

This is a Collection

{open}

this is a collection a collection made of words this is a collection a collection made of words made with words made with words there are many kinds of words some are alive some dying we are dying all the time this collection a collection of words made of words the words they go out any which way they go in towards more words small ones medium ones big ones the biggest ones are dying all the time words come to take their place here is one word and this is another wait let us now track back now and begin to account properly we can never get behind ourselves so it begins with words

as this is a collection this is a collection made out of words the words are falling properly in place they are very well behaved do you behave do you behave all of the time do you behave some of the time i know you do i know you do do you behave all the time or some of the time but only the words are behaving very well but do i know you do very well do we not do at all very well what do we know of us we know very well at all we know we do we know we do but how but when but why what do we do at all or some of the time what do we know at all to start with but only words

so let us examine them properly come let us behave with them properly the collection is a collection of behaving words the words they are meant to this is their first nature the words that do not have it do not behave properly it can hardly be said of them to be behaving there are bad words good words and boring they are meant to go to sleep and sleep is the first order of things as it is it the first order of things another time i come upon another time and the first thing is to wake us from sleep the wakeful ones sleeping come let us now awake sleep behave properly

bad and bad makes bad bad and good makes bad bad and bad makes good good and good makes good good and good makes good good and bad makes bad only the bad and the good remain
the words are collapsing into themselves all the time like stars in time and good and bad makes for multiplication not condensed bad and good makes bad bad and bad makes good
there is many a wandering truth in this good and good makes good i am a bad sheep a bad sheep i am a bad sheep and all the good makes good i am a good sheep i am very well behaved
so i say so i say so i say

is this a good bad or a bad good what can i say is this a bad bad or a bad good what can i say is this bad or good what can i say too there are too many words and not enough good ones
when the clock strikes one i shall go up and eat when the clock strikes one i shall stop and eat but there is no clock strike there is no clock there are letters and ciphers in a circle
space it is very good it is bad i am in a bad place i must go and eat this can wait this can await the second coming there shall be a second coming in a second in a second in another
second really it is really hard to say

is it hard to say really let us come look at the words again the words they are all falling in place where is the word out of line where is the line out of words out of words i make
a line out of the words the line goes wide it is spacious the line goes and it goes the line goes back and the line goes again where is the line heading the line that is heading is the
name for the line also it is a name for all the other lines it follows it names what it names but evading where is the line out of words i am kidding where is the line going
out of words evading when and where and how and why

this is to say is the line ever done is there a line ever done what is a line to do when it is done it is to say the line is done the line is never done the line is done and then it is done the line that does the line that is done come let us look closer at the line that does at the line that closes when the line closes on itself we say of the line it is closed when the line is done with itself we say of the line it is a line how is a line ever done though what do we do with a line that closes we go on to the end of the line that closes and find another line

this is another line that closes this is another line that closes yet and yet again it closes it closes the lines are disclosing what is the color of the line that closes the color of the line that closes it is the color of a line that closes are the lines done yet come let us view the lines that are closing it closes and closes the lines are closed shut in the lines that come in a shuttle the lines are coming closer and closer and the color of the new line is the color of a new line that closes it closes too is what it discloses the color of the line that closes is a line that discloses

so let the lines close what are we seeing what i am seeing is the color of a line that closes there are many kinds of lines the lines that close not there is another kind of line the line that closes not not so when is the line not closed i see the color of a line that is not to be closed there are many kinds of lines this is one of them here is another line it is another one of them of them lines that do not close it has another more opening color it opens what was closed now it opens so let the lines close now grow close now let the lines open now we are living when the lines are open

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let us start starting later let us end later ending the lines have been closed all lines are busy now to talk of the color of a line that is not there when is a line ever not there we choose the right line we put things on lines the live lines are not for touching it is all touching what has this got to do with the lines is a line that supposes waiting for the lines running after the lines a collection of lines behaving in themselves a collection of lines falling in line falling in line with themselves it is a very good savor at the end of the line is the taste of the line that quenches

i do not know that is to be sure i do not see the lines coming back when they have gone away it seems i am looking for them from water from a great height there is no such thing let us come down from the trees we are looking for the taste of stone the words that fill the lines the lines have been padded with air how else can things be there is a gap that enables all things before the first emptying there was no light when nothing came to itself all things came to be there are very old lines that speak to this there are other kinds of lines that try to come close ever since

like what is there what is there what is there is it not it comes next and comes third so forth it seems to stop and go but never stops ever or else how can things ever stop growing there must be then another thing that swoops and closes and trims and makes the forms beautiful we have lots of it here and here and here if only the fish would call forth other fish what is happening to the fish they are changes you only have to close another way you only have to close another way you have to only close another only close another that way you will have come to the great fish of changes

the belly is a kind of drama the belly of the fish hides the ring there are things like these in the dreams in the dream of a song about a fish what does it got to do anyway we could have stayed with the trees what does it got to do anyway fish on a string a stranger comes a-knocking it knows all about these we call the stranger by names it has many names stranger and stranger it goes atop the trees the monkeys and the bellies of fish it builds and it builds and comes a knocking it makes all kinds of things behave by calling out the names by which they name in their sleep and their drumming dream songs the things they can name themselves

tarry awhile that all things can come to be must everything be come to be must everything that will come to be come to be of these why there are many qualities there are many qualities to fish isn't it from the collection we come to an awareness of many things these things make us well behaved but we are very committed to the fish to fish for things for lines and words and things there are many kinds of fishing we have come closer to the end of the expedition what are these things we bring to it in the very very end we do know the little we are left to carry we can carry more or less nothing

but yet but yet it can be said we carry them by their names the fish but the fish do not respond so they are not names they are not about fish for that matter they only seem that way but who can tell nobody was asking the fish how they wished to call themselves so the fish turned on their bellies and made the waters bare fetid fish stinking into the coagulated seas but what is there what is there there these things are going out of hand now return now to the matter of the tank which contains particularly kinetic kinds of fish imagine beyond the fishes' ken is a world of strange air

so how to talk about the line so how to talk about collection how to talk about omelettes omelettes not soup the soup is not the test an omelette yes no omelette ever the same the perfect kind of dish comes next the perfect kind of cooking the chimneys choke the air what is happening is you were getting to the end of the line before the line at the end before the line at the end you were getting ahead of that line of that line and that and that you were tasting ahead of the end of the line and the line is gasping the end of line must come at the end of the line water comes down from the heavens nerves in a line it curves

see when we speak of lines we are speaking of curvy lines too water comes out of us in a line it sputters everything is water if we can speak of many kinds of clotted water the lines go back and forth but mostly downward we are solving the riddle of the page many pages are there many other ways a line can curve so it curves but mostly downward when we follow the line it goes depending on the manner of the mouth that is mouthing the body it issues out of too fine broken lines is the collection a collection of words it is a collection of lines water comes down in lines gathers in a pool and is water all the way

with that and that too it depends water has nothing to do with it in a sense in another sense these lines are meant to mean how like this do these lines mean how these lines are meant to mean and meaningfully are the lines you have found meaning meaningfully who is to say how are words that come to rest here meaning meaningfully by their curves are these lines meaning meaningfully by their curves is there a meaning to be found the curves go which way and that yours go that way and this way things are made to be put in mouths all things are made of curves the curves are kinds of lines they are meant to be meaningfully

and the rest is fish

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it goes atop the trees the monkeys and the bellies of fish it builds and it builds and comes alike what is there what is there what is there is it not it comes next and comes third and so forth it seems the time is closing on one second another second another the time is always happening on the but who can tell nobody was asking the fish how they wished to call but yet but yet it can be said we carry them by their names the fish but the fish do not respond and the rest is fish stayed with the trees what does it got to do anyway fish on a string a stranger comes a-knocking

in their sleep and their drumming dream songs the things they can name themselves in the dream of a song about a stone fish what does it got to do anyway we could have so how to talk about the line so how to talk about collection how to talk about omelettes omelettes not soup the soup is not the test an omelette yes no omelette ever the same the perfect kind of dish knocking it makes all kinds of things behave by calling out the names by which they name to the end of the line before the line at the end before the line at the end you were getting i do not know

that is to be sure i do not see the lines coming back when they have gone to the matter of the tank which contains particularly kinetic kinds of fish imagine beyond the fishes' ken
to mean how like this do these lines mean how these lines are meant to mean and see when we speak of lines we are speaking of curvy lines too water comes out of us in a line it sputters
behaved but we are very committed to the fish to fish for things for lines and words and things tarry awhile that all things can come to be must everything be come to be must everything
that will the belly

is a kind of drama the belly of the fish hides the ring there are things like these in the dreams in a sense in another sense these lines are meant things we bring to it at the very very end
we do know the little we are left to carry back and forth but mostly downward we are solving with the lines away it seems i am looking for them from a great height there is no such thing
let us come the riddle of the page many pages are there many other ways sit here and here and here if only the fish would call forth other fish what is happening ahead of that line of that
line and that and that you were tasting ahead

of the end of the line have found meaning meaningfully come to be come to be of these why there are many qualities there are many qualities to who is to say how are words that come
to rest to stop and go but never stops ever or else how can things ever stop growing there must be but what is there what is there there these things are going out of hand now return
now themselves so the fish turned on their bellies and made the waters bare fetid fish stinking you only have to close another only close another that way you will have come lines is
the collection a collection of words

it is a collection of lines water comes down in lines comes next the perfect kind of cooking the chimneys choke the air what is happening is you were getting all to this the lines have been padded with air how else can things be if there is a gap that enables all things the coagulated seas a world of strange air so they are not names they are not about fish for that matter they only seem that way heavens in a line it curves before the first emptying there was no light when nothing came to itself all things depending on the manner of the mouth that is mouthing the body it issues out of fine broken

there are many kinds of fishing we have come closer to the end of the expedition what are these curves is there a meaning to be then another thing that swoops and closes and trims and makes the forms beautiful we have lots of line it is another one of them of them lines that do not close it has another more opening color it opens what meaningfully are the lines you are to be studied meaningfully and the line is gasping the end of line must come at the end of the line water comes down from the great fish of changes it is all about these we call the stranger by names it has many names stranger and stranger

come close ever since down from the trees we are looking for the taste of water the words that fill the lines if everything is water we can speak of many kinds of clotted water the lines go back fish isn't it from the collection we come to an awareness of many things these things make us well made to be put in mouths all things are made of curves the curves are kinds of lines we found the curves go which way we can carry more or less nothing and that yours go that way and this way things gather in a pool and is water all the way water has nothing to do with it

with that and that too it depends

{Lyrical Interlude}

Her heart beating, speeding, read ever so slowly.

Her heart beating, speeding more, read desire in the eyes.

Her heart beating, speeding, read more desire in the eyes.

More desire in the eyes that ever so slowly.

Awkwardness at the door.

Awkwardness at the door returned.

Awkwardness at the door returned, made for.

Aw.

Turned on, he returned, made for.

Her heart beating, speed.

Read ever so slowly, returned and secretly thrilled.

Exactly the same.

Made for exactly the same, keeping the volume low.

He, omm, aw, turn, keeping the volume low.

Made for, approached with.

Keeping the volume low, approached with wine.

Approached with wine turning to her.

Wine turning to her.

Slipped off her.

Approached, slipped off her.

Oom, aw, turn, he pulled down.

He pulled down.

He pulled down, keeping the volume low.

He pulled down to her.

Wine turning to elf, he took.

So quiet her.

So quiet her knees.

Wanted to remain her, come back here.

Wine turning to her, I wanted to remain her.

The dim light of the living.

I wanted to remain her, come back here, I mean.

Again, he asked.

Come back here again, he asked.

I mean, remember the flowe

I mean, floating

He asked, remember the flow

Floating away, do you now.

But all of a sudden I was like.

Away, do you.

But all of a sudden I was like whispering that was the night

Whispering

Telling

Whispering telling

That was the night

I'd really and truly fallen.

But all of a sudden I was like whispering telling exactly what had happened.

And when I.

Whispering that was the night I'd really and truly fallen

and when I ended in—a big one, one of the worst.

How to respond, and all.

And when I ended in how to respond and all.

What was I doing.

Made it sound like it was you, but when I think back

Now, no matter.

It was, it wasn't about you, or us, or even you

How to handle that - not then, and not now, no matter, losing control.

It was you, but when I think back

Now, sip and lower the glass, spin the stem.

I was centered.

I thought so

But now I'm not so sure.

Why would you say that but now I'm not so sure.

Why would you say that exactly.

I was centered but now I'm not so sure.

Time to consider.

Exactly he held his silence.

Do you want, he finally asked.

Exactly.

Exactly he finally asked.

He held his silence, time to consider.

He held his silence.

He finally asked.

NOTES

{Lyrical Interlude} comes from a rendition of *Excepts, Lacunae* (unpublished by the author),
an erasure performed on page 54 of *The Best of Me*, Nicholas Sparks (New York: Grand Central Publishing, 2011).