

Polysemic Stupor

errrr, Zettel [“note”]

“the near-unconsciousness
of possible meanings”

And so again I begin to write...

...for a change...

...some five seconds...

activity,

actively,

way of being,

an other way of thinking, sensing, relation...

nothing new.

sensation swarms

birds, fog,

clouds, grass, air-breath,

blood, ink.

TO BE.

<perhaps to be a process?>

- what would it be to be a *thing*? –

~ an entity or organism...or something

ALIVE? LIVING?

(how would we know?)

...and so I begin to write...

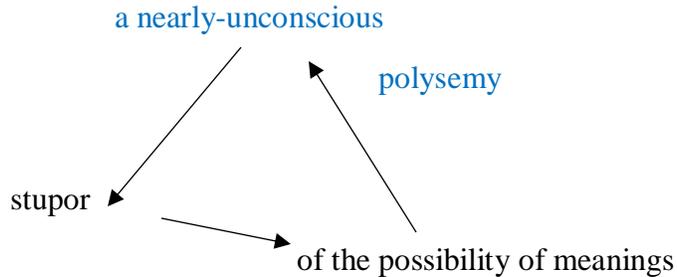
for to: “find”? “dis-(un)-cover”? “create”? “make”? compose possibility/-ies?

- exceedingly partial(ly)

There was (“I” noticed or perceived) <could I say “there is”?> a, an,

[unlikely]

(without admitting an incredibly finite perception, a confessional-booth claim to distortion and coloring, colluding of any conception of idea(l) of “the facts” which may be even further from the same dearly dreamt fantasies of “reality” let alone (for now) “Reality” – never having known what that might “mean”)



terribly terrific signs trembling in winds and waves

with everything / nothing

at their far sides

(if sides there be)

STOP! (i hear)

...and I begin to write...

in all these many languages,

gestures, marks and motions (textures, scripts, sounds, images, colors)

birds in motion – clouds –

continuously transforming (emotions, experiences, atmospheres and microbia...)

Element-al?

Alpha – bet – ic

AΩ

<notes | Zettel | notation>



perhaps...possibilities...? (for: “me”? “we”? “some”?)

Simply...”Don’t know”

...and so I begin to write...

My son asks about the life-changing events that populate his memories – when did they occur?

I think:

- I first touched a piano in..(?)

- according to this document I met Wendell Berry in..(?)

- Johannes Brahms (1987)

- Burgmuller (1982)

- Bach (1979)

- Knausgaard? Lispector? Cixous? Kafka?

Dostoevsky? Neruda? Merwin? Jabes?

- Richter? Van Gogh? Da Vinci? Derrida? Beckett? Blanchot? Harrison?

Modigliani? Schiele?

- Theresa? Dee Dee? Melanie? Lana? Amanda? Rebecca? The Hollies?

twins in Jerusalem? M?

- family? food? music? literature?

history? science? poetry? places?

Heidegger? Haydn? Handel? Hegel?

Borges? Cortazar? Kiefer? Socrates? Wittgenstein?

—————> What would not count as life-changing?
PAIN ----- DESIRE

1st touched, thought, dreamt, smelt,
tasted, heard, saw, felt...?

My writing differs from Wittgenstein.

“Zettel” all the same.

Polysemic

(+ add any other)

+ squirrel, car, HVAC, breeze, flow, mountain, motion...

living

traces

Harlequins (play) +
and Aliases (pretend/-se)

iterations, a
polysemic stupor
, WE

“...we are not really at home in our interpreted world”

-Rainer Maria Rilke, *Duino Elegies, I*

“and I see myself...” – Jon Fosse, *The Other Name*

What was it I set out to write?

Oh, nothing. (or, “Oh, I don’t know”)

...and so I begin to write...

...again

EVERYTHING seems like “other voices”

Words.

Perhaps writing is never made to agree or disagree with, only to experience or feel, to move things along...

NWF 9/11/2020