

It's the inherent limits that draw you in. The space inscribed by a heavy line, the sound transcribed into a set of symbols neatly arrayed in the habit of lines. But does it say anything? Certainly there are moments, even in the rhetoric of shapes, corners in the lexicon of limited spaces, where the meaning escapes as through a hole like Maxwell's demon sorting order into entropy. A veritable soup of words. Space itself of course is limits. Time's bubble like a box contains all that we might one day say, all the musing that can be transcribed from electromagnetic zaps to synaptic gaps set in bridged arrays and riding a binary logic. Everything here has been said before, only *you* were different. The day in questions you may not have been listening. And there's the rub. In repeating space we repeat a possibility, which is the potential of the universe. Everything happens only once, but hangs out there in space waiting to be recognized. And every time one of us comes by, it seems like it's happening again, or for the first time. But in the end it's just a simple space, this language: when you think you have it down it turns on you, and folds back in upon itself.

In the portal, there was the possibility of imagining, as if this one round eyelet to the world could intensify the moment of the whole of life. But then to imagine is not what it means to actually live, which is always outside the portal, the vision, outside the mind's ability to comprehend, which of course distances it from that which it would experience. Hamlet, it is clear, confronted this very dilemma in the question of revenge, whether it was at all acceptable to act out a thought that by its nature was pure only in thought, or if by acting the thought becomes something else like reflections on what can happen. So but must not what we really see? how much of outside that line see do we on a sea that must be seen as simply the eye's absence of light, and only a line where the sea moves beneath & stars above. The light at best a million thoughts from where it starts back in the past which imagined becomes reality. And again, it is in the imagining. Stars themselves are like a hole in the heavens, a special space in which we think of an untold energy which lives and dies without so much as a flicker in our reality beneath them, outside them, only connected by the fabric of all that lies between. So when we think we see what we can only hope to believe, we see ourselves thinking of a belief, believing what we thought previously, as if by an act of thought, which is no act at all, we come into being.

eye

There was really no reason to stop she said, unless you felt it was a sign of the times. And he said signs were of all times and had begun to control insipid lives. We stop for one thing and go for another like the body was a bifurcation or the brain a binary function situated in a box that could not see anything of an outside world, even with bisected corners. It's a world of one extreme, he said, but we live it like these were the manners and a few bad habits of the hour, and that we might get over it someday, move off into a place that does not signify, necessarily, or show any signs of being more than it is. But that's just it, she said, the box has become the goal not the hidden place of hats and shoes resting on the closet shelf. The earth squared, as it were; the whole world signed off. We believe the worst a person can do is forget, but the real tragedy is remembering things in the same as everyone does. Sentimental claptrap, he said. Or the best words can do, she said, after all, isn't it the worst offender, the sign that takes itself for real? Well in saying so you've done it, he said, you've granted it the power you'd like to keep to yourself. If all the world's a stage, right, then the underworld's a cellarage? And if you see you're putting on a show then the show's hypothetically real, and mostly insignificant for the same reason. She would never accept this, she said, all the world's a sign, from sun worship down to the present fascination with meteors and cool aid. So much for the truth, he said, and she agreed, we can't stop making sense we can only curtail the ugly hydra-headedness.

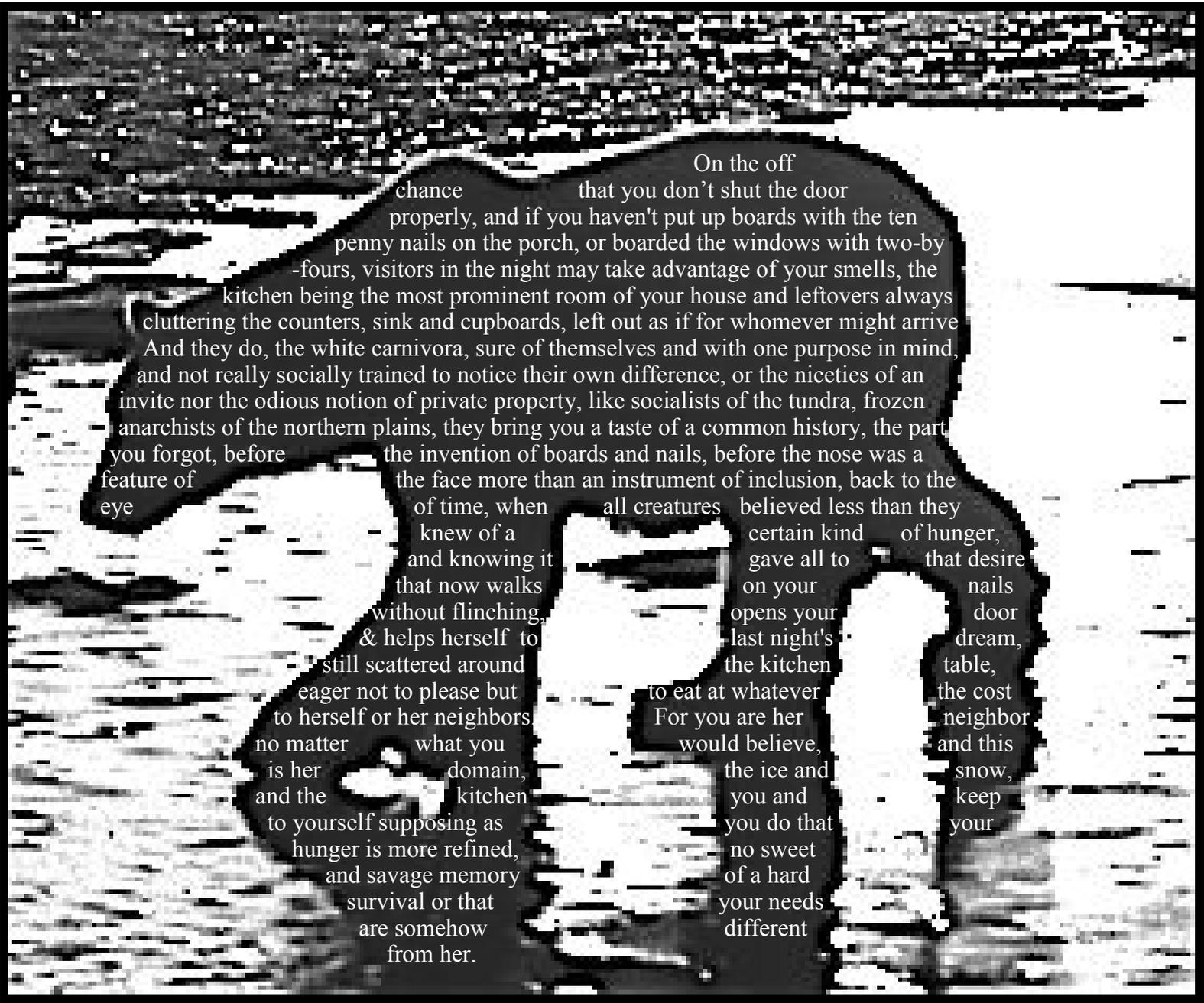
Animals that we all are, it seems unlikely that you would call on me to release you from the bounds of a box that is your own making, as the key to the box is your own forged impression of an idea, not the simple identity that you claim, and if for some odd reason we are to meet, hands first, over the barrier of this completely imaginary space, then you will have to fight to open the

gate the best you can with your teeth, or with your hair falling like a curved sword through the neck of my impatience. There is really no other way. The graphic details of our last exchange should have been enough, but I'm willing, in any case, to give you instructions—I have been in the box myself—on how to avoid the uglier pitfalls of surrender, which as you know

are the first steps toward reinventing the boundaries, including of oneself, as if in the margins of what oneself should really be, but once you have given in to the curt instructions, there are ways yet of becoming real again, against a backdrop of new directions, even turning a corner, as it were, or dropping to your knees, which is no longer a sign of ones belief in anything external but

much more a kind of waning in sympathy with the actual extent of one's life in the larger context of an expanding universe in which, of course, the key to your uninhibited movement may be the simple realization that no matter how grand you appear you are nonetheless only

relative.



On the off chance that you don't shut the door properly, and if you haven't put up boards with the ten penny nails on the porch, or boarded the windows with two-by-fours, visitors in the night may take advantage of your smells, the kitchen being the most prominent room of your house and leftovers always cluttering the counters, sink and cupboards, left out as if for whomever might arrive. And they do, the white carnivora, sure of themselves and with one purpose in mind, and not really socially trained to notice their own difference, or the niceties of an invite nor the odious notion of private property, like socialists of the tundra, frozen anarchists of the northern plains, they bring you a taste of a common history, the part you forgot, before the invention of boards and nails, before the nose was a feature of the face more than an instrument of inclusion, back to the of time, when all creatures believed less than they knew of a certain kind of hunger, and knowing it gave all to that desire that now walks on your nails without flinching, & helps herself to opens your door, still scattered around the kitchen table, eager not to please but to eat at whatever the cost, to herself or her neighbors, For you are her neighbor and this no matter what you would believe, the ice and snow, and the kitchen you and you do that keep your to yourself supposing as hunger is more refined, and savage memory of a hard your survival or that your needs are somehow different from her.