

Wind whipped whistling through the unwound window of the wandering car. A pane raised tight is a widow to this wind.

William's mind whizzed at the rate of the air. Velocity and friction. Winding deep and woven, waking, wafting, willing wisps and wonderings, wells and washes worldwide and everywhere at once. Everyone, everything.

Just the way things are.

"Bullet Proof – I Wish I Was" was playing out of speakers, into ears and through emotions.

William thought of pleasures, felt their pains. Self-expression – experience – inhibition was the gist of it. She was driving. He loved her, William loved her.

And the wind whipped whistling. Believing himself mature, reflective and unique, even possessed of talents and certain responsible autonomies, still he was helpless in this. Uncertain and afraid, lucky or blessed. He loved her. She was driving. He was helpless in the whistled whiffling wind.

Though it would seem he had sufficient brain and brawn.

"Limb by limb and tooth by tooth."

Wind, love, and history remembered in sure and certain categorical meanings. She was driving. Will was helpless.

Messages = meanings. Put like that. Heard and told just so. To oneself.

He lay back. Velocity and friction threw his hair. William was saddened and elated at one go.

Forty-something, pregnant with potential, but drastically in love, therefore stunted, infantile, amazed.

Just a boy, maybe six years old, deeply confused and conflated. A serious scholar, marooned schooner, powerful and powerless. At ease, in sleaze, wanting yet undone by all that want, erratic and unformed, formal and afraid – a child, a man, a person.

She was driving and he loved her. Considered her the sexiest woman alive. Most innovative, resourceful and creative. Wanting to celebrate the whip, the whine, the thundering wind wrestling the window – bothered by it, anxious and agitated. Its bellowing distracted and alarmed her, the potency and volume – that it *was*, and *why*, and *how* – filled her with a certain sort of glee.

Annoyed and attracted. Alarmed and amazed. Velocity and friction.

And she was driving (or, attempting to drive).

His teeth were bad where hers were good. “Limb by limb and tooth by tooth.” Annoyed. Amazed. He loved her. She was driving.

Not a single one was...bullet-proof.

The wind whipped whistling.

Window. Widow. Window. Widow.

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At a time the world was digital. Spinning discs and hi-fi cords. So Sirius and Facebooked.

“Please close the window.”

The window a widow to wind.

Self-expression – experience (memory) – inhibition.

He loved her. Helpless. Potency. Again.

Agony. Ecstasy. A crash.

Not a real one. Everything, everyone – all of it fine, present and ongoing, alive – an intricate set of highly effective processes: ok.

He loved her. She was driving.

He rolled the window up. Widowed. Wind. Wildness. Wonder. Wealth and devastation.

Willing William – wavering, wandering, a wilderness bewildered.

William / Wanda.

William / Wilta.

William / Woman.

*The knowing Self is not born, it dies not;  
it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it.*

- The Upanishads

William loves her.

She is driving.

Wind whips whining at the widowed window, not his hair.

The grasses seemed the same – whipping and whirling, a staid sort of wonder – golden in the Winter sun – haired, hairless, wavering and set.

A certain sorrow to its bending.

Its bentness.

Self-expression – memory – inhibition.

Self – Root – Adaptation.

Limitation.

William.

He loved her.

And – at least to him – she was driving. Somehow more ALIVE – being younger and more beautiful, going toward places he'd already been.

In this they were separate, like blades. Distinctly, even if wavering and welcoming widowed winds *together*, whistling with each other, still – there was he – William – older, deconstructing, demolished, devolving, and her – Wanda – becoming, beguiling, belonging.

The landscape felt young too, in that it was active, moving, aroused. So was he – aroused, activated and moved by her actions, her motions, her *being*, but not young in that way – with so much time, neither lithe, nor motile, hopeful nor promising. Simply Will-ing. Will. William.

She steered at speeds, in the lead, according to him, and he rode, grabbed hold, gripped and grasped her, pressing hard against her. Linking up his proboscis whenever he could and he drew. Drew life from her, vital juices, each organ and digit a tool for connection, interaction, interplay.

Derivative. Winds of velocity and friction, shaped by opening, pressure, fabrication – just a thought, an illusion, a wish. William wishing. He loved her. Her driving using her long and languid arms and legs, sinewy torso and youth, her verve. She whom he followed, or thought so, pursued and longed after...

...like the seasons, the reasons, the plans.

Just a man, one now aging yet still vibed, and a woman – now emerging with elan, and these moments, this wild journey, this intersecting of a Them – an Us and a We,

for this moment, this conundrum,

this affinity and accident, reality and make,

fake,

fealty.

Occasion: Now.

She was driving,

he loved her,

they were.

And they are.

William / Willamina.

William / Willamette.

The William..s.

Perhaps it all comes down to:

Expression : remind : inhibition.

...inhabit.

This way.

This or that.

Habitation.

Inhibition.

He longs for her, which is different from wanting, containing same.

He loves her and she's driving.

He follows along.

Follows after, and she leads – follows her dog on its leash, which is him: insecure and full of desire, no strong leader, she asks, he's behind her, she waits, he falls back, but she wants him, wanting backwards, in rewind, hesitates.

This is life in its livedness: habitude and inhibition: all its fear and its love. Its confounding.

They wish and they wait.

Something wilts while it grows.

He lies down. Sleeps and cries over troubles, things conjured and composed: he's made these for himself (and for them). But he loves her. She drives (according to him) and he follows (yet according to her: she's behind).

He is restlessly resting – a moment's occurred: call it overwhelm. They're connected, intercoursing, both encountered and alive.

Why he weeps. And she sleeps.

Overwhelm.

He reads books.

Scribbles words.

Hopes for help.

While she sleeps.

And she listens, and she waits.

While they live,

while they're living.

Yes they lived. William and Wanda. Him loving her with her driving (in his mind).

In his mind, most people are sad, because hoping is so futile. Another will come and enter. Another, always, one way or another, another...

...person, place, thing or event: an occurring that will split, interrupt and intrude on all the longing and the knowing, the expressions and experiences...inhibition.

It hurts. Once again.

The knowing of unknowing that is fear.

What inhibits and makes wary and predicts,

the uncertain and unsure, what impedes

that he loves her is driving

for now

with the brakes

accelerating

the breaks

are accelerating

Velocity

Friction

Remorse.