

Writing: the Spaces. its Atmosphere.

Write first, the epigraphs assemble. Post-prompting. Or become the impetus the references gather around.

One idea.

With blackberry brambles and the wish (or revulsion) at owning a dog.

“A fragment is not a fraction but a whole piece” (Lyn Hejinian)

Like that. It doesn't take long.

The brain a compendium of quotes.

“The head is a very hard case.” (L.H.)

I try to crack it. I'm thankful it's hard. A safe for the precious things.

I can't just do it “everywhere.”

In order to write, I discover I need to expand. Once to the point I'm as large as my skin, it still needs a force-shield, a sense-field – a hard case like a desk and locked room, “controlled environment” or “padded cell” – that license to work without fear.

Or hurting oneself or one's others.

The head is a hard case. The body is supple.

Salmonberries all along the way. A juicy burst, almost sweet, almost sickening – the risk involved.

My globe is filled with the words of others. Like my skull, no bit of language is our own. But inexhaustible, so unashamed, I eat them here, I forage food. I harvest, glean and process in this tiny shed, concocting meal I hope will serve. That process in yet another realm.

My space is angular. Is low and dark. A cross of cave and womb. I need to know it's all in there, I need to know I do not know. I bring a lantern and a few spare tools. I take notes, observations in my bunker-scriptorium, my hand and my brain.

“A paragraph is a time and place, not a syntactic unit” (L.H.)

I scramble your body. Unravel. Dissect and reassemble. Never known in its entirety. My own. “some desire powers generously” (L.H.). Dr. Frankenstein’s lab.

“Reason looks for two, then arranges it from there...”

“...Reason looks for two, then arranges it from *three*: number, stutter and curvature” (L.H.)

The writing space is “freedom then, liberation later” (L.H.) when rejoined to the attaching world...

“a person seated on an iceberg and melting through it” (L.H.)

“the mind is a thing deeply marked. I have bound myself to this damage” (Laurie Sheck)

“we are so rawly made, / so carried into the harsh and almost-dark” (L.S.)

My cave-womb almost-dark. A lantern lights this page. It is noon. Vertebrates in the walls. Fossily spines.

Number, stutter, curvature.

In the space, safely solitary, saturate with sense, my own...what assembles sensible only similar, and that’s okay...what obtains or remains can be observed as an object. To be encountered, not understood. Even me.

“Art is inseparable from the search for reality...”

...Realism, if it addresses the real, is inexhaustible” (L.H.)

Like looking at painting. House or museum. Everything both. Various watching.

Mulberries litter the landing and stairs with an acquired taste. Leaving stains, like everything we grow to love.

“A fragment is not a fraction...”

Safe to search reality, where it has died, where it seems so. “Seeming is believing” (L.H.).

Number, stutter, curvature.

Some berries you must not ingest but can still get caught by their thorns. Or the illness pukes out. A pulping.

Searching is not always distinguished.

Your space should form a shelter (within/without) bound to damage, rawly made. Secure but repercussive.

Epidemic depends on the exit.

Nettles and fireweed. The search for the fruits can be harsh.

It is almost dark. I must emerge.

N Filbert 2012