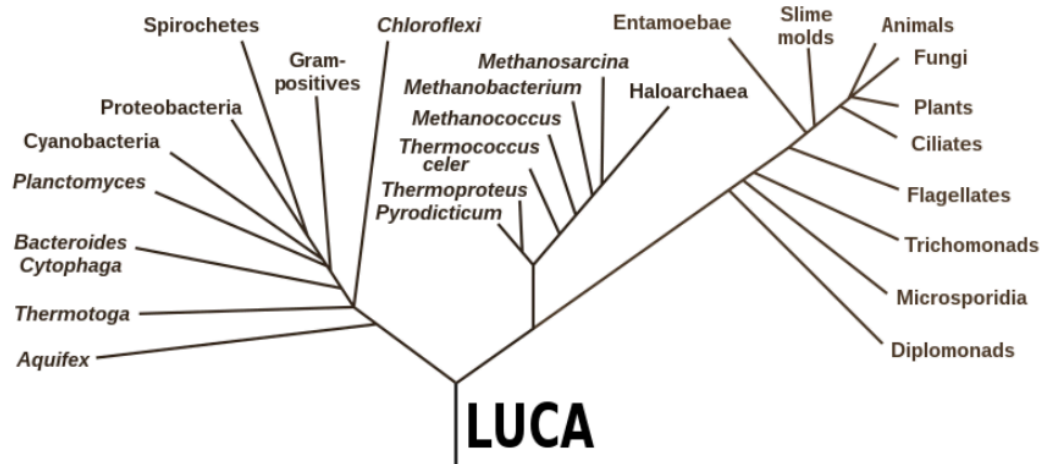


Perpetually attempting to soar

In my father's house there are many rooms.



But all life is connected by the desire for it.

Love your one cell.

Love fucking.

Love life without knowing why, the way light loves the surface of water, the way your first relationship happens, because we could not see beyond it, because I was there and you were too.

Ants go to war, shiver in the rain, do everything except TV.

Love your neighbor. Love your neighbor and come to a day where you think "it's him or me". Think "me". Kill him and keep playing. What do you have to say for yourself? What do you have to say for him from whom you took life as play?

Plants make original green. Sticky leaves want more sun.

The beauty of trees is straining towards the sky.

Limbs grow out of fins. Flowers. Fruit. Feet on land.

The venus basket, hexactinellid glass sponge, grows in the deep ocean, home to shrimp who grow too large to leave. Their offspring swim away; the adults spend the rest of their lives together in a glass cage.

Bacteria live with each other, on each other, sometimes inside each other.

Bugs are proud of wings.

End Ordovician mass extinction. 86% species death. Goodbye graptolites. What's a graptolite.

Late Devonian - End Permian - End Triassic - End Cretaceous mass extinction. No tetrapod weighting more than 55 pounds survives. It's the tree rats who continue, our disgusting dads, Peter Pettrigrews of the phylogenetic tree. Writing this doesn't mean I get it. I don't get it. Read something else if you want to know.

Dinosaurs smelled magnolias

How have you prepared for your death?

a wound is the place the light enters

bone bone bone bone, bone, bone, bone, bone

Now tell me whatcha gonna do / When there ain't no where to run / When judgment comes for you / When there aint no where to hide

Birds. Primates. Ceiling made out of sky. The daily things: peeing, pooping, fucking from behind. Rank means everything to chimpanzees. A stone to throw at every bird, stopping at the edges of things, wiping dawn dreams out of eyes.

We go on, losing as we go, like travellers with only as much life as we can carry in our arms. The journey is long and life is very short. But nothing is outside the journey so nothing can be lost to it. Anything dropped will be picked up by those behind.

Let me be a good souvenir. Let somebody remember this. Even in another life even in another time ..

When one elephant sees the bones or carcass of a dead elephant, even if that elephant is a stranger, they get very quiet and touch the bones very gently with their trunks, covering the

entire body with leaves and grass and staying beside it for weeks. Isn't it hard to remember a body when the wind has picked its sweet bones clean? It's not hard, mommy says. Elephant mommy who knows where to find water when the water is gone. To carry all that memory? That's not heavy. That's my baby.

Hands stenciled into cave walls. Animals sketched in profile with charcoal. Men stare into in the fire looking for themselves. Stories of your life.

Two pairs of feet in the sand. warm

Homo sapiens means man the wise. hm

The sky tonight looks different from the way it did last night, but the same as it did that other time. Everyone has a different word. Sumerians call the stars □. Hittites call the night □□□□. Akkadians call the night □.

If that's not true well how would you know.

Men feel cool on horses. Men feel so big next to slightly smaller men. Men learn braids, feel lovely with their hair in braids, feel something singing in them at night as they tilt heads way up.

Days bunch into seasons. A time for sowing. Another for reaping. Men recognize the rhythm in their lives

Hands on rocks. Cuts on hands. Bodies in fields. Bodies in the position of prayer.

Prayer as in whatever you do on your knees.

Israelites go to war. Mongolians go to war. Xiognu go to war. Everyone wants a piece of the Eurasian Steppe. The same place bandaged over and over. Blood dries and is forgotten. Bodies collide like marbles. After mountains there are more mountains. If there's an end it's too dark to see, if we eat tonight it still won't be over, if we win this war we'll still have to win the next..

More names bloom in more mouths. Guys get into shapes. Socrates begets Plato who begets Aristotle begets Alexander the Great. Five orders of columns in classical architecture. "Geometry" is a type of "math".

What's math?

Like one plus one is two.

One of what?
Just you know one.

?

An ugly beautiful carpenter in Nazareth

it never goes right when you try to explain a dream

The sound of a brush through hair

The sound of a stone rolled away

Muhammed flies in the night

Two lovers in a Sanskrit poem die before they see each other, but then they meet again, eight lifetimes later, and they're enemies on a battlefield, and just as one is lifting the sword to cut the other's head off, they remember.

The times are racing. Time keeps racing. Ceilings made out of wood. Ceilings made out of rocks. Rain keeps making us curse, making us happy. Men keep trying to forget what they remember, remember what they forgot. First clock. The Holy Roman Emperor wears a crown of 144 thingies. Something's going on in the late Beethoven quartets.

Joan of Arc is born after Brunelleschi establishes the rules of linear perspective and dies before he completes the Duomo. A baby, only 19 ...

Oh Lord i asked you for this and You said You would see me through

You know what they said? They said to Joan, "You whore, you have eaten fish in brine and other things which are not suitable for you."

Fish in brine?

Men love to call women whores. Men love to be like please please plzzzzzzzz!!! have sex with me so I can call you a whore.

How have I prepared for my death?

"Don't be so pleased with your own, like, self-referential cleverness." (Jessica Stanley, The Twilight Saga: New Moon)

The woman at the toll booth on the turnpike was old, smushed and stretched looking, but she was so committed to nickels and local governments, I wanted to press my mouth to hers, my life to her life. "And he said he just wants to be friends." I want to breathe in what he breathes out. Am I poly? Am I bi? Wrong questions. The right question: how to kiss a person's breath without kissing the person? How to kiss a toll booth? Does everyone else think this much about sex? Does everybody else think this much about nothing?

They filled the museums with pictures of sky. What is the point of sky in a museum! When the real thing is so much better and and more common.

In his diary, another composer writes, "Today at ten to eleven, I saw 16 swans. Lord God, that beauty. Nothing in the whole world affects me in the same way as do these."

From that memory comes his 5th Symphony, lesser known, chords like bells on the horns that toll under strings overhead.

It was Poe who begat Baudelaire
who begat Mallarmé begat Valéry begat Borges

the inconsolable cry of a bird

People die with full sets of teeth. People die with no teeth at all. People get more clever, efficient, imaginative ways of hurting each other. Writing this doesn't mean I get it. Read something else if you want to know.

Can someone tell me why we die we die?

Can someone tell me why we do not die equally?

Six years old, younger than either you or I, killed three times by heat and pressure and radiation, Hiroshima girl stands at every door. She asks you something but you don't hear. Since she is dead since she is dead.



We commemorate no achievement here. We value nothing. This is a message and sending this message was important to us. We thought we were powerful.

Countries laid out on the operating table without anesthesia. Everybody wants a piece of Africa China "the Middle East". Cut my sweet Korea in half...

France conducts its last state guillotine the same year Star Wars is released. Everyone has a username now. Little birds, little girls sewing things, little girls in big halls. God, give me the strength, in the presence of your silence, to stop praying. To keep praying. To change my life.

A chemist in Ohio accidentally discovers perfluorooctanoic acid. Now rain is poison. Why so much poison all of a sudden? What is a hedge fund? Anything happened since Wednesday?

We do Activities. We think we dream. We think getting a tattoo of some shape will help..

And someone is always on the sidewalk crying out in extreme pain.

We are living how we want as if we know what that looks like but of course we don't so we crawl and grope towards what we can't imagine, what our words can't tell us, what a life might be

The room where you are reading is empty but full of what you think about and this is the day that you were born. So wake up. Wake up fishy it's your turn to live. We have this body and your body and here is what there is. A cake named "red velvet" made out of crushed up beetle. Starvation and war and so on. Glitter. Air vents streaked with black. Heartbreak fentanyl and so on. Homelessness and locked rooms. The smell of two or more fuels combined. Not one oil spill ever cleaned. Welcome baby here's my body.

For \$24.99 that body took the bus to a man who called her baby and she could have been his baby. She couldn't tell if she was excited or nauseous bc her hair was wet and the bus was cold and smelled like scalps. And that's how she spent her 20th summer. Sick week by week on the megabus from Philly to New York.

A high school teacher is describing dark matter, but in the middle he realizes that he's describing dark energy, but since his students don't know either way and aren't paying attention he blazes on confidently.

Is it the clouds they're looking at?

or the windows reflecting clouds

Remember moss? 450 million years old. The very first plant on our planet. Home on every continent. No roots. No trunks. Providing more carbon offset than all the trees in the world.

Remember your great-grandmother? No. But you know who you are.

The kind of person who leaves a wet towel on the bed all day.

Whose vigorous hair will soon be grass.

The water in your body is just visiting. Yesterday it was dino pee. Tomorrow it will be ocean

Sun still shines on the inner sanctuary of Amon-Ra in the Temple of King Ramses III

Tonight, the news tells you, will be a waxing gibbous moon, and Chloe Kim can do back-to-back 1080s on a halfpipe in the snow.

the beautiful thing about this story is that it happened

even in another life

even in another time

the thing to remember is that there are things more worth remembering than memory

more beautiful than beauty

I HAVE LOVED

the almost symmetry of my father's face

a curtain against the wall, a momentary breeze

there were birds, i think?

there were birds