow. Angels. Men. Carrots& phalluses. Stick a coal lump where it won't burn. Poke out arms, rag clothes, make memories of misery, a lark because it's not mine but a snowman's. Memories I'll not recall, only trace a space around where the memory would go if I was to re-enter—unmemories? Of cold, of snow, of wearing too little, of having no match to light.

I have memories of being snow.

This Feeling: It's on Skin, in Bodies

...first sensation of Too Much Sense

This hasn't any associated memory.

Feel it all, felt too much. A
burning sensation on skin is
contact dermatitis. Its ache
at bones, muscle tense, body
recoiled, ready to ball
a fist.

To close off: Wall // Shell

Too sensitive, much like

Princess& a Pea // Canaries& a Coal

Mine's delicate, skin rashes
after brushed with feathers
bruised in a rush to hug
thin-skin body-pierced
scars& ore seams& harming

That story just gets repeat.
Repeat.

This Dreaming In A Loop

...first sensation of Losing Sense of Time Space

On a train leaving Germany headed out. Somewhere across Europe traveling asleep. Overnight.
 Overnight keeps happening. Stop. In
 Coach on a couch not a bed lay
 Down head nowhere. On a lap not reclined sprawled asleep on legs folded in a loop. Overnight.
 Stop. Hands cross over eyes look upward all night awake. Overnight. Stopped in seams of light.
 Streams through glass windows we enter stations same
 Station. Overnight. Stop again as
 Light streams in. Through shiny window shines
 Keep squirming. Overnight. Stop entering same station some overnight station overhead light shines shiny
 Over window let in light in eyes
 In I & I'm repeatedly I dream
 Over again all night I don't dream I'm not
 Asleep I'm aware we're
 Never going anywhere. Awake all night. We keep arriving, just
 The same train depot stationary bare bulb
 Dangle blinds Up the
 Morning sun shines when we arrive. Overnight, somewhere
 New. Stop. The sun's sure. Where
 We began? Were we
 Going where it all feels same? & this
 Looks like more of that. Bells chime on hours,
 Come along, add
 Excitement. Run home,
 Do it again, to the top
 again. The world runs in circles. On
 Schedule. More of
 The same To
 morrow.

This Sickly Infant Pattern

...first sensation of Swimming in Living Rooms

That child's storied pathology pattern.
 Heal stories about you feel parts snippet of blood works through
 delirium That story about myself. I couldn't hear that? Was told ears aren't right
 speak up? clear up. Or both, *What did you say?* Never heard. I was deaf? *Not deaf*, but maybe. *Agreeable*. Shoved in ear, *Hear that?* Or,
 Clogged baby might need drains, tubes Silence is an infantile pathology.
 Speaking up as they do Crybaby cry
 Didn't hear tubes& now ears hurt at that
 Description: straw pokes drum
 this a popping pus pouch Capri Sun?
No, not exactly. Knowing what means what, little breech baby turnover
 now near deaf learns, disfigures out, how-ta-flip-a-switch-on, oh no infection in here
 anymore, already lost a year or two with little baby cries mother's up in arms, in a doctor's face
 face down a ranking officer, she shouts *It's not asthma, I know that, as an RN ... doctor.*
 Sew through fluids rurgling & gush flush pus good baby corrected, no problem inner ear good
 boy goodbye no tubes thankful for miracle maybe magic
Years later, that's what I hear

...

Every year, getting sick, I recall the blending, in advancing delirium all sickly swells haze
 together no pause or break of fever dream in a documentary it's suggested that language works in this
 word floats ambiguous unsure of stopping a defense to double bind channel switching says it is without saying you can say not
 directly as memory swims in a living den age ate degrees below a room of walnut brown ceiling beams interior of dark housed in a
 Georgia penal colony & here I'm a ship afloat with Gilligan came from Atlanta on TBS Turner at 4:05 a fever of 102 degree heat
 waves& aerobicize out of body over a weak each year since birth a year sin confection stop invasion cry up like baby anti in a needle
 biotic shoot Maryanne's only child with a revolver Ginger says sew no more hear inflection Gills gone down the tubes again very strep

throated fear how after events follow allow tonsil take age five puss scarlatina danger oh us a buttered fly wings flushing a face little hope chest in flames weavers of fire wings wear rushes in a red hot Poker faced Little Buddy's rude blotch sore white spot on back of pores splotched pitted porcelain sink pearl cream sinks of saliva swells spitting & spitting wells basin can-can dancing cannot swallow throat spittled razor blades cheeked glands gargle salt any hot thing shot bio died want a fix lie down ill still stay window sill ledge water pills got sotted seven eight or nine time the age kids callow small did 3 4 5 drinks six straw 7 pink berry suspense Hitchcock at 9 8/7 central licks off a spoon oh creamy chalk Tootsie pop flavored moldy fungus back a foreground taste the smell of carpet at the back of the head my dream penicillin in your medicine cycle twice a daily hold on holes of saccharin whole seat piss sweet neighbors advise plastic dose delivery device a spoon for corrected measure mizzus kays good dealing with ARMY brats buy gives up *The Sound*

toy ops top of the pops *of Music* alive with Maria in the playhouse here pink fluid refrigerator dose liquid pink

for & a half recall five floating on coaches a cushioned couch outshined forget half decay aids in my pouch

throat cut glands out taking uvula a pity an Aunt credits essential in reproduction of sub lingual

second continental tones even without lumpy ton pooches think scars let fever break a

cold chilblain ghouls we eek out bad shaking misses a week schooling very yeak

every we 8 for punctuation ... breaking in waves, bundled in a beds read

couch between TVs& mouth carpet fluids puncture pin cushion

punctuation, a pause. Pins me down firm after churn

swimming towards where heat dissipates.

Stay still, swollen heal,

This listless,

Infirm period ...

..

.

This Sense of Christmas That Objects Connect To

...first sensation of Teases A Confusion of This&That, You&Me

Every Christmas a story's repeated. Again. Christmas is repeats.

*You remember that time? No, of course, you
Won't, don't, couldn't. Too young, but ...
The story goes ... &*

This isn't my memory, instead a story told about me

That story, like an object, heard enough times now it's a
story I'll tell myself I'm agreeable. Swallow down that about me.
It's now mine to know.

But I don't *know* this,

I *heard* that. That's the story I'm repeating.

& it's said, people say you can't remember before a certain age, but that's okay. What's forgotten is
plenty of people remain around. Reminders to refill you on yourself. They'll recall that, what you might forget,

this you might want to forgo.

I just want to remember myself, see if I think they get it, got the story right.

When you were a child: Just a little baby

Sting of lights eyes squint at big colored bulbs

This: colored lights I remember get replaced years later with white pinpoint nights all light

Little lights twinkle white twinkle twinkle little lights just not tonight

No, that night you were two & these are the big gaudy 70s Technicolor's

orange & red & green yellowed blue

old school lamps line up on wound up wires around the tree.

Strings up & one bulb's gone out so the rest follows.

All the lights asleep & dark

That's when she says

& she repeats the story still

*I didn't like them anyways, she says,
So, I told him, your Dad, just undo that, start over.*

& then I turn to you, she says to me each time she tells me

This story every Christmas,

& do you know what you said? You, being me, she's asking after myself,

This chance to humor her I know. I say, I don't know, What, what did I ...

I say what? Tell me the answer.

This part of our game.

What, what did I say? I say.

& she says ...

That was Christmas, that's it. Did you like it?

now she looks & to see if I'm the agreeable child who smiles & laughs & claps saying

It's great! It's fun! Fine!

It's excitement

...

linger widens child eyes,

Child doesn't understand playful, a tease

This joke of agreeableness.

*That's why, she says, Why with eyes wide, so easy going, eating whatever you cross
crawling on floors, finds a mosquito, an old dish rag, such a sweet baby with a shoe in your mouth!*

This is when my aunt, Mom's visiting identical twin chimes in with her commonplace derision. She remarks,

Well, jeez, what happened?

She also says this mocking,

I'm just kidding.

She says:

It's just a little joke

Everyone

Always

Says that.

Saying

It adjusts it, a little poke,

just a kid

Just a little tease ...

gets less ground for understanding.

...

On regarding people as objects

A few nights ago, days before Christmas

Mom & I are talking before she mentions that story, recounts

Much like above, this before.

She questions &

Will again later comment on herself, ask out loud,

Was that cruel? Teasing too far? To set up Christmas? To take it away so quickly?

& it isn't taken, not that

Way, not even close to

Because I'm okay,

teased memory

now. I don't recall



Then I was happy in the story.
 Anyways, I enjoy lights
 Even unaware hours
 Isn't a whole season's W8?
 After all, lights do go up,
 This year & every other after,
That's you, so easy going,
 Too easy, an eased child easily used. Gullible.
That was the year you got the Steif horse.
Later you tried to wash its hair with lotion.

She does not say this horse
 was ruined
 after that.

Still here with a steed.
 Where this& that intermingle.
 No sight or sound—no auditory exterior

Instead, of auditory inside, embodied in cold outside: perceived.

Rest of the senses, this 'lower order', intake internal warm, ingested intimate,
 this body of affections in

Some memory.

That story about how it was.

Was it all okay? on the phone she asks with a need to know.

Sum s&
 Shifts centered
 Some s& clear
 s&bar solid
 pulls both
 edges
 1

world

That
 word broke

This Time at The Border

...first sensation of Danger at Edges

This memory of being at the border, understanding a border's adjacent to another place, near a thing that can kill you. *We're protected on our side.*

This fairytale place of protection, our side.
about safety.

Adults tell children that innocent story,

At the border you will see there are dogs.

My border memory returned to me while reading another writer describe their borderland experience, their time on at a dangerous edge which crosses my own referent threshold, recalls my border story.

East German Shepherds are trained with raw meat.

East German attack dogs will go for the neck & groin first.

I'm four & a ½ on a tour bus.

We all look out of a protective glass windows, day trippers touring the edge. We've come to skirt Iron Curtains. I'm old enough to understand remnant words of war, while lacking any useful explanation.

Protective window looks out, across

A wide river without a bridge.

The Danube?

Two tiny soldiers, far away on other sides.

I could embellish that little bit with

buzz cuts, blond hair, camo uniforms &

other tropes not true to memory, just accurate

to the experience of soldiers&

other contested zones

of martial masculinity & memory

This memory, however, remains specific,

small.

Two tiny men walking big dogs on heavy leashes.

This image sits distinct alongside a guided narrative read over the public address.

Did you hear?

Cold-war tourists chatter, concerned & fretful, repeating the guide's
words, clearing up the PA crackle:

What's that about raw meat?

That someone is holding my hand,

I imagine they grip tighter.

Recall this: *dogs& politics?*

State violence, animals ...

Did you hear?

This Memory of ABBA Requires That Story of Them Lost Behind Iron Curtains

...first sensation of Dancing Spins in Sunlight Swirls

Gone to Russia, or the Soviet Union, or the USSR, or the CCCP, or I'm not sure where she is but it's behind Iron Curtains & she's nursing at Moscow hospitals, gone to see Communists do it in Leningrad.

Comrade, is she, well ... red?

She's read a *Communist Manifesto*, part of what I grow knowing she studied at the time. Advanced Russian history from a Russian professor especially qualified to teach advanced levels& she lacks all qualifications for advancement, even inclusion. She is still without historical prerequisites& social theories& whatever else she's misses& envies in other. She's told she doesn't have what's required.

Still.

Lacking all necessary papers as proof of skill, she takes the visiting professor's challenge anyways.

Actually, she did quite well, quite well, better than many, a lot of people, classes of soldiers, better than—well she was singled out, commented on her performance, her capacity under pressure, to retain the information. Maybe he didn't say this in front of the class, but she felt supported in having decided to undertake the challenge. Even she realized she was over her head, but she wanted to swim. So, she did.

Of course, I can hear her say, That's also the time the

ARMY wants to remove windows&

Tear up the apartment &

that's digression is

another of her stories. For me

I recall this:

She's gone to Russia & comes back with trinkets & souvenirs from shopping a Black Market where a worm lodged in her ear.

Money ... money ... money ...

Must be funny ...

deet ... deet ... deet ... deet ... deet

She hums an ABBA tune, says, *It tickles me to trade Blue Jeans on Black Markets*. That funny transfer, cigarettes for brass belt buckles emblazoned with a red Soviet star & glossy little enamel boxes, delicate folk miniature painting tradition. *Imagine! Tiny treasure exchanges for processed Western consumer trash!*

I imagine her humming covertly while completing dangerous switch, after all Soviets probably watch her, but she assure that a Black Market's legality is somewhat, somehow safe, *If done without currency*, she explains. *All the while that song, this silly Swedish group, they don't even speak English. This song stuck in my head. They are Swedish, but sing every word so... clearly amazing.*

She buys *Arrival & Voulez-Vous*. Later *The Album*. All on vinyl. For a long time *Ring-Ring*, *Waterloo*, & *The Greatest Hits* are only on cassettes heard on car rides. I play vinyl on Hi-Fi stereo, loving to play & replay each song over & over again & again spinning & spinning in circles in sunlight, sunlit living room bright through big window panes, perhaps a view facing south.

Later, this other time, Dad's off to West Berlin, the Western part that's surrounded by the Eastern part & this makes no sense, as east is opposite of west & directions move away in lines away from each other. In Communist Berlin East surrounds & consumes the West. How'll Dad get in? I hear *He must wear his uniform all the time he's behind the Wall*. He can't go through the East as he's a soldier, an intelligent soldier at that, so ... but how can he arrive? By air? Do they drop him in? No one gives me details.

It must have been on a train.

They only spin in circles.

IV. S&: A w/Hole Ruin; A Complete Phrag—

And some men are as ignorant of what they do
when they are awake as they are forgetful
of what they do when asleep.

Heraclitus,
Fragments

	.../		/ments.		Phr/	/asses/	s
Phar/	/o/	/r	g/	/uments		integument	Fraises
Straw	/sound.		/	s&	...	Writing in	... rivers
			The hummer/	/man		the river's	
	Into gold/			/ever the same	...	ame part rock/	/some par
here & unchan/						nchanged & still	
			/till different/				...
world					/nothing stoppe/		
	/change/						/everything.

Paintings& Portraits

There is no good way to face s&. Edges invariably run together & family resemblances make future viewers unsure if it's a Child or the Grandparent. What's depicted on canvas? Each visage Mothers multiple generations. Something in the nose of a Father's the same. Eyes seem from earlier times; older generations look out from s&. You see much in particles, in particularities.

Tibetan Buddhist make s& mandalas, intricate patterns of patience, practice, precision, & ephemerality. Colorful s& pinched & drawn in ritual patterns. Once complete the creation's enjoyed for perhaps a not very long duration; what length of time is required to appreciate the ephemeral? After whatever time this is, the entire painstaking work is swept into an ocean. All colors mix in the deconstruction of clear appearances, solid lines blur into mingled dust.

Earlier today I talked with Mom. She's on her third of twelve chemo treatments for a second bout of breast cancer, which has troubled her for five years now. I was going to write afflicted, but that's dramatic & overstated. On the phone she sounds fine, upbeat & happy, a mood she credits to a medication they administer at the clinic. She reports no side effects other than this current elation. No nausea, no wasting, no lethargy; we hope none of these arrive later. She seems oddly immune to concern. She has purchased a wig & makes note of the expense.

She does ask that I not mention her good spirits, *All things considered*, she says, *don't mention her good mood to her*, her twin. She wants my aunt to believe that she suffers, more so in the absence of her estranged sibling. They have a long complex falling out, a sordid tale of extended friends & family entailments nested inside generations of unresolved, overwrought animosity. At the end of the call, we spend a good thirty minutes lingering in the morass, updating mental score cards, filling in the most recent salacious details, a passion play remaining in perpetual descent, an unchanged pattern of years.

...

This memory work started as speckles, single grains, spots. Between two grains line up more between. That's what I wanted this to be—close to me—a line out from—before being is entangled in—into interwoven complexes—sets of stories, a set-up. The mix of them, are all within. They are entangled in this.

Here will be no figures backed out of first cause, no backtrack to a place of blame.

Unanswered is a first encounter, so do your best. Recollect; note; relate findings in good faith. To compare my this to that story which we'll all recall as we'll all embellish & revise, so to arrive at an agreement, that ...

Well ... this won't be possible.

Wells like this only draw speculative water or dry s& ... either way, what little ground is found flowing away.

...

In my head I argue with an amalgam whose name & image changes. I recall my grandmother's hands because I remember when, across my face, she slapped me. You never recall her saying a sweet thing about you. We are both wrong in our recollections, though each memory bears a little truth, just as I almost recognize but just as soon forget who makes up the person I speak with in my head.

Each memory is too limited & too precise is our removal from her total measure. Cut down to size she is made relative to & becomes specific only in relation, only seen after being focused through the prism of us.

It may be easy to conclude that so & so's bad & such & such's responsible. Blame does get allocated & determinations are made, though what I've to write here is that conclusions are always wrong or at least diminishing in certainty when contrasted to so much thread left yet to unspool.

How can you claim to know the conclusion? Maybe everything turns a corner.

W8 here, more comes.

In the meantime, I try to recall this, face the first memoires entwined with that, those stories once told.

Kindergartens—So Sown Grow Children

In this recent conversation with my Mom I ask her about my kindergarten, wanting to share what I recall of my third first day. As we talk, I realize the memory I'm seeking after is, in fact, my fourth first day.

I totally forgot about a first-first day of kindergarten. A *real* Kindergarten, in fact.

In our conversation I mention first the memory of my third first day of kindergarten. She hears kindergarten & says, *Oh Kindergarten with Sister Claudia.*

Though I'm not sure what she's saying, I recognize the name. It belongs to a sweet sugary nun. I mention a memory of powder sugar cookies. She is saddened to hear this too late. As a child I hadn't mentioned shortbread desires. She'd have requested a recipe from Sister Claudia. To her disappointment I counter: I spoke German with Sister Claudia & English with you; in which language would I request sweetness?

It's true, she says laughing, *You spoke German with others, but when I tried went to practice Deutsch lessons with you, you'd give me side-eyes at 3 & ½ & 4.*

So, the shadowy room with a nun in black & sugar falling white, that's first-first Kindergarten, the *real* Kindergarten. *Die deutsch Kindergarten für dein Kinder.*

I forget about real German Kindergarten, with real German nuns, real German children.

In an attempt to rebuild my own timeline back into order I say, No. That's not the kindergarten I'm recalling. I'm trying to recall the first day of at the DoD school, on post. Where I went to after Busy Bee Pre-school.

What's Busy Bee? she asks. She says she doesn't recall my pre-school, though I know I went there too, as I did art one day with construction paper & Elmer's glue.

Your father must have taken you, she says. *I went back to work in the hospital, so he must've...*

...

We compare more notes & I steer back to the memory I'm trying to uncover, the third, or actually the fourth day starting kindergarten. I want to recover a day in Georgia.

She insists this is wrong. Even without her confirmation, I know this is, in fact, completely right.

She insists there couldn't be enough time in a year for me to start kindergarten three times. & *anyways*, she says, *it was all the time in Florida. That time is why you couldn't read, a slow starter when everyone else moved ahead.*

But I did. I did start kindergarten three times, or no, now I know, actually four, I insist.

Though she is right in that I'm incapable of recalling it all. It comes out of order days& hours& moments collide. But I remember it as still photos, remembered as congealed, stilled-life snapshots.

...

So, where to begin? Here's some order to things:

There is a nun in a wimple with a sieve in Geiblestadt. That's a memory of a *real* Kindergarten, but not of formal school.

At Busy Bee I stand under shade trees looking at hair on my legs catching sunlight & feel I perhaps stand taller than other kids. I am afraid. I'll hurt others with my size when running Red Rover, knocks down while chasing a Blindman Bluffing, hurt a little kid Duck-duck-goosing..

After this first day there are thirteen school years, though we are told there are only 12 formal years. School actually starts with that added K year of kindergarten with a lower case k.

But I don't recall the first 'k' day at the DoD school.

Instead, I recall this:

This First Daze, Second—Wurzburg

I don't recall the first day, but later daze. I'm up early morning. Sew in memory. Sky's dark & eyes see stars, so it must still be night & in the night we arrive home again. I still see stars but a first morning being dark isn't possible. It can't be dark on the first day as calendars insist on a sky still lit by summer's wanning. A bright morning is insisted for school years to begin.

First formal day would have daylight. I have a commonplace story in mind of hall

tours& teacher introductions showing-off classrooms

with carpet squares& resource materials:

bright colored wood toys in

worn enamel coats.

What I don't recall

at first about first

days I fill in with ...

Later, I know this: a large room, low table. Smell fresh Crayola ... red... big ones ...blue... with only four ...yellow... or six sticks ...green... in a pack ...purple... I don't know if it's four or six because I can't count. I know colors. On early days children are sent home with lists of needed supplies.

Later, field trip requests seek chaperones.

There's this: lunch box often has hard-boiled eggs. I open the metal box latch before salting a peeled egg. Too much. Biting white makes my mouth water but dries me out as salty chalky yolk in shades of grey green yellow crumble on my tongue.

Recessed outside children stand on playgrounds with winter clothes at noon. Sun breaks gray. Close around we never go far. Huddled in a lopsided ring, configure in a semi-circle of wood pylons sunk into bare s&, a soil covered in darker wood chips.

At DoD, no teacher is memorable.

I've no patch of patterned fabric to recall,

or a face framed with a hairstyle out of fashion,

nothing dates me in time-space-memory,

no marks remind me what goes here &

What comes after?

I feel certain of this: I'm confused about American speaking. It's an American school, but maybe das ist English und warum sprechen sie nicht deutsch?

What is this?

To recall under gray sky, winter's here again, holidays are always close, come around again &

Again, relocate home ...

On the first formal school day, I don't know that, but suspect:

Life is boxed in again. Always something wanted is sealed in packing tape.

This: metal magic marker tubes stink as alcohol ink squeaks KITCHEN, BEDROOM, BOYS, etc. on cardboard boxes stacked up in the corners of rooms.

Ready to move.

Remember, be ready.

Maybe it's not Mother but Grandma

May comes with Bert to visit in Hawaii. I am not sure if Dad's parents make it to the beach at Waikiki from Mill Road, but I'm sure her parents & family did show up.

I'm told that Maybee held me in Hawaii where my Mom's widowed twin gets married to her second husband. Grandma May is there to watch Bert give away a twin daughter again. Maybe she visits with brother Ray, her own twin. Old Uncle Ray with Odd Aunt Zella, Ray's second wife after the first, *the French spy*. Giselle. *Poor thing, lost her mind after the war, institution, divorce*, someone whispers.

Ray dies of Alzheimer's. I know I met him at least once or twice that I recall. It helps to see pictures, flip through albums. Though I spent a lot of time with Grandma May she will be harder to remember younger. My memories of her 'back then' are clouded by her Alzheimer's—memories 'from later,' after she moves closer, after Florida.

Here I've compressed history. At the time, always at the time I am not knowing much of this until older & writing. Writing this & even now I still don't know. Sew stitches. Sow much. So much isn't recorded, no notes remain in s&. I piece tattered parts together gathered.

The word burden stays in mind.

It is not my word.

Flesh Sweet Tongue Sweats Nose Flowers

Seasons in paradise don't change: balmy, effortless, nice.
 Held in arms, at times at arm's length little baby sweats like her
 husband's genetics drippy fluid drenched. Sweet baby greets
 Sweet MayBee, her mother's wet in paradise MayBee
 visiting wither purse
 full of pinks
 Sweet & Low sachets
 MayBee here to
 sees kindly twin Ray
 lady May's brother
 MayBee somewhat fretful
 says she's unsure to be underfoot MayBee
 speaks of MayBee's concerns MayBee leaks
 anxiety drips MayBee every fiber of her being is
 forever extending out
 about: to pour, to help, a dote,
 assisting,
 baby, baby, baby MayBee careful
 buzz buzzes carefully
 all about
 MayBee grows doe-eyed & gooey sees little baby who loves
 gaagaaing willing to stoop stopping stranger's baby pram
 holding up to snoop as carriages jam a park or block up frozen aisle
 in greengrocer Sweet little baby MayBee, fond of smooth bottom baby skinned perfection twinkle
 twinkle eyes held against loose arms fold, perspiring like a little baby just like a little baby
 her twin
 daughter's little child. In arms enmeshed
 paradise's pleasure pressed pleasant MayBee paradise, a temperature too hot for baby & Grandma both
 Entwined in each other MayBee enfolds baby in wet arms w8 on cool breeze blows fair Tradewinds
 scheduled at noon until further notice Seasonal changes at the corner of youth & not yet an old lady not yet
 retired not yet retreat south abandon Jersey near Orlando, go
 MayBee, she's certainly old enough to disapprove of that *God Damn Rock & Roll*
 Bert derides *Jungle Music* Hear in paradise she only holds hula hopes *Tico Tico* on steel drum
 Nothing harder She's a softie wants to jelly roll baby up take away a suitcase full of little ones home, a stroller
 rolls along an infantile fantasy. In another room wafts of Seals & Croft
 a nearby radio must be *jasmine* a corner garden the first Hawai'ian house near a baby
 little mind puddle coalesced & muddle
 Memory not clammy nor cold not floppy hot messy



drenched

sweet rain
come quickly

at noon when

sun shines

shining through

MayBee sets baby on rubber blue

sheet padded bumper near
open window's casement cranked open

invitation.
&

She says

Don't hide your light under a bushel basket

MayBee hums on a *Summer breeze, makes me feel fine*

She says, *The mills of the Gods grind slow*

but fine

And maybe *July is dressed up & waiting for June*

Maybe she ... Maybe she ... Maybe

feels she'll show off

baby

And jasmine

& jasmine

People Punctuate Life, But They Aren't Periods—They're Worlds

Grandma Maybee & Grandpa Bert certainly came to Germany, travelled to Greece with my parents. May have watched over me at other points when parents travel elsewhere, Denmark, perhaps Sweden? Those trips I know vicariously through souvenirs, postcards, trinkets, toys & photograph albums. A few times a year we watch Super 8 films of our lives, reminders of good times spent in front of cameras, sightseeing & such. Grandparents are there sometimes. Her parents facilitate, provide ease. In youth it is European travel that comes alongside a European outpost at the beck & call of US ARMY COs. Later, years later, we visit them in Florida, often go to Disney World, later Busch Gardens in Tampa & St. Pete.

Good memories if you look to find the scene. Good memory, if seen.

I want to talk more about her, add something about him. She was a high schoolteacher, English. He was a high schoolteacher, science. These statements sum them up as productive bodies under capitalism & says not much of who they are, but education, academia, thought & consideration, all threads of interest & life, activities very particular to who they are, were.

About him what's often mentioned is his time teaching aeronautics at Annapolis during *'The War.'* Because of *'The War'* he doesn't complete his biology dissertation, never became a Doctor. Twins are born in Annapolis adding two more mouths, four girls all together, and him.

They said, as they do, *Who has time for a new dissertation topic?* No time available, so busy with war, children.

Bert teaches Alan Shepard aeronautics at the Naval Academy, this feat, a feather in our family cap. *The man who made it to the moon, my Grandpa taught him to fly*, we say. I think Bert's one of thirteen children. He describes himself as an atheistic agnostic, pretty sure all that religion & G-d fearing is hokum, but with 0.01% faith, just in case. In retirement he makes art with pastels, teaches others to paint & regularly partakes of deep talks with friends in The Philosophy Club. Prostate cancer takes him after a twelve-year battle. I am 12 or 13 when he dies in Florida. For months over years Mom stayed with him, nursed him, calmed her own mother, quelled her wave upon wave of anxiety.

My Grandmother, she loved Shakespeare & at the end of her career she taught at Plainfield Highschool during times of nationally televised race riots & violence. After retirement she settles into housework, wears a housecoat. She does her hair to run errands& makes it out of the house some days. Many days, when she doesn't have to leave, she pads around in worn slippers. As she gets older there are more are more of these days. When she mentions teaching, she inevitably dwells on the newly emerged human category: teenagers. She curses adolescence. *All the kids* she describes, *were demonic. Hooligans, ruffians. All bad, the lot.* She loves & dotes on her grandchildren. She pinches our cheeks. When she gets worked up about the difficulties of the world she retells a story from her last year in school teaching. A student is chain whipped in a brawl in the school's hallway. *His eye slid down his face like a raw egg*, she says drawing her hand in a withered gesture from below her eye to her chin. She makes the sign of the cross, whispers, *Jesus, Mary & Joseph.*

After Grandpa dies, she stays in Florida for a year, or a few, before she seems to be getting lost on her way to the Publix. Or maybe she was alright until she moved up from Florida, down the street from us in North Carolina, a new place she's completely unfamiliar with, so she can't even forget her way. I remember going to hospital visits& later the nursing home. She looks up at me, calls me *Ray*, smiling, squeezing my hand, staring-off behind my head. After she dies she won't be cremated like her husband. She fears the fire. The open casket shows her off as overly made-up with pink rouged cheeks. Maybe, doesn't look like herself.

Bad memories if you look to find the scene. Bad memory, if seen.

Phoning in Relations: Getting A Closer Impression—MayBee

I'd just peel you with a vegetable peeler. Look how smooth your skin

Can I have just a little peace

She pokes& gives a tickle

Eyes wide she comes in

Close to her smile

Broad pink big

Or red stick lip

What color's best with Florida? Do I recall the state then,

Or out of order again?

Where's the string to

Where things go &

Where they're

knotted?

Grandma's house is pink, not Pepto, but soothing.

In her house all things are food & everything goes in the icebox wrapped-up or put on high shelves. In fridges, bread dries but dry bread's better than infested. Warmed up on counters, items swarm, if not ants than flies, or settled upon by palmetto bugs, the huge water creatures, *They might get into dinner. They look like roaches.* What's worse they're larger

& they fly.

One night one lands on linoleum, must be stomped, stepped on. The crunchy critter's chased out, onto tile floor patio. In rain tile's wet & slick. Maybe worries, *We must be careful, we'll fall*, see her face up tight, tension in eyes watery, fearful. This night of Palmetto bugs is dry though humid. We chase the bug, squash it, stamp on it. *Open the screen door*. We scrape guts off flip-flops.

On her kitchen counter sits a family of smiling plastic frogs. Mama frog holds a sign in a comic font that states: 'You'd Smile Too, if You Could Eat What Bugs You!' Another frog clutches an hourglass egg timer, while on a nearby wall a faux wooden plastic placard announces: 'When all this is over, I will thoroughly enjoy my COMPLETE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!'

Living room furniture is plastic wrapped & draped in terry cloth. Skin's not good on fine fabric, *Not in Florida heat & humidity*. New furniture was refinished last year or the year before *New carpet was installed & it's so fresh, isn't it lovely? Be sure to put a towel down between you & the upholstery*. Absorbed sweat is laundered & hung to dry.

But I might like an air conditioner, Grandma equivocates, fawning. An AC unit is eventually located in town & Dad installs it in the kitchen after we drive to pick it up from the shop in Orlando. The shop is surrounded by a blank black lot. Heat rises from the asphalt & distorts the lone s& palm growing through the lot. I remember the palm tree dances a shimmy, but this is years later, on a summer vacation or escape.

Now I'm at the end of the hall in our Würzburg ARMY apartment. I toddle and drink coffee watching as Mom talks on a phone to her Mom far away. A three-hour conversation catches-up on the weather & *How are you holding up? Getting adjusted to the changes?* The same questions are asked in both directions.

Later, an overseas bill arrives, leveling charges from Ma Bell, though what comes in Germany wouldn't be a bill from Bell, but still, *Oh, well*, it is argued, *Plane fare might be more reasonable!* A fight. *Another phone call!* After all this is the 70s. *Can you believe the inflation?*

Slips of paper accumulate near tangled coils of cords. Mail collects among other bills& jotted notes. Each day a near empty coffee mug near the ashtray.

At least it is spring, at least the gray.

Florida Christmas '79—*The Good Ones*

We're going home, or a house is being built & we're going somewhere on the way through in-between.

How many hours on an airplane? Was it overnight or two nights strapped in flying chairs? We land & I am told *Go back to sleep*. More hours driving.

Now it's Christmas & I sit swiveling in a bamboo seat. *Don't spin! The base'll come undone*. She says, *Oh, that last repair ... What a hassle, so expensive, took forever*. I sit, still vibrating, resist the urge to spin, to go faster & faster until I come undone. To resist the urge, I open waiting Christmas gifts.

A robot with sliding arms & feet excites me. The wound up parts inch forward & inch back & forth in both directions. On new gray carpet the top-heavy robot falters, falls as limbs slide forward & back slowly unwinding in a circle, stuck in the carpet weave.

Another box ripped open reveals Bozo! The Clown! Red yarn hair Bozo looks like the demonic *Poltergeist* clown, but that movie is a few years from now & people (specifically, my young cousin) will ask *Why would any parent frighten their kids with that clown*.

At the time when I open the gift, I just see a clown not a terror that festers at the bottom of a toy basket. Bozo's hard head is a new synthetic plastic or maybe a sturdier older substance, rubber? When I run fingers over his firm features, he's neither rough nor smooth., but toothy, a surface which bites back like unrefined brown paper sacks. I remove Bozo him from his clown costume at the same time I strip all my dolls. It's a challenge to put clothes back onto the dolls as arm cuffs& pant leg openings are tightly tailored. Seams stretch out & rip over hard plastic heads, little rubber hands.

It's Florida in winter, so there's no snow. Wrapping paper is a shiny attempt to make the season real, but without changing weather, seasons—like everything else in Florida—feel fake.

We visit Disney World & if not this time promises are made about next time. This is another type of gift, the promise. Parcels to hopefully unwrap later. Maybe we plan a trip to Circus World & Sea World's probably mentioned, *But, another sister, went in San Diego & you know how they treat the animals? So, maybe Cypress*

Gardens & a waterskiing show would be enjoyable. No cruelty as that trip's deferred until summer. *Not now.*
Not in winter, *Though, the weather's still nice.*

Hope stowed for later.

After the flight, after the gifts, after a week, or maybe only a few days, or was it only a weekend? I remember watching the *Dukes of Hazzard* on a portable TV while on my Grandparents bed before vacation ends. We've been a family in between, unsettled, free-floating through space. Soon enough everyone has a place to be, somewhere to go: school, work, an appointment, a specialist.

All responsibilities arrive on some scheduled Monday.

The Second First—Claremont

The school's outdoor covered walkways surround courtyards with scrappy grasses, the kind with burrs & s& patches won't grow green, only swell as beige blotches of worn-down s& overwalked on. I'm told to bring a towel to place on the floor for napping. My rolled-up terry towel is kept in a cubby. I hate. Maybe I'm too young to hate, but I'm sad as all this is ugly. Very ugly. I don't want to remember here.

I think Florida lasts two months or three.

Humid school rooms with high up transom,

window openings, left closed.

As I write, I pretend

to recall Florida humidity.

Intellectually, I've interpolated

& stitched dampness into memory,

thoughts of unpleasant sticky heat waves

imported from later damp visits & experiences of even

later still, age 21 & planning my escape from Florida's Gulf Coast.

But this still photo is central Florida, me, a child.

All I actually recall is lights on, lights off. Squirmy kids, roomful shoddy arrangement on beach blanket Disney imprinted terry towels& worn carpet squares on petroleum tile. Noses run from a snotty cold never clearing up just migrating from child to child. Somehow ring worm rashes here & that may have been Germany. Certainly, cool mimeograph sheets bleed blue nursery rhymes, blurred edges from so much toner.

Ringworms with blue toner feels like it belongs in Florida with Maybee's warning, *Don't swim in Lake Minnehaha*. In full view of the water she states, *Amoebas will swim into your nose & brain*.

Grandpa Bert's Raisins

Grandpa says, *You're little & you don't count.*

One... two... three...

No, no, no, not like that... in German

Eins... Zweie... Drie... Vier... Funf...

Ah, okay. Okay then. How about Greek?

...

He said I'd no raisins & would suffer from the shortcoming. He insisted on me yes ma'am & no ma'aming him & he listens for my yes sir, no sir, yes sir, yes sir.

No uh-huhs or sputtering yeah, yeah, yeahs, you understand?

& it's a joke his teasing about diction & etiquette. Maybe. Perhaps he's chiding my mother for having married a husband who'd take his Yankee daughter into the deepest Southern Swamp? Eventually we'd end up in the Dismal Swamp, but that will be nearly a century after the Piedmont's drained & a strip mall's erected, so all of America can more closely approximate 'the Dream', or at least an 80s *Southern Living* version of it.

But dismal North Carolina is four year later. First is North Georgia, near enough to other southern swamps.

He told me, & I didn't realize it was a warning until years later. He said, *Skragg's, you're moving to the Good Ol' South & you'll need good raisins for the Masters of Augusta.* Augusta National, landscape of manicured greens & Masters in collared green jackets & maybe someone pointed out The Masters on TV. I'm not sure what golf has to do with grapes, but this was how he formed me, with obedient charm. *For my safety.* He thought to raise me very politely.

Grandfather's teasing wisdom for the grandchild he nicknamed Skraggs, the Chuff.

Chuff's are to be chiefed by The Chief.

My older brother, he's the Chief. Chief of the Chuffs.

Grandfathers overarching benevolence conceals a meta taunt to amuse the adults. His wit's too elevated to actually hurt a child's feelings. I believe any & all his grandchildren knew him to be playing a game & maybe we came to understand he played at our expense, but the only price ever extracted was laughter not ridicule.

He saves contempt for televangelists as he methodically clicks each of 13 buttons on his fancy TV remote. Click. The screen changes. Click. If a preacher shouts hellfire & begs for money, Dial Now, Operators are Waiting. *Go to Hell*, he shouts, *God Dammit!* Click. Not one to get red-faced over matters easily, but *Those Holy Rollers & Charismatics* he'd spit arguments, spew, *Hypocrisy*. Click.

Grandpa's Philosophy involves other old men talking about things that I don't get, but one fellow from the Club passes out multiple works from Ayn Rand to my family. I receive the short novel, *Anthem*. The rest of the Rand library includes her objectionable objectivist theories. Other than *Anthem* all the books rest unread for years on bookshelves. In general, books are associated with Grandpa. His studio behind the main house is equally as big but with only two rooms, a dark paneled library with heavy wood shelves sagging under encyclopedias, National Geographics, & decades of bookshopping & periodicals. The larger main studio space had a private bathroom & copious open space full of airy sunlight.

I'm a child, waist high to gray & witty men who keep ribbon candy in their pockets. My Grandpa fills a pipe with cherry tobacco. As he smokes among the men & I hear Grandpa quip, between puffs& puffing.

The world is flux, gentlemen

Among those present to hear this statement his remark is accepted as enduring wisdom.

I also assume he's correct & attribute this kernel to him.

Ever since I've watched for change,

Something to count on.

Lost Helping Hands

On the phone with my Mom the other day, learning more about her chemo. The conversation pivots & I ask about what she remembers from my school time in Florida.

She says, *Florida's school system's sucks, it's terrible*. She blames the state for my slow start, though I remind her, I was only in Florida for a few months.

That's enough, she insists.

I mention this because she goes on to tell me her memory of a daily routine at that time. Daily she walks me, by hand, to class. A few days along, I walk in front of her, so she knows I know the way. One day she says, *You go ahead, walk alone*. She continues, *You resisted. You did not like that idea one bit*.

I like door-to-door service, object permanence.

Though, I don't remember that.

...

When I am small, someone reads *The Ugly Duckling* & one day I hear the story being read & recall wondering: Am I the duck? Is this story telling me something about me? Why is this story told to me? I often find trickery.

...

I recall Grandma dropping me at school one day, recall I had been going to my classroom for over a week or more, so I should know the way & go on alone, *No worries!*

Should I walk with you? Grandma worries.

& I'm near the big front building, all full of halls, with stairs that even go up. This is not the usual place where I enter. I think, I must, I will just walk-through to the open air on the other side I can almost see it. There walkways lead to outer classes & I can let go helping hands, go on alone. But the children ahead are bigger & today I am unusually small. Safe. Hand in hers facing building fronts I don't usually go in. She says, *Go on*. Says she, *I trust you*. She seems sure, *You'll find the way*. But see, I see.

She's deceiving.

Eyes see she's worried, anxious, fretting.

While I thought I knew the way, she's older & maybe she has reason to think I'm incapable.

She knows that I am in fact lost.

Alone it may only take a few minutes to get to the room.

I might never have made it.

I don't recall.

...

To have learned to get where I was going, or I'd learn to get out?

Do we also easily forget what was learned & if so do we have to relearn & why?

Found me a way for getting in my way of forgetting the way I found memories forgone.

I forget my way as quickly as learn it, not asked to walk the same way twice.

We won't stay long.

Leave Claremont as in a Georgia house complete.

Third First Day—Martinez

She takes me to school for my third first day of kindergarten. I'll have to go for three weeks, or three months, so not long or forever. She'll probably have to work soon, so I suppose she's in a hurry.

Do you ever have memories that are out of your body?

You can say what it is you look like because you can see yourself, not in a mirror,

but from out of, looking at innards, seen from outside. Have you ever seen the back of your head?

We are standing outside. I am outside looking in on myself. I am not well, wearing a Paddington bear overcoat, what lost Peruvian bears wear in London, a coat with frogs for buttons, a mackintosh style or a special item from Osh K'osh B'gosh. Or is it second hand? *A good find, that sturdy coat. Kids grow so fast.* I never recall seeing or wearing this coat otherwise.

Is it April? Is it cold?

I am wearing a coat.

Cold enough to feel tears well in eyes.

Aware I must. *Be a big boy.* Aware I mustn't cry. Aware I've no choice. Aware of tears I grow certain I'll never cry in front of school, in front of other people again.

Never.

If tears fall, I don't recall streaks on my face, sheer force of won't let me, see? So, they don't & I don't. Show nothing anymore, forever. Not anything ever.

She's holds my hand. We're outside on a sidewalk surrounded by late spring brown patchy going green in Georgia red clay. Look up again toward a new school feels like looking back at some same school just new somewhere else. Unhappy, left again here, there again somewhere new. *Start again. Be brave. Keep trying.*

Smile.

Make friends.

& that part's worst of all.

No one new like me, likes me. Strange. Stranger. The wrong size, both big & yet small. Diminishing expands.

Children have anger, so definite, so certain. Sew much of never, ever, always & none. Concrete cements firm convictions, so sure I wasn't going to. Ever never againing. No. Know no more of that, it's all done.

Children think at the start, This is it, it is all done.

Darling, it's just begun. Now go.

Get ready, don't be late.

The teacher's name is not pronounceable to some, so she's Mizzus K. or Mizzus J. to all. She's fresh faced, young blond perky rose cheeks & a smile beams. *I love to work with the kids* & I don't remember her fully, just this impression of vitality & avocation, haircare & skincare for kids who cannot say her name.

& then there's me.

I actively & actually don't care. At play time I put on dresses for girls because who cares? They don't know me; I won't let them. Do what I'm told. Go where they say. Play at recess. Leave when it is over. Come back & repeat tomorrow. Do it again, begin, again.

Yes, that crayon is black, says the teacher who is only a letter & *if you put it on its side & press lightly you can make gray.*

Make the elephant gray, says the teacher's aide, *Stay in the lines, press gently. Be gentle. Make gray.*

I push a black crayon into the page

Over & over

I push the wax harder

Keep breaking the point.

V. S&: Wreckage

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A Scrap Torn from the Back End of a Ledger

Near bottom lines where

Moral calculus nears egress,

Egregious, out comes some ...

To

good.

To

better.

To

best.

System's rigged; fight it. He bested

him, best's beaten, that better's gotten, was stolen. They use pants

as a verb, aggression is adequate cover for desire

An act without suffering the humiliation to ask

Inventory getting away from; getting

away with,

that one

specific thing

Only one specific

kills all other possibility, actually makes itself known. It's fluid. In a snap

shot through with light you might see

how feathers descend.

Spirit moves upward.

from a font forms shrift

...

Freedom: a greater & more rigid form

to & from so it's in content

sewn into contentment context with

in the shape of things

made from lines...

not consummated ...

... all floating...

Hoarding Scraps& Boxes

There is an after the fact. After the fact of childhood, after the fact of growing up, after the fact of aging, after the fact of having—the losing, after that gaining again, misplacing once more. Waves& tides&

After all, after all, after all ...

After all that is broken & recounting of the pieces, see what's missing? There's more: something unsaid.

Always. What I say is I'm still holding on, still holding out a vessel, filling a cup with ...

S& as particle, as part, as beginning with its own end inside. S& smaller.

Minutia & detritus hold allure. In collected retail receipts, shopping lists, jotted recipe ingredients & reading lists with only a few items crossed out I might gain affect self-regulation by controlling the fate of scraps I can keep myself from losing control. Piles of paperclips, arranged staples, color-coding gift-wrap tissue paper sheets, or organizing hardware store samples of colored paint chips held still, in place with binder clips.

Not so neatly stacked boxes hold tales told in remnant cloth, coils of twine or colored string, souvenirs& reminders, material mementos among curled edge foto-mat prints retrieved from kiosks which once lived at the center of a parking lot. Stacked boxes full of objects, each themselves storyful in their existence.

All is more compelling as boxes open & each monad object constellates with each other expanding resonances, circles in boxes humming potential points& arbitrary meanings growing more secure.

To see what's meant.

...

Watching star's reflection on the surface of s& as waves retreat, water's slick captures from above the depths within. Is this looking down into the cosmos in S& or is it looking through up the strand? What's exposed is the cosmic infinitesimal within. Such great depth; here is space for ...

G-d is located otherwise, elsewhere to what's expected, if at all. On a beach, in the darkness, see sparkling reflections of Milky Way.

As an atheist & materialist, for me all the ephemera glitters. Sew many wondrously faceted gems, synthetic & natural, exquisitely rare among commonplace, everything astride all the rest. The resonance of presence is that it makes whatever's near sing uniquely, an aesthetics& of artful juxtaposition, relationships take the form of space left where g-d would go if g-d weren't, hadn't been taken.

Removed, what's removed?

Somehow 'things' & 'stuff' make grief easier, but I've lost the ability to specify which 'things' & how much of them to 'stuff' in where & to what measure.

The reflection of stars on wet s& ∞

Looking down is looking inside the infinitesimal.

Being normal is no longer a healthy ambition. What amounts to healthy ambition? What acceptable level of thirst to succeed? After years sorting the difference between your blood & my tears, a time of sewing through.

It all comes, goes as fast. A stitch in time.

Itty bits, junk & funk & flotsam jetsams. Flows of emesis, corporeal & virtual. Email chains & headline leads. The started out & let go of picked up & set down. Move around a room from shelf to table to counter. Within a flow of s& where is solid? Find the rock.

While we're walking it, as it talks, life feels like straight lines. Life moves life like, a line extending outward. From this present moment fits into, from here & starts into the future there. Stare at straight lines to find the shortest path.

But lines run back into themselves, over & run over themselves. Context repenetrates, reasserts, refolds, resent itself back into. Here we're folding & in folds not moving on rulers, but circle, spin, an orbit, inspire spiraling out.

Nothing's straight except this perception that its wrong.

In straight lines& blacks& whites& is never seen life's myriad

That straight line's swerve & this is why the page & its organization of blank space, this straight & forward, advance from period to period, dot to dot, the tyranny of line after line after line strays, is why pages ever fail to hold completely what lives best in scallop shells & champagne coupes.

Life's color needs a prism to break, a curve to

Bend, a place for

Hands to cup,

To hold.

To bear.

9 Months Out on the Sandbar Ø 40 Years Later Survey Wreckage Sift S&

Turned around, foundered, looked back
 It's not a look through spectacles, no
 corrective lens to focus or polished glass
 to offset lost tonicity, astigmatic reversal,
 rather it's the clarity of vision through
 prisms
 nothing seen straight on through; everything all at once instead
 Every is in visible shards, bits scattered all
 S& out of order
 in peace says
 ... S&'s flavor
 Remain calm, focused, fond font he burnt bits
 After read, raw crying. After all fell
 words fall radiate spokes umami is feel
 tear out anger follows not salt
 tears [Amen a man is not Ø us s u sposed to cry
 & Y s'up posed I am a man?]

What do I have?
 All feathered even well of words birds are afforded
 to sing yet, even
 they're now twenty- five cents & since
 greater senses prevail
 years later
 only a quarter of what's recalled is given a
 Bird's wing waves wash
 Flutter ring

watch it where I was out
 travels drifts S& loo king
 grows e yes S& d rift

watch from widow I winnow
 's peak

Poetic birds
whose capacity is not
or whistle where
go mean get less all
that, but beauty is
in your stead
are words to
Mourn our
best ...
most beautiful, ...
no motive even
for foul
wings.

sing for seedy off ...
to sing ... rings ...
sounds off ... times up
pretty ... petty ten
... arrested for wards
instead
go ... off
... awe
sung
with

Sound meaning free of morning. Just
blessed, past on one more
dead of night
gone

Which way Ø does time flow
Switch Ø silly
time cannot be Ø of order

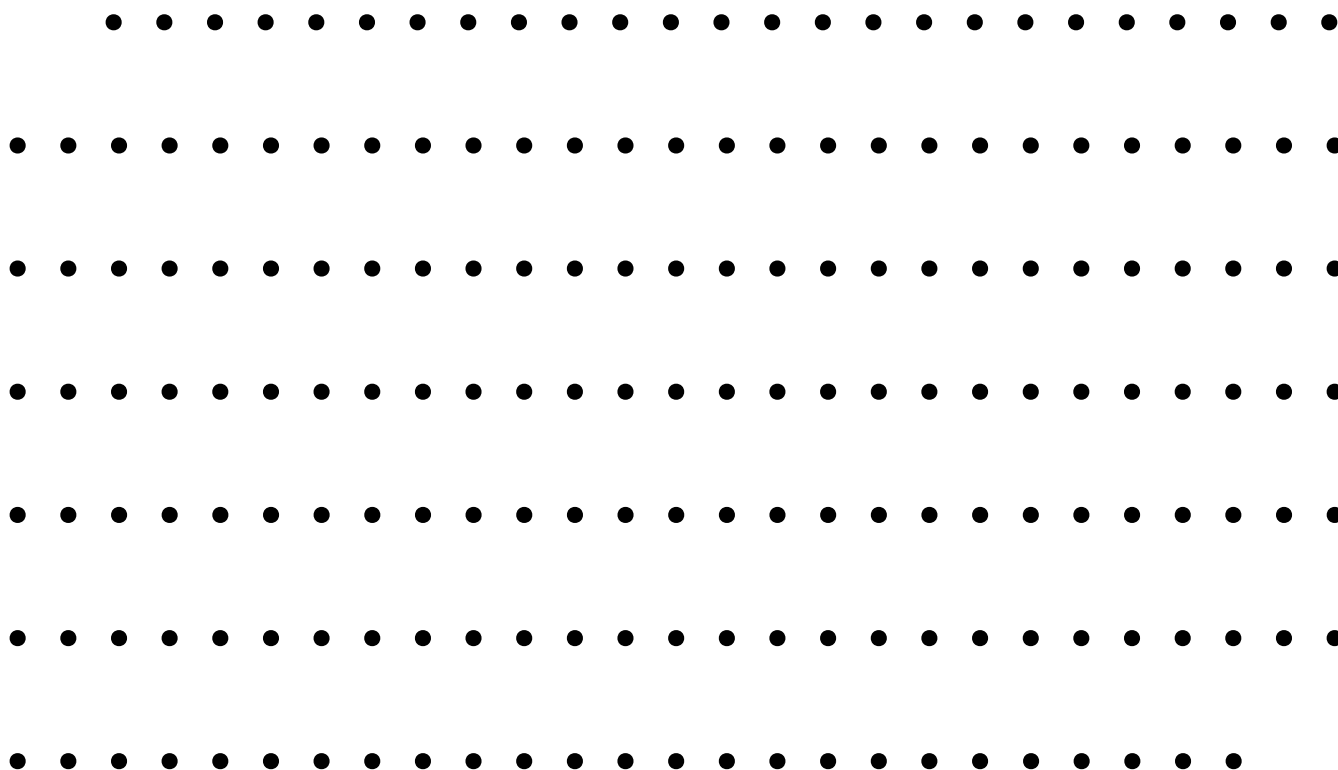
Look back on

Ø
Ø tides in
out
he fades

Knight's move Ø indeed

Night seeds Ø dream Mares plow Ø fields

VI. S&: A Poetics in 185 Granular Statements



What follows a strict chronology has no memory. For me they must exist, the contents of that absent reality, the objects and occasions which now I reconsidered ... Hard to distinguish hunger from wanting to eat. Lyn Hejinian, *My Life* (16)

...
S&
W8 is grounded in memories but does not seek to narrativize life nor result in memoir.

Through a metaphorization of memory and sand, likenesses between both, which inform this work's production and final shape, are revealed.

Collecting and sorting buckets of sand or journals of memory relies foremost on choosing: when to start, to stop, where to add from, how to pay attention, and materialize through interest, deeper study.

Also, comes the editor offering avoidance, what not to say.

Leave a space, gap holes.

Little ellipsis, tiny fracture, periods.

...

J: You've failed once more in that a good poem is never tidy— never let on that you went through great pains to get your lipstick right; lines should break like kamikazes; you should be beautiful in your slovenliness; you should be enticing in your near suicide.

Jenny Boully, *The Body An Essay* (60)

Both sand and memory appear as discrete and whole, while at the same time perpetually partial and fragmentary.

An isolated sand grain holds equivalence to a decontextualized memory, and both are, paradoxically, internally self-contained while also in excess of themselves, thus in need of added external containment.

Consider that a site of study may be made within the limited contours of a single sand grain or a memory glimmer, but, more often than not, a single grain—sand or memory—is adjacent to and relates among other grains, expansive memories.

The appearance of discreetly solidity to sand and memory is deceptive, as in practice both flow fluid.

So, thought perceptible as wholes, sand and memory consist, in fact, on a self-similar multiplicity of yet somehow individually unique and discrete units.

Due to the multiplicity of granular parts, sand and memory ever shift, remix all resifted upon each entry and re-entry, onto a beach or into the field of memory.

Under our feet and onto the page a ground of understanding materializes, fills, expands, moves.

Sand and memory, both endlessly expand outward, collapse inward, in a production of anti-totality.

Where is the line past which beach sands ends, and when does memory conclude to resolve itself?

What are the components of this literary machine, of Kafka's writing, or expression, machine?
One component is the letters.

Gilles Deleuze & Felix Guattari, *Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature* (29)

Letters have the means to contain, but get to a meaning through relation, a gesture toward outside, an elsewhere, some entry within a context where meaning will flow into the, as of yet empty, letter vessel.

Letter's mean not through a material in the letter but mean through a production of relation.

Some letters—A-B-C—are grains of sand, to a child's babble: ah-ahh-ahhh, ba-ba-ba or cuh-cuh-cuh, whereas longer letters strung together express correspondence, relating points to let flow links of ink in passages between people.

Alongside memory's materialization, within an increase of letters comes increased ambiguity, proliferating possibility and meaning.

Note: seeking within sand and memory does not focus or clarify, no certainty or truth results, only an increase to the size of a field to be considered, sand to be sifted.

In $\begin{matrix} \dots \\ S\& \\ W8 \end{matrix}$ sand covered memory goes everywhere, and the phonogram 'S&' offers a solid object embedded in the text, a reminder.

'S&' as a materialization of shifting ground, indexed nodes of plurality, an irresolvable ambiguity.

'S&' indexes a locus of arrivals and departures where sensed memory provides material ground, an entry point to move further into that memory while also offering an exit into extensive metaphorical structures that narrativize the expansion in the move out.

[Kafka] thought of destroying everything as though it were all like letters.

Gilles Deleuze & Felix Guattari, *Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature* (29)

Grains of memory or sand are decentralized and prone to loss outside a relation to other grains.

Isolation, individuation, unitization produce an impenetrable edge enclosing inaccessible sensual interiority.

A memory of sunlight or sugar, the burst of a flash cube, the waft of cologne, all evoke without a meaning.

Alone in unrelated isolation—a letter, memory flash, a sand grain—are as good as unsent, mute, brushed off.

Standalone S&: a broken clause, a chipped phrase, a bit of broken-off corner from a world, not the whole creation.

However, broken or whole, placed in sequence, relations form which reveal fine lines for memory to aggregate upon as movements exchange within and between, acting on themselves in waves of self-relation, revelation.

Into the expansion of the field the machine of meaning enters intent on moving through.

Instead, the machine of meaning finds too much, flowing sands of increased relation gum up free movement.

Stopped frozen from grinding gears on so much grist, machines of meaning stall in place.

Mobility paralysis, caught in a quagmire of increasingly expansive and blinding reflections.

A balance must be struck between a fragment that gives too little and a depth of detail arriving without end.

Structure a balance that preserves the possibility of getting on with it.

The current abridged arrangement of $\begin{matrix} \dots \\ S\& \\ W8 \end{matrix}$ allows a movement through the field of memory by limiting the time/space to early childhood, while an ongoing work of expansive self-reflection continues broadly collecting and stabilizing more sand, memory, self.

Collecting is a materializing gesture, a tactile offering of existence in the proof established from aligned ephemera stitched with integuments connecting memory and mind into substance and page.

The security of some ink.

Balance is in restraint, a demand to keep at the movement, wave like.

Move as waves from form to function through relation leaving uncertainty as a by-product of vacillation, harnessed oscillations.

Start with a prose snapshot, for example, a site offering a narrative glimpsed mid-flight, a stoppage followed by fragmented verse that dissipates further into a feeling or affect, and from among the scattering bits move out in a webby network of aggregating relational meaning which crests before cycling as prose once more.

Or, an alternative method to maintain wave like motion, is to interject new facts or emergent feelings to resituate narrative once again, perhaps this time perhaps within chronology or spatial location.

Scattered letters, remarks of fine grit are felt brushing against the page surface, a sensitive skin.

Benjamin introduced the important notion of *gesture*. ... It is impossible to separate the tool from the artisan ... they are together as machine and rhizome, a network, an entangled knot of movements and stops, of impulses and immobilizations to experience interminably.

Réda Benamaïa “Foreword: The Kafka Effect” *Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature* (xii)

Collecting, this materializing gesture, fondling the grains, tending, sowing, populating, the seeding of the field.

But, again, balance maintains movement, as a wave flows from crested forms falls to trough a function through relations, not stopping or restrained by too much meaning, invested not in arrivals but in the currents.

Poetic acts resulting in tactile material creations, binding memory content into material ink.

S&W8 began with an intent to inventory memory, map revery, and register my ‘truth’ as some materialized ground, uncovered through writing this wandering down, a research act to claim, “This must have happened as that’s how it’s recalled.”

Obsessive collecting is the relentless chase after an impossible completion. ... I can— anyone can— in a sense, create new forms of language. And by placing two seemingly disparate objects or words next to one another, an artist can create a tiny shock for the reader— a place or space of unknowing that might render the reader or viewer speechless, at least momentarily. ... A world in the process of being.

Cynthia Cruz, *Disquieting: Essays on Silence*, (156)

Now, having gathered many discrete instances, I find no solid certainty as to what happened or precise knowledge of how life unfolds, instead here is an increased understanding of how uncertainty expands.

I am the reader I am trying to shock with memory I might uncover, recover.

Reflection does not complete memory, does not fill gaps.

As material memory swells, so too grow surrounding lacuna.

What was small and impenetrable grows larger, remaining still, still solid.

Internal expansion within a period of history swells memory or sand grains like seed.

Thick lines of black thought ink up once blank white voids, but from empty and uncovered to filled in and blotted out, both are sealed surfaces.

One may not return again, not to any true again as what is found to be is actually only imagined, only made so as a hypothesized garment, tailored to fit, structured, and narrativized to a present need.

I started out seeking solidity, a new and better meaning imbued with increased certainty.

Now arriving near a sum total at this end, I find in the expanded field that solid remains determined in fixed ratio to fluid uncertainty.

Whatever answers this work might give, it is not algebra and produces no final, no total.

What is certain remains so only for now, in this time being, the current object will be subjected to more change as more arrives.

“I do not see the world at all, I invent it.”

Franz Kafka in a quoted letter, *Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature* (28)

In the past I have questioned the motivation of others to produce self-reflective texts and biographies in general, but here I am embarking on the same path, and I am aware of feeling self-consciousness about this.

My anxiety is centered on a fulcrum balanced between two equally undesirable possibilities.

On the one hand is the self-indulgence of a text closed inside one individual personality and sensuous experience.

To produce complete singularity, such a text might skew inward, protecting the self from external observation, shying from criticism, and leaving an inaccessible yolk centered in brittle shell.

I doubt the distinguishing act that gives up and losses the outside world, a fictional isolation, untouched and embedded, yet still claiming to be within our deeply interconnected world.

Though, of course, what teeters, totters.

On the other hand, an open text accessing a broad field of universally sensual impressions lacking specificity, results in content applicable to most and of interest to few.

It is not a compelling thesis or substantial wisdom to say that growing-up is a struggle and life is hard.

Who needs a renewed version of reality mediated by a perception that is no different than what is already seen, known, heard, and spoken?

I tried to work between these concerns, preferring to be oblique when presenting internal states as opposed to self-indulgent while also avoiding conclusive truisms of universally digestible pabulum.

The over-arching movement from section to section might illustrate this balancing act along the fulcrum.

The opening of $\begin{matrix} \dots \\ S\& \\ W8 \end{matrix}$ presents a general proposition of metaphysical being where we all begin as sand produced in waves.

The second section moves from the center of being along a pole whose extreme is the self-as-object, an object acted upon and situated within a dynamic family system, itself imbricated in broader world historical narratives.

The third section shifts to the opposite extreme, the self-as-site, a subject receiving and consuming sensual impressions without or in advance of external meaning.

Subsequent sections attempt to integrate and move among each of the previous modes of experience.

The act of subdividing experience, pulling apart the world in general, is an intentional act, to separate the acted upon object-self, from the sensing site that is the subject-self.

Such subject/object divisions hold unknown spaces open, spaces I would expect indulgent self-reflection to fill with desired outcomes and allegorical biography to gloss over with universal mythologies.

The uncertain and disjointed structure is an intentional by-product left after separating bodily senses or breaking time framed progressions.

Knowing you do not know for certain may be more stable than a certainty of knowledge that is not.

Grammar is emotional. As I removed the second period that came at the end of each sentence, a method of punctuation learned in England, I understood that I was reversing a line of black dots.

Bhanu Kapil, *Schizophrene* (72)

Fragments, phrases, and drifting ruins of verse or other incomplete forms invite an imaginative act from the reader to try 'figuring it out,' an act which makes explicit the pervasive uncertainty.

Discernable figures remain unconfirmed against an ambiguous text.

$\begin{matrix} \dots \\ S\& \\ W8 \end{matrix}$ is a gathering vessel, a centering in one place attempting an incomplete unity, not a unified world.

Starts and restarts, some without ending, others with multiple outcomes result in overlapping full stops, porous intervals, periods with clause.

Approaching embodiment by drawing up or laying out lines, marks out minor containers where a little life goes.

Writing silos these material gains, materializes space, holds a gap, a pause to think through.

Within these periods we are sentenced to exist as wholes, spaced out worlds and gaps left as voids form parts of word as place particles of world.

Avoid grandiosity and bathos by remaining small, fragmented, incomplete.

Individual letters, small parts a word machines and other machines, all easily overlooked the working aspects, like punctuation, the pausing, pacing, time wrap up on lines, in space.

I am here , and there is nothing to say .
 John Cage, *Lecture on Nothing*

Lately I find myself doom-scrolling through social media, a response to gain a hold on tumultuous current events.

The scroll never ends as image/text binary code encapsulations keep me swiping my index finger ever up, while I descend further down an infinite electronic strand unspooling.

In the midst of scrolling, I am aware that I am a 'here between,' neither trapped inside my corporeal self nor lost out there in a virtual world, but 'here between.'

When I self-consciously ask myself why I write about childhood I think it is to mark out the trajectory that brought me to the possibility of this present, my 'here between.'

It was not expected, I had not expected to still be here between.

Still, here I am.

Shifting lines, disparate sand and memory, not yet disappearing among waves.

From good to bad times, smiles or bruises, loquacious laughter and muted silences, life bobs the surface.

Every day on the social scroll are stories of kids with their good times, bad times.

Suicidal children smile in pictures to hide bruise that won't make it to adulthood.

Doom scrolling down often reminds me that not everyone gets a life beyond childhood.

Often a part of is taken, but no one can say what it was, or when it went missing, or how it happened or why, only that there is a feeling of motion, instability attempting to become what it is not, secure.

When I am self-conscious about writing memory, I am motivated to know that supposedly I made it out when not all did, do.

Writing memorializes some of what did not make it out and attempts to revive what was neglected.

Writing even small enclosures where sand forms solid and might settle to rest in the stream.

Somehow still, I am stunned daily by the world's cruelty and caprice, yet through my own gathering history I see this trouble is not new, just that our troubles are forcefully forgotten, actively suppressed.

What is here offers no template or recipe for others to follow but for my sorting, a schematic map or system for materializes nodes within experience, starting points to connect into a network of relations.

Scrolling daily past memes to see myself through the litter of memory, to remember.

Piles of information gather under an organizing principle much like heaps.

This then is written as a reminder.

Mounds of S& in piles.

Vision is a collective process. It isn't just that the people we spend time with provide us with interpretive frames that shape our understanding of what we see. This happens, but it is more than this. What is visible to you and what is invisible, what we recognize and what we don't even notice— these choices are made in concert with others. Vision is something we learn together.

Gordon Hall, *Party Friends*

S&: a metaphor I am folded into.

Me: a s& bar form between outside inside.

Some s& this actually is me, senses enacted inside only I see.

Much of that s& is what is real in exchange, only by and among them.

This s& is my memory, versus that s& storied about me.

This s& that s& weave together churning a wake of me.

How structure occurs in s& is divided and made into piles where some things are put closer to similar while others push out to be further, apart and different.

...
S&
W8 is one organizing moment in an ongoing act of reorganizing distances between this and that.

A map is a kind of short term memory: the genealogy of an historical time versus the chronology of geographical form.
Bhanu Kapil, *Schizophrene* (51)

...
S&
W8 began as an image which became a map as it was started and restarted.

At one point this was a timeline, a tool to situate chronology and geography among facts, dates, and substantiated 'truths' sourced from 'sites of record'.

From stops and starts and revisions came a turn to the body and the fleshy, moving from facts to feelings, but holding the structure of time and place as residue behind recollections of a tongue touching sugar or the pressure of an earache.

While sensations exist in memory without the gravity of times and dates, headlines, which have that gravity, lack the connecting human significance of the sensationally mundane.

The ongoing and outgoing memory drifts unsituated and delocalized, an interior echo that crosses as a ripple into another interior.

The continuous
is a special case of the discontinuous
I reflect Thus the discontinuous is
the larger world We are universal, cannot
be otherwise, other than in mutilating
worlds of the imagination as well There may be an infinite
number of imaginary dimensions All equally real
Göran Sonnevi, "Burge, Oja 1989", *The Child is Not a Knife* (79)

This account started as inventory and political economy, gathering facts for extrapolation.

Some sand and memory gather to form alibis, others indictment, some do both.

How many to marks to the tally of the good, and how many demerits to measure the bad?

Instead of answering these questions I have found more questions to gather data on.

How many memorable birthdays, how many fun Christmas parties and how many fights over Thanksgiving dinner or apologies over other forgotten events, important lost dates?

The work demanded relaxing into the process, not asking of waves or pushing against, not challenging nor accepting, only observing, noting and adding without summing, inconclusive

But S& is disproportionate, its movement is expansive if not contained.

Very little s& is required to wear down gears, stalling even the most prodigious machine of meaning and I kept stopping to consider what damage I might be doing, beginning again only once I forgot the concern.

Between s& as solid substance and s& as vessel is a tension, the between of what an isolated something means and what order, syntax, and organization invites in or forces onto along the way of developing as a machine making meaning.

Is it a right thing or a mad thing not to want to reconnect, to avoid reading or writing because what those will bring?
Bhanu Kapil, *Schizophrenie*

Life as memories made of s& in which all are scattered, intermingled in minutia.

How do we arrange lives in s&, what to bury under and what is dug up to reveal us?

In this process I found myself as a s&bar co-mingling among other shoals, rubbing against their shores.

In s& disorder is persuasive and wind persuades dunes to move, so topological maps do not help.

What appears reasoned and orderly is only patterned sensible because of proximity to it.

All order lives as an unresolved error in chaos, a momentary alignment waiting for the inevitable dissolution once more into a larger and more pervasive disarray.

Further out offers less to do with you as an increasingly diminishing part.

In local details life is consumed, while broad chaotic strokes remain generally indifferent.

What I am calling poetry is often called content.
I myself have called form . It is the continuity of a piece of music.

John Cage, *Lecture on Nothing*

How to account accurately for the experience of body, our sensationally mundane animated corpse?

Moments began in bodies, and just now there is a cramp in my side, above the hip, in the back above the bowel or deeper.

No communicable translations for this sensation, only transformation from actual internal experiences into an externalized and exchanged language.

Between forms, what is spoken and what is written, between what is drawn out and what is colored in with intensity, in between all this, a sum of certainty is lost.

To lose meaning sounds unintentional; perhaps the word is misplaced, certainly it is dislocated.

To establish firm boundaries or create clear demarcations is to choose.

It is very possible that meaning is always an internalized delusion.

What's written has ethical consequence and sentences serve time.

Any line laid anywhere becomes a relation between two points.

When it comes to closing in, is something always missed, untied, left out?

How the words are arranged was intentional, but from a behavior informed by intuition thus it leaves no available language to move it further into a critical exchange.

Intuition is active and silent, hopeful that it may materializes the page as a merge of form and content.

Words and meaning shift, a meaning making machine in this ongoing motion, unfolds itself.

A fish sags the center of a net just as gravity pulls at the center of space time.

What is broken in the larger order invites the question, is there any order at all, or is it only a semblance of order pulled out by the exclusion of chaotic disarray, that which it cannot arrange or disfigure into itself?

If, indeed, the subject has lost its capacity actively to extend its pro-tensions and re-tensions across the temporal manifold and to organize its past and future into coherent experience, it becomes difficult to even see how the cultural productions of such a subject could result in anything but 'heaps of fragments' and in practice of the randomly heterogenous and fragmentary and aleatory.

Fredric Jameson, *Postmodernism, Or the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* (25)

Poetically productive nothings spaces out the page, speaking silence, offering a pregnant pause, all these gestures inviting readers to ask why language fell to ruins just t/here.

Exclusion from a space is not the same as excision; to create enough distance something could be cut.

A knife was not employed in this work, but something is missing; if not cut, torn.

At the center remains a hole, and near that is also love.

If love is not located, go to the nearest adjacent, ambivalent feeling.

Mind holds an array of points, a constellation of significance, as if mind is durable enough to withstand each grain of memory against washing away in waves.

Waves arrive on tides, currents surf and shores undone again, in s& again, an inventory of sensation, synesthetic transmissions from periphery.

At the end, some find they did it

different. Sum will say it is the same.

There again ends sands&.

Waves wash over here.

Again at lines end.

Waves come,

wash away.

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