

Reading the Blanks

“Having a thought,” he thought, “in what is that comprised?” “What is called *thinking*?” she added.

Sometimes things seem to start simply. To noticeably begin.

Being begged (a plea? request? concern?) against self-destruction... “Part of being your friend is witnessing your demise,” she said.

Beginnings. Ever occurring, presently.

He begins (to parent, to write, to work, to love...etc...). He also begins dreaming.

She, also. Already. Beginning (dreams, work, relations, a garden, a journey, a thought). A feeling.

In other words: today. NOW. [It begins].

She says something about Samuel Beckett and poetry and misunderstanding.

He replies.

She describes Gaudi’s architecture throughout Spain.

Feelings are.

Interpretations.

Too.

A lot of time sounds like silence – noisy touch.

Between ‘she says’ or ‘he says’ or unavoidable movements.

Negotiation.

Casanova wrote about Beckett, he said. And Badiou, Cixous, Coffey, Blanchot, and...

Silence surprisingly like sound.

Feelings.

“Melancholy is favored,” she says, “by Fosse. Hans Holbein and Kafka/Dostoevsky, if anyone follows crumbs through forests anymore,” she says.

Misremembers.

Cat kills bird, kills mouse, kills rabbit. Birds call, changing by the day the same, identifiable only if generality is applied. Nefarious notion and aptitude: survival.

“The ‘human,’ ‘us,’” someone thinks.

He. She. They. It. Other-wise.

No matter.

“Try again. Fail again. Fail better.”

Indiscernible phrases. Like song.

He hears.

She listens.

Beginnings. Again.

“I just keep reading the blanks, inventing my experience while I undergo it,” she states.

Nothing replies. By beginning. Unknowing.

He silent.

There is quiet.

She says “that is *‘How It Is.’*”

‘They’ (a human construct) ‘begin’ (a ‘human’ ‘concept’).

Someone holds their breath.

“Are you still... there? Hello?” she says.

Begin begins. Again.

Again, she says, “Hello.”

Remaining silent. Quiet sounds.

There was a time when a story would have sufficed in this transition, translation, scenario... when plot or narrative or voice, object substance or event could have oriented the discomfort of quiet. A description. Action.

That time... is no more.

And insects.

Clouds.

Beginnings, ever.

What might seem complex.

The (oh so) simple and limited experiencing of the ‘human.’

Life. Breath. Death.

A rhyme.

Those “beginnings.” Those “ends.”

AN END. THE END.

~ usually with little warning, even without.

Someone – might be – (is) near.