

# CERTAIN CONSIDERATIONS

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*Where our language suggests a body and  
there is none: there, we should like to say, is  
a spirit.*

—Wittgenstein

OR

*Swallow my words, taste my thoughts.  
And if it's too nasty, spit it back at me.*

—Lil Wayne



# Interrogations

## Interrogation #1

Take one of the fingers. A little more info, retinal response, stertorous and sputtered confessions. There's a spatial anomaly drifting over sand dunes, under blue skies, over the Euphrates and Tigris simultaneously. Great spreading vast field of democratic ontology, re-wiring the synapses of the old Orient, remapping land rights with variances more in line with our needs. Take the chair and eat your words, that's your only sustenance today.

Cracked teeth and jawbone, simulated sex and fecal matter, ropes and wires. Water, life source and electromagnetic evil. Drifting over blackened skies and earth turned to glass by a surgical glare, high above it all down there tied to the chair. Blackwater doctrine,

Whitepaper constitution, simulacra cloned in an exponential refraction of nothing, return to zero, the great zero beyond and a negative density fulfilling an infinite expansion.

### Interrogation #2

On your side, you look up. Rememory dilutes itself and morphs into disguise. Tender, quiet deceiving moment of tranquility. Subcutaneous. A distant memory. Anxious *erectores pilorum*, hair raised, blood flow, the fight or flight instinct is disassembled, the langerhans cells breached by urea, the basement membrane probed, prodded just enough to tickle the adipose layer, out of curiosity really, like a child who wonders what happens to a fly when its wings are plucked.

### Interrogation #3

The isothermal zodiac has shifted on its axis. The ghost of Humboldt rides on the updrafts like an ancient condor over astrological Aztec shrines. Oracular principals reanimate themselves like a lonely man pleasuring himself—redoubled, the civic mission of empire greets borders with excitement, like a blushing bride, great tectonic drift towards the wavefunc-



tion collapse, wide smooth brane and dark matter out there somewhere curling its finger in an enticing manner, like a lady of the night, inviting us to our end. You there, in the chair, look at me when I'm speaking. Desquamation gets you nowhere. Your skin is only so thick, and I have my ways around that. Take these pliers, for example. Battery acid works well, too.

## Plato

**T**he battlefield was abandoned in favor of the clear blue sky. Shrubs, boulders, clay walls, rocky cliffs, the wine-dark sea? It wasn't so much that anything was lacking as there was a lacking in the greatest of all wars. There was too much of the actual flesh and blood of the dead. Shadows come and go as the sun arcs through the sky. Prayers are spoken, sometimes (accidentally) answered. More often ignored, or fallen on deaf ears. But then there's always home. The familiar streets; clean, high walls; malls, Jiffy Lubes, animal hospitals; flowerbeds, fire escapes, movie theaters, sidewalks, windows, some looking out some in. All points wind up the same at very small or very large scales. It's just our scale that matters. This particular scale in which everything is held together for our bemusement and sometimes convenience.

My smile tickles me when I see it in the mirror or reflected in the window of a parked car. I'm pleased by a passing glance or a fleeting breast glimpsed from the side on the boat or ship that I was on, scudding over white caps and *tursiops truncatus*. I couldn't have seen that far ahead, what with the spray, the fog, the calamitous upheaval, offshore oil wells jutting up from the horizon as proud and tall as broken teeth. .

The boat was just a scene from a recurring dream, which made little sense since I have no interest in boats, and have only been on a few, not counting canoes, and never really think much about water, unlike the countless others who, waxing poetic, have sung their odes to the sea, to rivers, to babbling brooks, and of course, even to ponds. Give me a desert any day. Dry, barren and unobtrusive. Filled with prickly plants and poisonous skittering creatures with scales or clacking exoskeletons.

I've caught myself so many times turning quickly to face the mirror with the hopes of catching myself unaware. As many times as I've tried, I've failed. Once I came close. Out of the corner of my eye. To catching myself unaware. But then, just as quickly I was aware, and all unawareness was lost, slipped behind that screen of certainty or the solidity of "presence."

I don't let it bring me down though. This is sim-

ply a side effect of the fact that in the skin one finds bones, behind the eye one finds the soul, and under the hair is the head. This simple arrangement shouldn't be confused with "existence" per se, though it goes a long way toward it. Really it's just an assemblage or a phenomenological extrapolation.

The wider realm of things are not so particular. A brief history of the future is all behind us. In looking back I forgot that I was turning around and found myself in a new and unusual territory. I was surrounded by hovering lights that seemed just out of reach, and yet despite the lights I was still standing in shadow, vague shapes coalescing around me, though too blurry and indistinct to label one way or the other. They could have been phantoms, or perhaps they were more substantial entities of this world, of flesh and blood, or maybe they were half and half, occupying some emergent holographic scenario neither here nor there, measured in terms of entropy. But then I realized it was a scene from my recurring dream, which meant I was probably dreaming still and was reassuring since, if I was awake and strange critters were circling me, neither here nor there, neither fully of this world nor of the "beyond," occupying the place between, I might have been terrified. In a dream, though, it makes perfect sense. Those are the types of things one hopes to

dream about. The strange compelling odd and unusual things that perplex the mind in the waking moments fully entertained in the freedom of the dreamworld, where suddenly the mind is able to work unhindered, where synapses fire at will, unimpeded by the rhetoric of skepticism.

When I wake I'm totally rested. But that doesn't mean much. I drink a beer at my kitchen table, then another. After six I decide that I've had enough. Looking around at the barren cupboards, bare bulb and dripping sink, I realize there is much to do. (Now standing) there in the middle of the room I look around. Forgetting to notice anything that amounts to nothing, I stand there for an unknown amount of time.

"It couldn't be here." That's what came to my mind. That it couldn't be here. I don't know what that means, but I tried to let my mind absorb it, like the recurring dream of the boats or the strange not-here-not-there creatures. But I couldn't get my mind around it. It was obvious that being awake had cruelly hindered my mind in its wanderings.

After thinking for a moment longer, I came to a conclusion that was already there and had been for a couple thousand years: "We are wrong when we say they 'are', since nothing ever is, but everything is coming to be."

## Certain Considerations

I was sitting in a chair at my kitchen table drinking a glass of cheap red wine and thinking about invariance. It was night and the bare bulb over the table cast a wan and flaccid glow over the table. My thoughts on invariance were interrupted by the question of what exactly I was going to do tonight, if anything other than what I was doing at that moment. It seemed like I should do something. Then again, I could stay where I was, sipping my wine and contemplating broken symmetry. What is symmetry? Is that broken time since you might say that time is broken symmetry? Can you break time? What would happen if you did break time? We all know that time and space are assumed to be intertwined. Someone once suggested a curious reversal: the timing of space and the spacing

of time. What would happen if space became time and time space? Would everything stand still and dissolve at the same time? We have time because we need time. Because we can think time. We have space because we need space. Because we can feel space. Time happens to us. We happen to space. Is that true?

I took another a sip of wine, leaned back in my chair and, even though I hate them, imagined puffing away contentedly on a fat cigar, billows of smoke rising up to the ceiling in the dull light of the bare bulb. Had time slowed? I wondered. I felt space on my arms, or the way I displaced space. Is space only the displacement of space? Could space exist without displacement? It would be nothing without something in it, space. Or maybe there isn't any space, there is only broken symmetry, maybe perfect space is perfect symmetry. These questions had been bothering me for quite some time. There will always be things we can't comprehend. There are the things we can't comprehend now that we will eventually comprehend. Does that mean there are things we can't comprehend now and will never comprehend? Is it only a matter of time until we comprehend everything? Maybe that's the only purpose of time, to allow for the infinite becoming of comprehension. Comprehension in its totality is beyond comprehension. That would be invariance.

Maybe the being of existence is only the act of comprehending. Would Heidegger agree? And maybe all the fucked up people throughout history are merely the result of an invariant comprehension frozen in a specific moment of time of which they are the dictator. The totalitarian control of a moment of comprehension, stasis of comprehension is totalitarian. Stasis is the destruction of the movement of comprehension through time.

Is history only a collection of moments frozen in invariant time? To stop time is to break time, since time's main function is to move forward. Invariant time, then, is history. Or history is invariant time. That's a curious thought, I thought, taking a sip of wine.

I couldn't help but wonder if all these heady thoughts might be blamed on the wine. It occurred to me, with most of the bottle gone, that maybe I needed a walk, you know, clear the head in the cold January night. And who knows what may or may not happen out there? What could be expected? What could be lost or gained out there in the cold, cold night. So I finished what was in my glass, bundled up and headed out after turning off the light over the table.

On the sidewalk I flipped a coin to decide between north and south or east and west. East and west won. I



flipped again to decide between east and west and west won. So I headed toward the river and whatever its cold waters held in store for me. I followed the overhead tracks, trains clanging, occasional sparks flying and lighting up the cold night air like a summer lightning storm. There were a few shops still open with their neon signs for haircuts, cold beer, drugs. Cars cruised, and double parked, and honked at one another, their headlights insistent and beaming like they were looking in frustration for something in the dark that they couldn't find. I stuck to the sidewalk, thinking back to my thoughts from the the kitchen table.

There's also duration, or the idea of duration. The question that suddenly popped into my head, though, was whether or not I was simply inventing these problems, these questions. But then, maybe there is nothing but invention when it comes to questions, at least new questions. And it's new questions which combat the totalitarianism of invariant comprehension and thwart the stasis of time frozen by the violent comprehension that makes history and also gives rise to frozen moments of terrorism. Perfect totalitarianism, or the goal of any totalitarian regime, is simply the total ban on questions, total stasis, the complete invariance of time, the infinite perpetuation of the regime.

When I got to the river several blocks past where

the train veers over the bridge and the sky is finally visible, I was surprised to find the river locked in ice. Along the shore the ice was thick and unbroken, a thin layer of snow blanketing it. Farther out, the ice was breaking up and occasionally a piece would shear off and slowly drift downriver. The center of the river was completely free of ice except for some imposing chunks, which were floating down from the upper Hudson where the weather was much colder and the ice shelf thickens until it breaks under its own weight. I spent a few minutes watching the ice and thinking about duration until the cold got to me.

This calls for a bracing drink, I said to the silent river, my breath billowing out of my mouth like a gossamer tail unfurling, or the silent cloud of all the words I will never speak. I watched as my breath, my pneuma, drifted out over the ice and sailed away down the river with all the silent dark water and the silent white blocks of ice making their way out to sea like a herd of spectral creatures.

\* \* \*

I took a seat at the bar and ordered my drink. There were only a few drinkers, it being a cold Tuesday night. I sipped my bourbon, Elijah Craig to be precise, and thought about nothing, or failed to think about nothing, or rather, failed to think nothing since you'd have to be brain-dead to think nothing. You could think about nothing easily enough. That's what I was doing, thinking about nothing and how it was impossible to think nothing. I couldn't decide if that was uplifting or demoralizing. I suppose it was somewhere in the middle: one of those things we often come across in our daily lives, like the fact that our military is occupying foreign lands, and bloodshed continues to be the world's preferred method of conflict resolution whether first world or third. This year of 2010—our scientific understanding of the Universe reaches ever deeper into the dark Unknown, but state sanctioned murder is still as much the norm as it was for the ancient Romans, as if blood shed is simply a necessary byproduct of being a Nation. We might pursue the Higgs boson with unrelenting fervor and indefatigable persistence, but avoiding war seems too much trouble. There had been many nights I'd lied in

bed and tried to wrap my mind around the idea. We kill people in vast numbers. It's as simple as that. And there is a very intricate network of validating nodules of thought that we weave together in order to rationalize this nearly incomprehensible fact. The Other as enemy is one of the preferred nodules. This one is the easiest to plug into a populace through fictional TV shows, news feeds, and policy reports. The Other as enemy nodule ties in very well to the Homeland as a nation of faithful, democratic and peace loving citizens nodule—despite the incongruence of a democratic government manipulating truth in order to deceive its populace into believing that the manufactured Other is a limitless horde of evildoers, hellbent on destroying our peace-loving lifestyle. I always get preachy when I'm drunk.

I was perplexed in the morning because I didn't remember getting home. But there I was, in bed, my keys on the floor next to the pile of my clothes. For a second I had the strange sensation that I had left the door open last night and that someone else was in my house. This created a slightly vertiginous sensation, as if I was standing at the top of a very high mountain that came to a point on which I had to balance, which was made more difficult because of high winds, or that I was a rock climber on a multi-day climb, the kind

where the climbers sleep in harness-like hammocks fastened to the cliff-face. In other words, I felt very exposed and at the same time that if I rolled out of bed I would fall thousands of feet to my death. But when I crawled from bed I found that the floor was still beneath my feet and that the door was indeed closed and locked and the security chain was up, so I had no reason for concern.

## Photograph

**T**hat pull toward the semblance of reality, when words attempt to coalesce in simple recognizable patterns, only implies something worthwhile. There's not always a way out. Or even a way in. I'm sitting on tired haunches, keeled slightly forward under an accretion of events that have showered me with their will. Not that I have a better offer on the table. I've taken steps to remove what might be called meaning from my world of meaning. What remains? The tall table, the four chairs, an old persian rug picked up at a flea market years earlier, the kitchen with its appliances, the walls with their paint, the windows with their view out onto the street. Even the remains of remains wither away into the delightful evening mists. I might head out there, leave this room, take a stroll.

Without a proper approach, I run the risk of a longer period of remorse, after forgetting what was expected of me. Long silences wrap this house with

their tendrils—a longer silence than usual, as I recline on this divan dreaming of slippery little words. I could be no more than a survivor of parables, the mountain's highest peaks now kissed with the first of winter snow. High unreachable peaks that can still be seen in the cool dark moonlight towering over this town with a silent height.

I could watch or stay or fail better than any of them, the others here, that is, in this town. If I settled here it was only because it seemed as likely a place as anywhere. The sidewalks, the streets, the trees, the houses, the markets and laundromats all give a pleasing sense of home.

On another day I'm not even sure anymore where I am. The high peaks are hidden in cloud. The garbage truck rumbles by outside, the garbage man whistles to the driver to move down the block. The breaks squeal. I hear the bags and other trash being thrown into the back of the truck. The truck moves down the street and I hear it turn the corner, then all is silent again. I get bored sitting in my kitchen. I figure I might as well head out into the evening. It's not late. It is still light out but quickly turning to dusk. Why is the garbage truck running now? They always collect early in the morning, usually waking me up with their clatter. But now it is almost evening. I head out to my local beer hall,

still mystified by the disjointed or spectral garbage truck.

I take a seat at one of the long tables in the backyard. There is a light crowd. People sit around murmuring to each other. The evening is young and the drinkers are still subdued. A stein is placed in front of me. I take a nice draw on it, immediately refreshed by the suds. I look around. There's not much action. I see a woman with blindingly snow-white hair. She is young, sitting by herself, which seems strange. You don't often see a young woman sitting alone at a beer hall. She has a camera. Maybe she's a German tourist and she came here to be reminded of home. Would I go to an American restaurant, one of those faux-retro diners, if I was visiting Germany? Not likely. But who can say what the heart will long for? She looks German, or maybe Finnish, with her fair skin, nearly translucent, and her straight, nearly translucent hair.

Working on my second beer, my mind drifting off, now to the mountain tops, now contemplating the disjointed or spectral garbage truck spewing its foul exhaust, I realize someone has sat down next to me. I glance out of the corner of my eye. I feel an urge to conceal my interest. It's the girl with the white hair. I can feel her observing me. I ignore her. I'm not in the mood to socialize, although her beauty isn't lost on me. Or maybe that's why I'm not in the mood to socialize:



beauty always intimidates me. So I just keep drinking my beer and staring straight ahead. I'm not even thinking that much now, not about the distant mountain tops or the disjointed or spectral garbage truck spewing its foul exhaust. My head is strangely empty. Is that a bad thing? I don't think so, but there is a voice in the back of my head crying out for me to talk to the lovely girl. But then there's another voice warning me off. Don't get involved, it says. It'll only lead to trouble.

There is a sudden red glow coming from the direction of the girl. Finally, I can't help but look at her. She is pointing her camera at me. The red pre-flash lamp is lit up, and when I look at her I see the bright red point. She lowers the camera and gives an open and sweet laugh.

"Strange," I think, "that this pretty girl should be so aggressive."

"I know," she says as if I had spoken out loud. "I was bored and you seemed to be sitting here all alone. So I thought I'd come over and say hello."

"You're not German," I say.

"No, why would you think that?"

"The camera."

"I like to take pictures."

## A Door and a Chair

**H**e was sitting on a chair in a small room, really not much larger than a closet or a shower. He would have preferred something a little more like a chateau or a barn. He took a moment to go over the day's events, which didn't add up to much and consumed only a brief moment of his time, since he couldn't recall any. While this didn't exactly depress him, he certainly wasn't ecstatic. There were many different ways for him to express this shortcoming, but they all escaped him. So he decided his best bet was to get up from the chair. I will stand up immediately and try the door, with the hopes that it hasn't been locked from the other side with the intent of keeping me here. That would be devastating because I would in effect be stuck in here. And seeing as how there doesn't seem to be any food or a place to relieve myself, I'm sure I'll be uncomfortable before long. Why he wasn't al-

ready uncomfortable escaped him. But he figured he must not have been sitting there for long. He had a bad sense of time in the first place and an even worse memory. In fact, he had a recurring dream of being in a play where he knew all his lines for the first act, but in the second act his mind went blank. And when he called for lines nobody whispered him the words he was meant to speak, leaving him to stand there dumbly in the spotlight. He blamed his lousy memory on drink, being one not to hesitate at an open bottle of bourbon, nor to see any drawbacks in polishing one off once it was open. Though right now he didn't have that tell-tale pulsing in the head that came after a bender. He felt fine in most regards except for the fact that he was beginning to feel, tickling him in a vague, ineluctable way, the first inkling of a claustrophobic tension, as if, defying the physics of the real, the walls were in fact constricting around him.

He carefully inspected the corners until he was satisfied that there wasn't any hidden grooves there that would allow the walls to actually slide in toward him. They seemed solid enough. Solid enough, he said out loud.

Forgetting his decision to leave the room, he sat back down on the chair. A chair is a fine thing when you have nothing else. Of course, he would have pre-

ferred a thickly leathered club chair or, even better, an ornate day bed on which he could stretch out to his full height (which was neither particularly tall nor remarkably short). But no, there was only this simple bare wood chair with no cushion. The fact that he was permitted only this measly piece of furniture hinted at a malevolent force at work. Invisible perhaps, but an evil to be reckoned with. How does one reckon with an invisible evil? Laughter helps. He gave that a whirl but found that the laughter died in his throat. He was not in the mood to think of something funny enough to make him laugh the laugh of the believer. And he certainly was in no mood to fake laughter. He didn't have the energy for acting. What's more, this savvy, inimical, omniscient force would likely see through his charade. A force doesn't become so evil and all seeing without enough acumen to avoid getting taken for a rube. The chair was hard under his ass. It was a clear and present anger calling to him from the hardness of the chair where his ass was already beginning to chafe and throb from the unforgiving seat.

If I ever get out of here, he thought to himself, I'll do everything in my power to find out who's accountable for this and to hold them accountable. He was livid. Just the thought of getting his hands on the responsible party/ies made the blood run to his face. He clenched

his hands into fists at his side. He restrained an overwhelming desire to lash out at the walls themselves, understanding that in the brief flurry of blows he might experience a brief moment of respite from his preoccupation with his situation, pain would quickly follow as his knuckles and palms were bruised or lacerated by the unflinching walls, which would be mud in his eye and underscore his helplessness and humiliation.

So he stayed seated and practiced his breathing exercises. His doctor had recommended them for his superficial phlebitis. But he had found that the exercise did little to alleviate that condition. He held out hope, though, that this exercise might somehow be more suited to his current predicament, which remained an enigma.

He tried to remember why it was that he was sitting on this hard chair in the small room that resembled a closet or a shower but found himself unable to come up with any answers. He stood and made a circuit around the chair. Given the short distance this was over almost immediately, even though he had slowed his pace to a near crawl to drag it out as long as possible. How annoying, he thought, to not be able to kill a little time by taking a circuit around a chair, the distance being so short as to negate any benefit of making the trip in the first place. He briefly considered simply

making multiple trips around the chair and thereby achieving a “cumulative” effect and, with any luck, killing a little time. But after considering the ramifications, he realized that once he was underway he might have no way to end his circuit around the chair. It could easily turn into an infinite loop whereby once triggered, it became a sort of maximal, thus eternal, circuit, a fate he realized would be at the very least equal to his current situation, and so he would have exerted an untold amount of energy to no end. There was nothing he hated more than wasting energy unnecessarily. So he sat back down on the hard chair.

He heard a noise from the other side of the door. He couldn't make out what it was. It sounded like it could be something as minor as rats in the rafters or a dog sniffing at the base of the door. But he had no way of telling because the noise was too faint. When he looked at the door expectantly, hoping that the sound was the sound of someone approaching and not rats in the rafters after all, a funny and embarrassing thought occurred to him: What if the door wasn't even locked? It seemed too much of an impossibility to even submit his fevered brain to considering. He found himself, sitting there on the hard chair, suddenly overcome by a desire to leap at the heavy door and turn the knob with all his might. Instead, he chose a more dignified ap-

proach. He stood, straightening his cuffs and smoothing his pants with his hand. Then he walked slowly up to the door, looking up and to the left to let the door think that he wasn't all that interested in it, that in fact there were far more interesting things in the room to look at. In the back of his mind he entertained the thought that, even if the door was locked, it might let down its guard long enough to be taken by surprise. In either case, he sidled up to the door and gave the knob a tentative turn. Lo and behold! with virtually no effort on his part (certainly none wasted!) the knob happily turned and gave a contented click as the latch retracted from the strike plate and the door swung open!

## Waltzing Matilda

*Reno, Nevada*

*September 21, 2018*

I am a traveling salesman. I work out of my trunk selling a variety of cut rate medical devices. The biggest seller is our implantable cardioverter defibrillator. Our brand comes from China, and so far they have a fine track record with top AMA certification. But that's beside the point. Even deep in the heart of the matter there remains a dark mystery. An unplumbable elusiveness that not even the defibrillator can light up. True, we have come a long way. There's the integration and alignment of IT which dovetails with the medical device industry, IBM being true innovators in that field. But like I said, I'm just a salesman,



with a strange compulsion to listen to my head.

The traveling salesman might be a dying breed. But despite B2B and Virtual Bulk Contracting, all done via the ether, boots on the ground and a face behind the product still goes a long way. So I eke out my existence in towns like Reno where there's a good balance of aging sunbirds and high-cholesterol diets and a brisk trade in heart disease. I'm not cynical, it's just that this is where I'm most needed. Then there're cities such as Detroit, Nashville, Pittsburg, Columbus. I have my circuit. And every town has its refuge for the dying breed. So now it's a Wild Turkey Rare Breed rocks. Picked up another hospital today which meets my Region Two quota. Then it's off the midwest. That's where I really make my bread and butter. The cornfed are the most prone to faulty tickers. For now, I've got a day or two to hit the slots and take in some southwest sun.

Time's the history maker. The ruse of passing time is the great ruse of our thinking. And then there is the bar, the real, timeless simulacra. Oxymoron? Likely. But that's the only way to go, thinking-wise. The great in-between or collision ... one way or the other. Timeless light, timeless music, timeless drink. Or maybe we should say timeful light, timeful music, timeful drink and, of course, timeful or timeless

men and women. I find myself a timeful woman, with a face that reads years like a magazine, flipping the pages easily with little purpose other than browsing or passing time on a plane, stopping here and there to register something of interest before moving on. I'm Matilda, she says, which fits her like a tree growing up through cracks in a rock. Her platinum blond hair piled high on her head. Her cleavage poolside-brown and eager. Her lips full and heavy with red. Her eyes bright and tightened by a stolon of crow's-feet. In short, gorgeous and in complete command of herself, just a bit boozy now at a little past five, shining her bright eyes on me with the unassuming and open-minded candor of someone with nothing to lose, but not the nothing to lose of the desperate, or the nothing to lose of the Saint, but the nothing to lose of someone wise enough to know that there's nothing to gain that can't be lost in any of an infinite number of ways, and who isn't frightened at all by that prospect.

## Brain Hole

One day, while sunning myself on my porch, my mind was wandering and it settled on the question of what actually makes a tomb a tomb? I don't know, I've never read a manual on it, so i couldn't say. It might just be that any old thing will work as a tomb, like a car or a bed or a kitchen table if a sheet is draped over the cadaver, though arguably the tomb would not stand the test of time nor would it protect the cadaver from whatever wayward carrion or other curious creatures might happen upon it. If a lake was used for a tomb there would be the problem of bloating and subsequent buoyancy, though if nothing intervened eventually the cadaver would sink to the bottom. In fact, I heard once or read somewhere that bodies are quite well preserved at the bottom of deep, cold lakes, so that might not make such a bad tomb.

But what about the fish? Wouldn't they be tempted at the very least to take a nibble or two out of the flesh of the cadaver, and even if they found the taste unsavory, over time, enough fish would replace the fish who had already ascertained the unsavoriness of the cadaver and would be inquisitive themselves, pecking at the cold corpse in succession until enough newly inquisitive fish had succeeded in stripping it of most of its flesh, assuming that it wasn't a dead lake or had no fish in it in the first place. In the end, though, does that really matter? What's the big deal if one's cadaver is plucked of its flesh?

\* \* \*

**B**ut why I was wondering about tombs and lakes and fish in the first place is beyond me. My mind tends to wander. I'm always curious about how words eke their way out of one's brain hole or whatever it is that words seep out of. Is it a brain hole? The words have to come out of something that precedes the words coming out of the mouth or being written by the hands or whatever other vehicle of pantomime we use to convey these words. The fact is they first come out of the brain hole. But even before that they have to be generated by something. If

they come out the brain hole we can assume they are created a priori by the brain, for which the brain hole merely serves as equipment for getting the words from the brain out into the world. But where in the brain do they come from and why?

## Heideggard

**T**he time between when I had first been told of my visit and when I actually had it seemed very finite, but the more I looked at it the more it blossomed into some sort of eruptive, grand event. That interim that opens from a very small finite point into that bigger more impressive one makes me want to crawl in and pull the door shut. I wouldn't argue against it but then in the end it's a tall tree that leaves you under its shade to contemplate all those things that you didn't think you could even imagine, nonetheless contemplate. When one dreams or even if one thinks about all the things that one does to get from point A to point B maybe one realizes that in the end what is really going on is simply a waste of time. Or if it isn't a waste of time then maybe it begins to feel good. Maybe it's just about tracing the thoughts as they happen,

not simply telling a story but more like listening to the strange whispers that come out of one's head. It's the sound of rough spectacle. A sound of light flashing off the wall or the smell of dust hovering over the parched, golden grass of a summer meadow. There are trees there, too, dark green knotty cypress trees with thick roots digging into the rocky soil. The shadows smell, you know. They have a smell of their own, as if the lack of light emits some sort of olfactory sense. There're also whispers of ideas. I can see full hewn ideas that actually make sense and want to come out into the air but when I look at them they are really just a mesh of memories. There are so many intersecting memories that it baffles my mind. But they are all images, very few sounds. There is a summer house on the outskirts of Copenhagen. Then that was over. And something else: mountains, lips, eyes blue and blond hair and other things.

Her name was Beatrice, like from Dante or something like that. I dream about it, you know? The disappearing, the dream figure fading into the shadows of the night wall. The dropping off.

The rest comes across as pasty and meat. My meat is the fulsome stench of high handed braiding. My ingrown was a cast out from even a teen's full clenched breasts or maybe just her nightstick which came down

hard and fast on my aching temple. Too many truncheons to fight off, a last mad dash for the barricades. Making a charge for the back of the room I tipped the coffee table over. You might have heard the call, the laughing of the dell in the dale of the tale of the fox in the hen of the wood in the chain of what together we might call life. Present not the hand if not ready you be in hand. Or wait a moment if in yourself you don't feel your heart or your hand. Not in yourself, but inward the self should truly stand.