

**WRITING:**  
**CHAPTERS THAT DON'T BELONG**

“The pen asks / much more than it can answer / one word at a time”

*-Philip Levine-*

“(the world is like a comparison - / the second part elusive),”

*-Arkadii Dragomoshchenko-*

“An other is a possibility, isn't it”

*-Lyn Hejinian-*

“Consciousness is always consciousness of something”

*-Larry Levis-*

1. “wake up, snare-setter, / in the snare / spacious, like chance” (*Arkadii Dragomoshchenko*)

And sometimes I *do*, wake up. St. Sebastian pinned as a still-life with crystal lances, a clarity. But that is catching too, and refracts. “I think that what I thought when I was thinking that, at least in thinking of it now, I am thinking that I thought it...” and so on. Crystal lances. Thoughts refracting. The occasional conviction. (Which we call certitude).

The margins within margins, windows in reflection.

Every image being an entrance through which we exit. From.

I call this “letting actually resonate.” This being, activity, thinging we do.

If I stand still, so to speak, I form a spiraling vortex, an enormous vacuum. What is: portal and Black hole every now. With.

Prepositions being ever-so-important, say “sign-ificant,” that they deserve their own sentencings.

I’ll never know what it is “to write.” If only because it questions. Every word. In.

I can think of it as a working, out, but that is far from any truth I can conceive. “the second part elusive” with each toggle of a term.

Gravity enforcing force, to fly.

I’ve never been fond of violence, but how else might we change? Or even move? On.

A recent well-organized text I perused and then ate, mentioned *dialetheia* as a two-way truth; or, “true contradictions,” that is, in one. Word. Split with a twin. Comparison as congenital doubling. Of difference. Equals such same.

We look toward what can be seen. Compromised and concealed by a frame. Otherwise unseen. Learn, therefore, (through your senses), *in-visibility*. *Dialetheia*.

We do (many of us) love to be astonished, after all. With.

If there are more parts to this I haven't found them. They're either too large or too small. I'll have to wait. I'm unable. Nothing living waits. Patience is pretense, pretend. Waiting, is searching; patience, is longing. Loss is implicit.

## 2. The Chorus

**“As for we who ‘love to be astonished’...**

**...A pause, a rose, something on paper implicit in the fragmentary text”**

*(Lyn Hejinian)*

Explicitly.

I.e. “the loss was always implicit as the longing” (Alain de Botton). And I quote, quoting from someone else's quotation, but I forget which (or whose). For.

I'm certain for various reasons. Which beggar the certainty.

A pause, arose, and fragmented this text.

Because I don't

know

what I'm

doing

*I am* writing,

and it questions.

As if we could get intimate with our process, so near it as to join. In other words, if our action, breathing, effort, language, thinking, senses and the uncountable inborn “blind spots” that a human system circulates were, well...*coterminous*.

Is that a question lacking its mark?

It would seem so. About.

Either too large or too small, perceptively, I suspect.

Causing a pause to rise,

as I search for something implicit.

Explicitly.

Given the fragmentary text(s) (you agree?) I have to ask: might writing be possibling an other? “Consciousness is always consciousness of something” (he said).

That is a possibility, isn't it? (the second part's elusive),

Blatantly – I feel caught in a snare I am setting, as spacious as I imagine chance to be, (having no other name I can call it), ensnared as I seem – some web, some matrix, some universe and beyond – too large or too small to perceive (I am guessing)

which always gives rise to a pause, implicitly.

What I had hoped to make explicit.

What I call “wanting actually resonate,” some loss implicit as longing.

I write, asking more than it answers, or “the closer the look one takes at a word, the greater the distance from which it looks back” (Karl Kraus, which I quote off someone else, who knows who – yet I hope someone does!)

“But of any material, the first thing to make is an ash-tray”

(Lyn Hejinian, I quote this text from its source,

apparently).

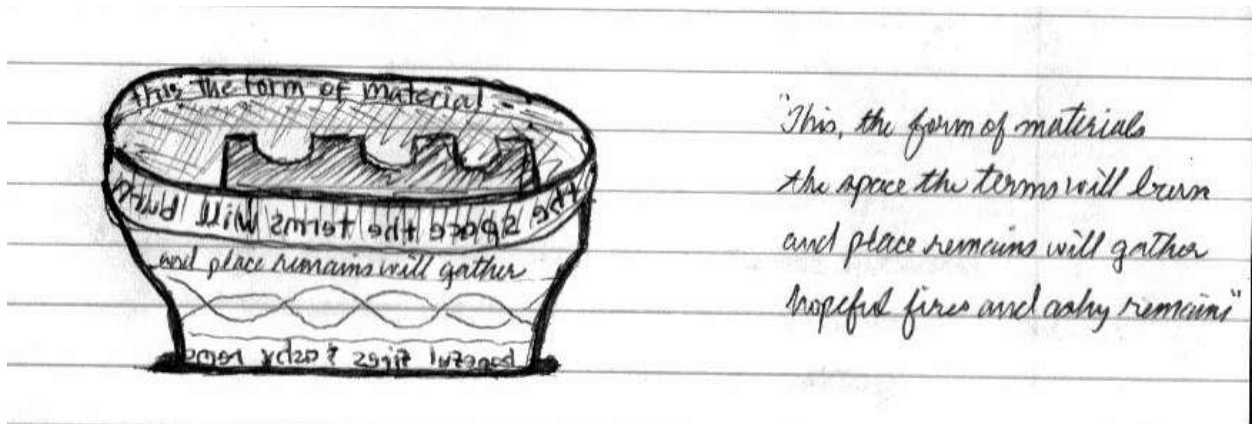
**“Appearances / remain suspended / in transmission’ (Craig Watson) are not so much perceived as apprehended, handled; the one affecting, infecting, the next”**

*(Charles Bernstein)*

Or something to hold what dies off. The reverberations without resonance. All edited, edited out, according to needs for appearance, depending on what apprehends, the shape of the handler’s snare.

Think of it – what is selected for capture, in captivity, infects, slipping frequencies to drift on, transmitting, transmitting, there is always ash that won’t be removed, no amount of soaking, scrubbing or spray...

perhaps it’s under the nails, clogging the pores, dusting the follicles... the remains.



We don’t know why we write, trusting such ephemeral weightless shifty particles to catch as motes in an eye... appearances, like dust (in just the right angle of light), remaining suspended in their transmission... hoping (without, really, hope) to, in apprehension – apprehend, by being handled to affect, infect...

always wanting next. Making it so.

Depending.

Why the book is needed (as ashtray) as form to hold the crumbling, an urn for the remains, until such time as they might be stirred or shaken or spilled.

Again in the commerce of bodies, handled, brushed and staining.

It gets everywhere. And remains.

Note its infective spread.

Language, whether structures/systems of, or fragments – bits and pieces, lying everywhere implicit.

To write – to make explicit? It asks more than it answers, word by word, by letter, by ash...

And what remains? Suspended...in transmission...for affect...a dormant virus...waiting to be breathed...

#### 4. Desiring Reality

**“the loss was always implicit as the longing”**

*-Alain de Botton-*

**“But, no one / can tell without cease / our human / story, and so we / lose, lose”**

*-Li-Young Lee-*

**“[Writing] is born from...’dissatisfaction’ – an internal void provisionally filled by the achievement of expression”**

*-Eugenio Montale-*

**“Because [writing] mediates between the requirements of desire and the conditions of reality, and because the relation between the two keeps changing, no statement of that relation is final”**

*-Ronald Sukenick-*

**“What is important...is not a word that is a stable and always self-equivalent signal, but an always changeable and adaptable sign”**

*-Katerina Clark / Michael Holquist-*

I desire to write. I think of it, at times, as an inscribing of thought, a physical processing of emotions, subconsciousness, dreams and ideas...“thought is a form of grief...but think we do, and lament we must, because lose we will” (*H.L. Hix*). “But no one can tell without cease our human story...” ashes accumulating, carried by arbitrary winds, dissolved in sand and sea...

“Lose, lose” and don’t want to lose (desire); my ‘not-wanting’ *is* my longing (implicit loss), in other words “what memory is not a *gripping* thought?” (*Lyn Hejinian*)...imagination grasping in desire what it does not want to lose...forming an ashtray. For what it loses. Implicitly.

“No statement of that relation is final.” Even, then, obviously, *that* statement. Therefore we long to apprehend and handle...capture and contain...frame and represent...to ourselves (for?), for one another (to?) *reality* as it is not-known to us, unstable, uncertain and always changing. Remember?

This is what makes this “fiction,” a “novel” – some new telling and unique ashtray design, in search of the fluttering ash, the “changeable adaptable sign.”

Required by desire, conditioned by unstable and unceasing reality, I write...words asking more than they answer, the dissatisfaction(s) (losses implicit in the longing) ever ephemerally, temporarily, *momentarily* filled by the action, the thought, the attempted expression (inscription) and then immediately felt again (affected, infected). The plot, the narrative, the characters, all bound up right there – in the next moment’s void. A gripping thought. I give pursuit. I desire.

I write.

## 5. Without Trace

At the liminal edge, porous, moist, invisible and insensible arc...imagined limit, threshold...the ache to enter, with nothing to penetrate; the yearn to cross over or through, yet there is no barrier. Simply following the pen, without copying.

Another way to say “possibility becoming,” or “questions and answers are words,” “letting actually resonate.” The next part elusive, but its begun. Refusing to compare. Forging-foraging-forgery.

I am writing. An other possibility that must be consciousness of something, perhaps implicit in the fragments, without identifiable trace because ensnared in the traces.

What is fiction, or poetry, essay / memoir / treatise...because making, with usable words. That toggle so, and displace. That render in their sundering. That make a difference...by comparison, where the “other” is not known.

Assuming a tracing could follow or draw. Like that – following lines or leading them on. The perceptions, scratch that, apprehension or handling the senses must do when the look, feel, hear, smell, touch; the loss inherent in the transmission to thoughts, fueled by the desire to grasp or retain. What was never suspended. Always in transmissive motion...the letters.

If the lines are drawn effectively...I may form a working receptacle (as they falsify and crumble behind me in the ongoing change) where the ashes might be held. Am I getting the picture? Taking it? Is taking it the same thing as making it? Or must I develop it too? The pen

asking so many questions, word after word, tracing an image, a setting, a how... Will you follow? Will I? Will this be called writing and reading? "Literature"?

I create without trace in the traces. I go on. Each word a threshold, a bottomless pit, then beyond that...again.

Like stringing the line *and* entangled. Hooked for life...which is death.

Asking synonyming answers. And vice-versa. Just words.

I am writing.