

The principal moment was change. There is some recognition in this. Not only her name, but other things as well.

“Don’t fuck with her.” “Don’t fuck with me.” “Don’t fuck with *US*.” A stance he sometimes holds out toward the world. Simultaneously with need.

Pain is their familiar.

Quit telling me what to do, I’m not listening.

There are children.

When you combine a vocabulary with experience, you get more experience.

It matters – their moods – when conversing. Turns from argument to whispers. To argument again.

I’m never aware that I’m not doing this.

Sometimes we hate ourselves for it. We would burn different things.

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When the tone dips – incommunicable and erratic. Mood. His loving response is to give way, give space, protect and defend. Distance and retreat. Salvation Army. Allowing secrecy, privacy, time. During which new connections could be made and explored – excused “manic,” “stupid,” “confused.”

Extremely turned-on when she takes him in her mouth. And everything else. Part of it.

Announcements emerge in “hard conversations.” Uncanny meetings, how could I have known, unhappiness. And away she goes, sometimes he fears, imagines, pretends. He being one of those meetings.

Past and future con-fusing as present.

No one knows the day or hour.

He is not a wolf, he wears one. She – feline, piscine. Fluid and darting. Roles we fall into. Call “independence.”

Could be two years older than me. Than her, fifteen more.

Always a job to do, regardless of class or employment, surviving. The reasons we give, ways we avoid or escape. Are evasive.

Conjoining like they do, will and have. Admixturing grief and joy.

We want to be good. Want “it” to be good. Trying to live. With pain our familiar.

Spouses and families oblige. Communicate. Lovers, free agents, need not. These are lovers, free agents. Sometimes it is lacking, a burden. Ignored.

Each cauterizing the heart.

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Exponentially easier to be connected continuously, multiplicitly, with anyone, anywhere, anytime...as anyone, anywhere, anytime.

Difficult, depth.

Anything you want. But you don't know what (who) where it IS.

New realms of [phantom?] treats/threats.

It can be anything it wants. One sometime likes it that way. They do.

Cauterizing the heart. Easy escapes. Always available "hits," "likes," "friends." And more. Maybe.

Maybe it wants to be story. They do.

Many voices make a world. The tips of your fingers.

It won't take long (adaptive instincts) figuring buttons to press, keys to touch, immediate medium.

Gratification – even while *with* she expands, extends, pretends, explores. But you don't know what "it" IS.

We never do.

Principle moments are change. Happens every moment. Before, after. Con-fusing.

Not only her hair.

He rarely yells.

They cannot find an apt stillness. Together. More than just space (irrelevant guard). World comes with in a little black box. Anytime, anywhere, anyone. Not only the world they are *in*. Perhaps. Every world offered, imagined. Tap. Tap. Tap. A rats' maze. Network. Agile. Ready. Pelleting satisfaction: image and language and sound. A virtual commerce of senses.

We still have eyes and fingers, then. Occasionally ears. Voices with proper equipment.

The rest can be anything.

Sometimes you want it that way.

Not only his aspect, her hair, these words.

One wonders the nails, teeth and eyebrows.

Our "vitals" are changing. Statistics. Freed from height, weight, proportion. Tap, tap, tap. A band-aid response is received.

Wound festers.

Pain the familiar.

The village too many.

Call it global.

Cut power.

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Finding the pronouns confusing. They are.

Who What Where He She It Any. Never know. How could we?

How could he add this to the mix? She thinks. "Leave us the fuck alone." We don't. Tap, tap. The rat in us. Going back, wanting more, or less, or else. Something easier. This is hard.

Us is hard.

Other things as well.

One thing unaffected, at least two: Death. Dissatisfaction.

Tap, tap, tap.

Perhaps the two are tied. Both without end.

He doesn't think that. She read it in a book somewhere.

At times they are face to face, though not often.

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Who might gather the data? Times hands are held, lips mixed, flesh pressed their full length? In relation to - ?

Side-by-side, next to, other degrees from full-on.

She's curious. Big data? "in relation to..."

And others?

Who is compiling the data? What happens in the flesh, our pool, our sphere? Instead of invisibly, online, mediating machines? Left to our devices. How to calculate.

Change embraced as exploration, adventure. They set out. Depress if not. Drawn to the abandoned. Like him. At times things remain there. Ties to times and clues; bundles decaying and objects of possible treasure. Re-discoveries or left as evidence.

Open spaces too. Relatively. Absence. Fields, forests, uninhabited humanly. A "natural wonder" he calls her. Sometimes face to face. Or whispered in the ear from behind.

An ache for holding. Caress and carry. It never leaves him. Things remaining from abandon.

A tendency to grasp.

Her name, not only, a guarded independence. She'd like to share.

A freedom-with. Theoretically.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tied together.

There's a joy in that.

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Anxiety too. With no boundaries given, discreet – geography, origin, work. No assumed responsibilities, *obligations* (words connotatively “negative” now) – move quickly between places and people. Near speed of light, maybe faster – the blink of an eye – tap, tap, new connections are forged, tap, with anyone, anywhere...unknown, unexpected.

Not like before. Burdens of trust have been lifted. Fidelity, commitment and care (such difficult trails) come solely to rest on individual persons: unfortified by guilt, shame, or community – simple choices. Choices confused with reason and everything else – unstable elements of desire and will, instinctual urge toward pleasure trumps pain...opportunity-constraint, novelty-boredom, comfort-distress.

Why do we leave it to that? How we ‘suppose to survive’? Rituals of “loving” over-tired and worn, ill-fitted to speed, variety and the pressuring ease to trade-up, newly model, better deal, smoother path.

Dug in to the principle moments. Changing. We need a rebellion, perhaps. Self-discipline or other outdated behaviors ill-suited to kind...requiring shame and support.

She leaves and leaves and leaves.

But how is that possible without many returns? Why doesn't he see, no, “feel” those that way?

Sensing.

Tap, tap.

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And what of dis-connection? Misrecognition and underacknowledge? When familiar seems a shell or a flurry?

Marrow-siphoned or electric storm, or both.

Visage indifferent, ambivalent, unpredictable, or far-off the customary. Who then, who now? And where?

Busies himself with the dishes, and clatters, while sacking the garbage and hauling it out, transferring laundry, tidying mess, on the move on the move, avoiding discomforting staying. Staying put. Perhaps any wriggling will shake off the panic and fear.

To task. A manual labor – concrete action and accomplishment while the innards turn mush. She trims hedges, paints walls and cleans autos – coddling monuments of effort, installations of work, casting about for quiet, difficult, achievable ends – to task, to task.

Tear down. Shiny shell, glistening contours. Proportions and texture, modeled to type, an imagine, a beauty. To be torn and disfigured, starved or abused – anything harmful and helpless, anything to mate the inside. The shell must be broken

Broken as the blander inside.

Agitation and terror – his responses to change – not only her name, her attitudes, fashion. Her face. Her legs. Her arms.

Principle moments.

Indecipherable.

Suffering their familiar.

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Much is endured under promise of release. (Tap, tap, tap, play the button game, let it load, chase the pellets – of peace, of gain, peripheral placation). Act subjugate and compromised. Slaver. Acquiesce.

Attempting servitude toward necessity. No one is necessary. Dissatisfaction and death. Our undoing.

Pronouns confusing.

The game can't be played without chances. And chances are just lucky draws. Ephemera. There is never an option. Wedded – discomfort and death, desire and death – their vital distribution.

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What's called memory. Things bringing back, bringing up, lifting over and over to a now that is fleeing.

Discoveries and exploits, anything everything except all the long in-betweens. Poles jutting up from a ground: intervals/events, intervals/events, intervals...

Only good enough or bad enough pillars – traumas – ecstasies. Rituals, routines. The mantras our memory maintains. Personal religions for guidance.

Principle moments of change (those recognized and reshape, merged toward inform) blips on a screen of a heart monitor – its surges and dips – steady beats going on...unaccounted, unprepared and rarely acknowledged, recovered – what's *most*.

Now.

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The drama, upheaval, elation and toil become “always,” “every time!” Angered shouts. The what-we-latch-onto. With so much between that is placid and pleasing, comfortably banal (unnoticed and fitting).

Memory, then: the trauma and glory, revised and expanded each time.

Her head on her knees.

He scrambles – now this and now that and now this that again, anew, again, again. Breathless.

She flares and she fights. Flights.

Leaving and leaving and leaving again (he perceives).

But what of returns?

In which catalog, whose ledger?

Their tenderness and sex and intimate duration. The quiet.

Where are these tallied?

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The data: convergence, divorce. Discrete action. “Principle moments of change” when what precipitates must possess such implicit intricacy. Constant alteration. The bulk of the change (statistically speaking).

He ponders the paths and the possibles. Progressions. How much must be hidden. How much unforeseen. Uniform. Unless low to the ground at a snail’s pace. Footfall and seatedness. Sit, walk and stand.

We weren’t made to fly, but we’ve done it. It’s not exactly “natural.”

Our true reach is trim: range of sight and sound our perception. Yet we swallow, engulf – vacuum points out of nowhere – decontextualized distance – our feed.

Image, text, hum.

Cosmic, really. A billion points of light speeding the immediate, nowhere, everywhere, now. How will they manage?

With inputs (tap, click). And outputs (tap, look). Tap, tap, hear. Tap, tap, feel. Tap, tap, choose. Lose. Lose. Lose.

Compares to our brains unraveling eons – cosmos, quarks and quanta. He’s wrong. Minds do not work in this manner. (Revise and expand. Revise and expand.)

All to one purpose: survive. Least amount pain, most amount pleasure (tap, tap, tap). Principle - least effort.

Efficiency.

Not knowing what turns from the pleasure. Not knowing what emerges from pain. Principle moments – *moments* – all that we’re left and they leave. Continual change. “Principle” – revises, expands. Really no one without other.

He doesn’t know. Anything. Idiot. Idiot. Idiot. (Savant.)

Neither does she, but the always and every time still exude from her mouth.

Nor do I. Not even the next. Now. Not even. This. And then the too late, for even the edit is change. And the changing is always and never – spot on.

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Erasing taboos: what do we lose? Got to be something. Entropy. Trading enslavements.

And our freedom(s)? Dissatisfaction and death.

When it's dark. Darker. Darkest. How do you know? Do you feel it? Compared to - ? Analyzed with?

The choosing to name. And their changing.

Them. You. He. She. I. They. Hers. Any.

Whatever.

Adjectives of moments.

Confusing what we call ourselves. How we describe or express. Desecrate or praise. How it changes us. Things and relations.

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She knew it'd go wrong. Him. Both his failing and her self-designation. He was splitting. Open. Trying to hold out. To honest. She had no question. What happens decides. We decide.

A shell of a person.

Center turned mush.

Eviscerated. Desiccated.

Terms used for describe. Decide.

How it changes.

He doesn't know. What might happen. If statements can be conclusive. Irremediable actions? Is saying one? He knows nothing, this he knows. How he tries.

Open palms. Fingers wide. Hands lifting wind.

Passes through. And waves. A lake. Turning, returning.

She leaves, she leaves, she leaves. The pain so familiar. How waves keeping on? Arriving, rescinding, but not running out.

Data for gentleness, patience, complicity.

Reassurance.

Wishing well.

You do your thing. I'll do mine.

Together.

She's doing "her thing" (one of so many). Tap, tap. He does. Tap. Is doing.

That's what this ...

Change.

[Don't] Revise, expand.

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What do you remember? He asks.