

**Experience, anyway.**

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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 lurking behind, no longer staring with eyes as much as ears – sense shift and collusion – never one without another – it goes on.

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“My relation to others is staggered all the way to the infinite;  
from the bottom up, never horizontally, the distance from here to there...  
...what you call ‘distance’ is but the time of breathing in, of breathing out.

All the oxygen man needs is in his lungs.

Empty, the space of life.”

*-Edmond Jabes-*

Passage to and fro. Fore and aft. Passing through. So many streams of signs and symbols, sounds, referents – in some pores and out from others. A long and endless middle.

If photons, neither particles or waves (or both) – packs of energized events. Here, then there, everything on its way. As if life (the verb) is journey. Booking passage in a network of traces. Slug-lines. Marking, evaporate, recombinant maps.

Convergences – sense/perception/neurons and quanta. Convergences – weather and molecules and thises and thats (write “I” and “you”) and light and air, ground and other conjoining disjunctive matters. Convergences – roving planets in orbital trajectories, distances sustained by what is near, all the kinds and classifications.

Descriptions and errors. Adapt, adjust, revise. And err. Trial err trial err, survive. For now. Temporarily. This way. The always-conditioning clause: Now. If.

A stone Buddha, or just its head, being drawn by an artist. A trace, remark, a transcription – transformation – another form. For now. And then...

Tracing convergences – our *qualia* – as events describe – the meeting and meshwork of lines, of motions, of pathways and bendings in travel, of stars and their dust. Refraction, reflection, sharing directions, constraints. Opportunities for pulse, for pattern, for wave.

To journey then, to map. Now, if. The long and ever-ending middle always already begun. Trajectories and knots, unravel.

Experience, anyway. Breathe in, breathe out, the trace. The empty plenitude, the pregnant space, and timing’s distance. We join.

Relatively speaking, it will all be over soon. For some sooner than others, but soon all the same.

I've seen a lake filled with upright sticks and trees.

What's written on the body dies with it.

There are reasons to stay alive.

A mysterious pressure arrives with "real."

To think of recounting, embellishment. A pressure to remain "true." Wherefrom do these come? If I transcribe only facts as they are agreed to – collaborated – I do not accord with "real," for imagination is always active and participant. It would be like deleting affect.

Emotion.

And yet. To consciously create a re-telling – devise a version – something's different from experiencing's bricolage. The positing of author, I-collage, selection of pieces. The pieces also selecting - opportunities for perception.

Only another experience. Another form of framing. A novel utility.

I write – construct a world – at times aiming for *mimesis*, but, as it happens, the interaction required between resources and agency = experience anyway.

Telling of my son is never writing *him*, it's composing MY. Which in no way obviates the Other off whom I riff. Only keeps him discrete from my perception and activates subjectivities for us. Unless I seek to define or contain – to account for him – abstraction, object-ify. Caesura of love: to falsify.

Whatever one takes as "real" exerts pressures of false.

Demands one set one's course for "proof" as opposed to "truth" – a demonstration.

It's experience, either way, and a variant sort – the staking-of-real or searching-for-proof sort – joining a demonstration – no less fabric of experiencing than any other, no less interactive or "real," ever unique.

Categories falsify. And enable. No matter, still they matter. I relate to them as things. As limits and opportunities. It equals changes. Equaling experience, anyway.

To look toward wife and perceive. To co-orient agreements. Perchance to be/have experience to-gether (to gather). Align what we share in kind.

“Real” being what we organize of reality, changing each moment’s notice (before-during-aft each the moment itself) – unlocatable present. As I collage it (now past tense).

I listen to your story, constructed-on-the-run, as it were. Me too. Co-being. I agree as I edit and reform. Agreements forming knots, not points or solid nodes. Tangles of perceptions, cast, re-cast, and still wet clay. The surface never hardens. When it “seems” there are still seams – a thoroughfare.

How we know that we’re alive, or better, “living” – curse the verbal nouns. There are no steady states – but constructed patterns. Sane inventions. At times. Experience, anyway, “experiencING” – seemingly changeless change.

The urge, in writing, to stay. To thwart or channel flow. Progression of narrative – a pressure. Another experience: *the tension of process and now*.

Why inscribing haunts us with false. Telling or speaking too. Even in song, something occurs. The fluidity cripples and hardens. We strive to trick it loose. Account for dangling threads at every touch, but even the threads are intangible. Change is a force of form.

I recall. To vocalize back or again. The loop a seductive model. And I fragment. The attempt to be impartially partial (or “real”) winds its way through every act. Acts don’t start and finish, English-infernal-nouning. To name is to kill it is said. To stop up beING. But it seems another example of change, going-on, the ever-activity experiencing. Why fight back (wards)?

Recall: *back words*? Assembling experience anew? Only different (our noticing change) – i.e., experience, anyway.

To loop is false, such lovely model.