

I never wanted to write a story. Meaning-making through narrative, plot, character, or event always seemed too fabulant a way to any sort of truth or real experience, akin to fantastical and fanciful forced fabrications of scientific laboratories and their instruments, or religion and its rituals – the faux form fitting of whatever might “be” to a creed of crafted perception. “Truth,” I guess, something irrationally considered rational, a compress for closing systems, arbitrarily provable, a wandering path of decisions. Nothing real but the inventions that stir the idea, as if language was communication, or information statistical digits or mechanical impulses to compute.

First this, then that, inputs-outputs, a shapely flow, alpha-omega with anything in between: brackets, controllable, delineation like a map or topology, imposed models and reductions, grammars and styles.

The unwritable girl. “I wanna write one for you.” But it wouldn’t be a story, those are different times from experiencing “real.” Really. Language as a humorous and interesting game. The joy of play. All the words we make things to describe. *Conundrum*, for instance, *rationale*. Our fierce and fervent belief religiously founded on number based on...? Perceiving experience at small scale, at wishing it (the ‘real’?) mattered (or particled, or waved, ethered, atom’d, or dreamed). The fire, the fog, the boulders, liquids and smells...ways we might happen to happen. Or not.

Play with it then, shuffle and throw, but why trap yourself in a net? Why carve and dissect claustrophobic tunnels? Logic, alphabet, mythos, fable, number... interpreting dreams, mystical visions, the sweetness of inebriation and pretense or power...collaboration, collocation, conspiracy, and concept: *conundrum*.

The night is beautiful – 60s, dark, gentlest of breeze – leaves, tones, and some humans. Some people are different than others...scales of perception...our smallest scale, and ever so species-specific.

Like “human” “insect”: some mysterious combination of molecules and elements and “reptile.” Gosh we’re smart! We “feel” thins we think that we think (or say that we do, to one another – a lion might not understand). De-cide, de-termine (we’re all ways taking away, reducing, deducing, di-gitizing, di-viding, shrinking things in hopes to multiply). Foibled fantasies: our dreamwishes, our nightmares. We act (like). And we sure die. And, and, and and.

“In the beginning,” as daydream.

The unwritable, unwritten, unknown (what isn’t?)...that *is*?

One said: “beauty is fleeting.”

I wasn’t after beauty. But I adore it.

Perhaps intelligence, aesthetics, momentous meaning? Events?

No, that all comes and goes, momentarily.

Then what about her? A you? An other?

Such I cannot know, apparently.

The unwritable girl.

That which is unknown. Maybe unknowable. Who knows?

The weather feels (is perceived by me, sensate) as...pleasant. Pleasurable (desire met with satisfactions).

I am very small.

"She," less so.

She does not seem to be nothing.

I, at least, as remainder.

I never want to write a story.

Not language. Not that. Not a "real myth" or a "true legend." Something closer.

Closer to what?

Yes.



almost a story...instead, a song