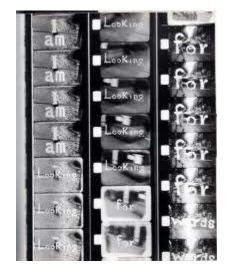
"I Am Looking for Words"



"Language is: to humbly speak thought"

-Jorge Luis Borges-

"My own words take me by surprise and teach me what I think"

-Maurice Merleau-Ponty-

"Writing means withdrawing what is written in favor of what is in process"

-Edmond Jabes-

"Language is a rose, a woman, constantly in the process of opening"

-Carole Maso-

"Language presents the picture of a ceaseless flow of becoming"

-V.N. Volosinov-

"words aspire not to mean but to be: syllables that are rattles that are seeds"

-Vincente Huidobro-

"Language is as it is because of what it has to do"

-M.A.K. Halliday-

"We are suspended in language in such a way that we cannot say what is up and what is down"

-Niels Bohr-

"language is not complete in any speaker; it exists perfectly only within a collectivity"

-Ferdinand de Saussure-

Which began as a search for an epigraph.

Turned into words, reproducing like bunnies.

One of the things I love about them, even though they scatter when they hop in fright, and are often very fragile when born.

I wanted to break out in song, in a flowering meadow, in Alpish mountains, in pristine weather...in unmistakable joy. Delight. Celebration. Freedom.

Words are like that.

It's one of the things I really love about them.

An elaborate paean, in the manner of Gass or Gerard Manley Hopkins, full of play and wonder and mastery, akin to his "on Blue" because words do deepen like night, often press our thinking further, lend our emotions gravity, darken our griefs and fears. Resonant and reverberating, echoes and penetration where they begin.

Even description – a thousand words for a picture – refracts that image a thousand ways, turning what you thought you saw into Pandora's Box, calling-recalling a bottomless well of fascinations and possibilities, ever triggering more.

Eminently reproducible, free of copywrites, simple to use...and uncontrolled, slippery, shape-shifty, mercurial. Which immediately enables its use again, anywhere, anytime, freshened by each context, new repartee, addressors and addressees, even if deceased. That moves me about language, garners my respect and awe.

(Like the honey badger – it "don't care")

Utterly egalitarian, impossible to own – any mouth, body or mind can participate, but no one possesses. Like moonlight and mist. Like air. Simply mimic and repeat. I love that.

Can calm and cool you, soothe fears, diffuse anger, or incite fierce passions – even hatreds and loves – mottoes inspiring wars and peace. Sounds different in a crowd and shout than whispered in ears behind closed doors, or haltingly on a mountain climb.

