

FORTH OF CHEW LIE

Mystic-ironic-pornographic graffiti. Chiseled into the digital granite. I leave these traces for the few who may never arrive.

Anonymous. Reluctantly and relucidly preonymous. For lack these days of a friend. And yet I used to walk in the September darkness for hours with friends, both of us lit up by too much coffee, focused exactly on genuine conversation. Like Chauncey Wright, living for conversation, with gloomy pretendencies as an otherwise atypical response to the absence of friends, of “research” in its congenial purity.

Joyce was a huge influence. Also Beckett. I was haunted by the idea of a last kind of writing. A final fragmentation. I self-published a few books with only a single surreal phrase on each page. In no particulate odor. Like flatyellow ducks on the brown circle of a pond. Influenced by McLuhan. No longer an age of books. Or I could not hope for so much attention, so much expense. In this age of drowning in information, while dying of the thirst for attention, for a sense of mattering. Of being real, of being plugged in to a living community. Fairy food of social network self-marketing sadness. Vacuity of self as politician, always “on,” always curating an avatar. My own stubborn lifestyle a rebellion against such inauthenticity and alienation. Verily I have my reward. Penisolate on the margins. With only a wife who has given me the flower of her youth. But one clings still. A few leaves each on the both of us. The river us from evil. Deliver go round the flaps of wipe. Forever-go-round the burning maze.