

**Experience, anyway.**

Nathan W Filbert

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And stared at the head of Buddha. As if literature were whatever could be fitted to symbols. There were experiences anyway. Complex goings-on.

He started. As if starting were the only thing he could do. He, she, self, other, organism – whatever. It had begun. If there were a god, it might know where, but *they* – for the life of them – could not figure it. Not literature.

And for all the anyway-experiences, also.

In other words.

*They* stitched and thatched and wove, tore through, ripped out, clipped and pasted and tagged. For all the cross-hatching and shading, foregrounding and back-, no image came through. Or if it did, it never matched.

Representation. *Representamen* – for a more mystical suggesting. Arcane. Obtuse. That which is metaphor'd. That which signals, indices, or forms. That which functions. Which can be acted on, or with, within, without. Functioning ephemera. To latch.

And undo. It passes. Lock on – decipher. Pass around the room. Agreeing by argument, it becomes. Difference. Evaporate.

The head of the Buddha is shaped out of stone. More likely poured, cast. More likely art – official. What is artificial? – Human construction of world. That radical deflect. That begin. In symbol.

At a certain time (constructed, invent), cross-purposes : experience. Anyway, perceived. So aroused – appreciation, cognition, desire, belief – purchased (bought, fallen-for, faith-in) : acquired. Experience, anyway – head in corner on bookshelf knick-knack antiques, money (that wasn't there), and taken away.

Evaluation = meaning. Interpretation. Somewhere whereabouts and how, or when – experience, anyway. Action occurs. It's started.

Like before, but never exactly. That's why similar and memory, and that's why it's new. Begins. Never not change. If only pennies. It works. It goes on.

What seems a chasing, a tracing, a spy-archaeology-sci-fi-breathless-fragile-safebreak (i.e. "creative writing") is also dirgy dredging, slurry stirring, re-invention redone renewing some old search. If he wrote "to get it right" it would be wrong.

Standard unlocatable with too many variations depending on, all boundaries shift with each decision – though it feels less freedom of choice than compulsion to find – where there's nothing to find that's not making (constructed – what's *there* getting too little credit in general) - what's done with what's attended.

Not meant to be confusing – but from quark or qualia, wave-particle to universes full of looming holes, it plainly is. At least what we're able to tell of it – *representamen* – hinge symbols we careen from like units of mobiles in wind or gyring pirate swings.

There is that. Is, is, is, is : handy set of markings and concepts "to be" the seeking and the sought – condition and conclusion – of begin.

Listening now - the statue the only Other besides the dogs – well, and whomever all conjoined to craft these scribblings to serve as silent sounds filled with elastic contents over meticulously-constructed time. The billions. And infinite (as far as he's concerned or capable of "counting") quanta of wave/particle/atom/molecule/element – dithering thoroughfares making up ginormous pervasive systems within systems in which he depends and participates toward *is*.

- To music, quiet head of Buddha lurked behind, no longer staring with the eyes as much as ears – sense shift and collusion – never one without another – it goes on.