

I the Question; I the Answer That Does Not Satisfy

“I am both wound and knife”

E.M. Cioran

“Time is a river that sweeps me along, but I am the river;
it is a tiger that mangles me, but I am the tiger;
it is a fire that consumes me, but I am the fire.”

Jorge Luis Borges

“The question inaugurates a type of relation characterized by openness and free movement; and what it must be satisfied with closes and arrests it. The question awaits an answer, but the answer does not appease the question, and even if it puts an end to the question, it does not put an end to the waiting that is the question of the question.”

Maurice Blanchot

“all things oscillate round me, and I with them, an uncertainty unto myself.
All for me is incoherence and change. All is mystery and all is meaning...”

Fernando Pessoa

I am the writer. Am I also what is written?

Both wound and knife.

I am the husband? What the husband does.

I am their father. Am I also their fathering?

I am the writer. Not the writer I believe I am, want to be, imagine. Am I the writer? What is written does not appease, does not satisfy. I am waiting, asking, waiting in openness for possibility. I am the answering I do not desire.

Am I what is written? Partial answers. Fragments pieced together forming questions. I wait.
Am I the one who waits? While writing?

I love. Do I love? I answer by loving. I am dissatisfied by my loving – it is not what I had hoped, was waiting toward, believed possible. I am not the lover I asked for.

I feel I am the open, the possibility – the questioning. My answering closes, arrests, delimits me. I am neither satisfied nor appeased.

I am the human. Am I human? If I answer for that I am dissatisfied, given the question, the possible replies.

I write *I am the writer*, the one writing, this phrase of the question. Its answer never satisfies, leaves me waiting, asking again, anew. The questions.

“the anarchist keeps watch within us and opposes our resignations”

E.M. Cioran