

Paul Otlet Branch



31982066758364

New Meridian Public Library



November 2021



GRADUALLY  
ENVELOPED  
BY THE  
DARK

KATRIN A. ABEL



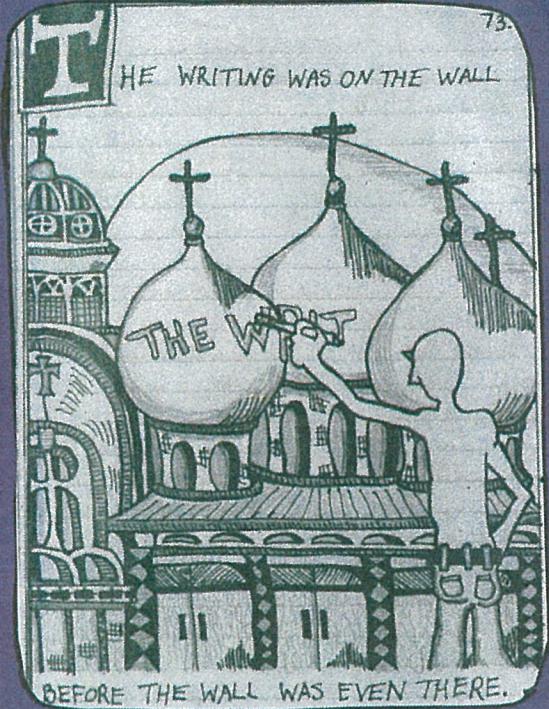
New Meridian Press, 2021

Paul Otlet Branch



31982066758363

New Meridian Public Library



## Gradually Enveloped by the Dark

A Reading for the Cult of the Garden of Bountiful Recomposition

By: Katrin Abel

D U M B K



New Meridian Press, 2021

We're steadily coming up on the dark times, but for now it's still the in-between. The rare quality of the light, the resplendence of the lake, befits the last glorious drop of summer, even though it's mid-November, Thursday of all days, and our own private holiday for the municipal select. I associate this kind of day with the unexciseable dread of the onslaught of Minnesota winter. Minnesota's gone, but it reminds me that we are prey and that everything is always ending, ceaselessly and forever. This time it might be for good.

!

1803, west Mississippi west

Basket at top	(Mixed) greens	Jewels of Opar	Kalale
6 (F-J)	(Burr) gherkin	Inland sea oats	Khohralbi
6 (F-J)	Grapefruit	Leaves of Opar	Khohralbi
6 (F-J)	Capers	Leaves of Opar	Khohralbi
6 (F-J)	Chives	Leaves of Opar	Khohralbi
7 (K)	Onion	Leaves of Opar	Khohralbi
7 (K)	Garlic	Leaves of Opar	Khohralbi
7 (K)	Leeks	Leaves of Opar	Khohralbi

Our crafts undergo baptismal immersion. The inflatable boat is christened the S.S. Davensports, and Josh's kayak Nauti by Nature, and I'm considering Carpe Sea-Um for what I don't yet have. What is the name of ~'s kayak? The Wet Dream? We are all of us amateurs. We paddle.



We and the island approximate ourselves.



(3)

Central Library

Beeble  
Miss Benison's  
Half \*  
The Vanishing  
Historical Fiction

Ordinarily when I describe something as "magical," I'm kidding, but now I've never been more earnest. The lake is the Zone, and Snake Island is the Room. The river eases toward the dam and toward the delta and with it our boats and their passengers. Josh envisions a sudden jerk of the current, us flying over the brink and into the drink. I feel washed and clean and indefatigable and ready for anything. I feel game.

(5)

(4)

dio CD

I am put in the mind of the Twilight Zone episode "A Matter of Minutes," in which it is revealed to one couple, by means of a glitch, that the world as we perceive it in full must be painstakingly reconstructed every minute, around the clock. I feel us pull ahead of the buffering, and then the buffering catch up, and I feel what it means to be buffered and buttressed in life by these slivers of grace and by those humans with whom we find we share a wavelength. I feel that not only is this the Room within the Zone but that it is Satin Island as well.

We tie our vessels makeshift to the cypress roots, respect the poison ivy clumsily and beach beneath the wan but welcome sun. The deltic ascent and its concomitant vista are giddy because I am aware of the speed and the depth of the heretofore inexorable fall. At some point, though, we will remain aloft in the falcon's gyre. Until then an idle swing, a picnic, a fermata, no lightning in sight.

## O-21 - Nonfiction



(5)

Road

of

e

(6)



The Only Good Indians

I feel that life tells us the same story over and over and over again until we finally get it, and only then are we unmoored.



The Only Good Indians \*

geographic  
ged alphabetically  
unt and type of  
hey provide. We

We eat. Through our island viewing window, we witness a prolonged and brutal goose fight. Collectively we shiver and give in to a frightening but hilarious release, imagining a “first-person active shooter” virtual reality module in the library’s Innovation Lab and a Technology Petting Zoo experience that lets users divide into camps of predator and prey to enact this violent animal dance that we can’t un-learn.

All of us are prey in the end, but some people feel like predators. I know I am prey. I am afraid. I am afraid because I am cold and anticipate getting colder. I am cold because I am naked and trapped beneath the weight of the icy boulder of all the things I don't understand. Every day a bit more of the boulder is revealed, and I am continually staggered by its size.

9

8

ROAD

10/12/20

6/4/19

9/18/21

9/18/21

6/4/19

9/18/21

9/22/21

5/21

7/14/21

6/19

1/4/2

6/20

1/8/2

1/8/2

6/19

1/7/2

3/20

1/6/1

9/21

6/20

1/7/2

9/1

2/2

3/21

4/20

4/20

1/19

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

5/21

10/24/20

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

10/24/20

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

10/24/20

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

10/24/20

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

10/24/20

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

9/23/21

The deal with time and with aging is that children harvest experience with pure, unabashed wonder, born of a paucity of backstory and enviable in its recollected if not lived simplicity. They are literally unadulterated. Grownups lose this but are compensated with gifts of reflection and appreciation born of the coupled anguishes of hindsight and future-thought. Wedded briefly to the water, we touch on both. We immerse as innocently as we once did while savoring as we do now.

(11)

9/24/2021

ROAU

test of Me \*

erhood \*

ng the Mother

Kids can't realize yet that each pleasure is complete and final and over even as it's happening and unknowable until it's gone, if then, and that it can never be recaptured, and yet life flows on unexhausted, and we will come to live through a minute and to live through a day, and all the while the earth gives birth continually to us and to itself, and we are generally if not altogether resolutely game, for as long as it lasts.

Language

Memoir

Science

\* Availab

(12)

-21 - Fiction



La - H Ja Li - The Half

People love to be brimming with life but are afraid to be, or to acknowledge that they are, brimming in equal measure with death. Why not go ahead and embrace both?

Recommended I



R - F a i - pi - Tr He

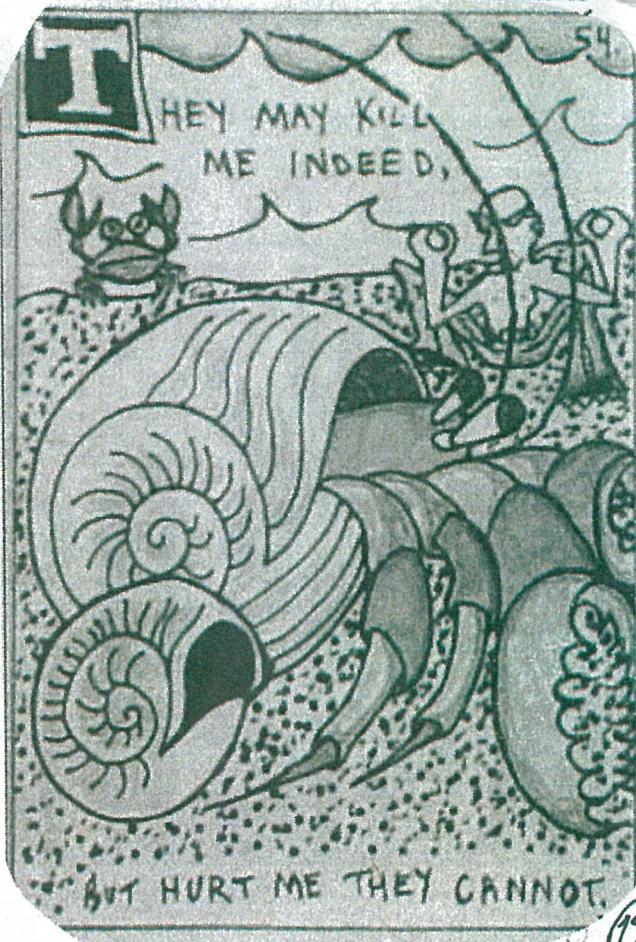
(3)

2

Miss Benson's  
Beetle \*

!

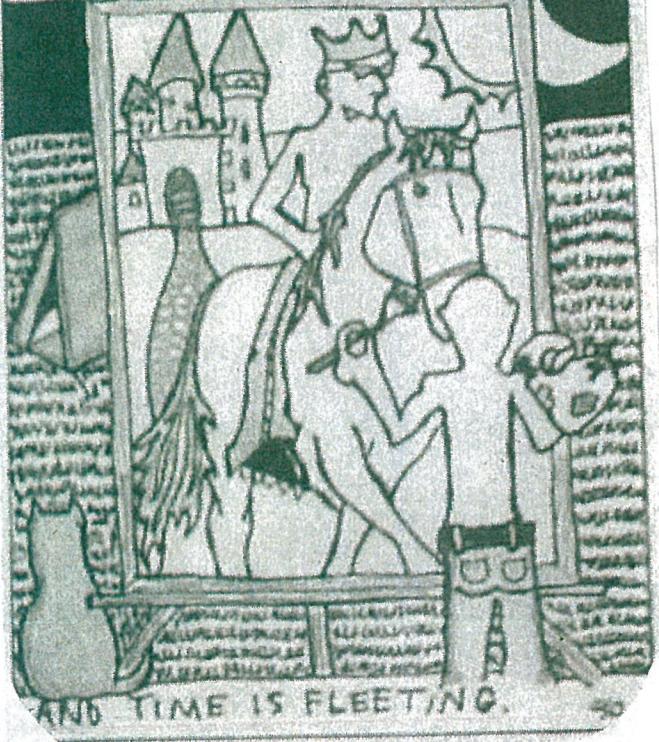
Miss  
Beetle



44

A

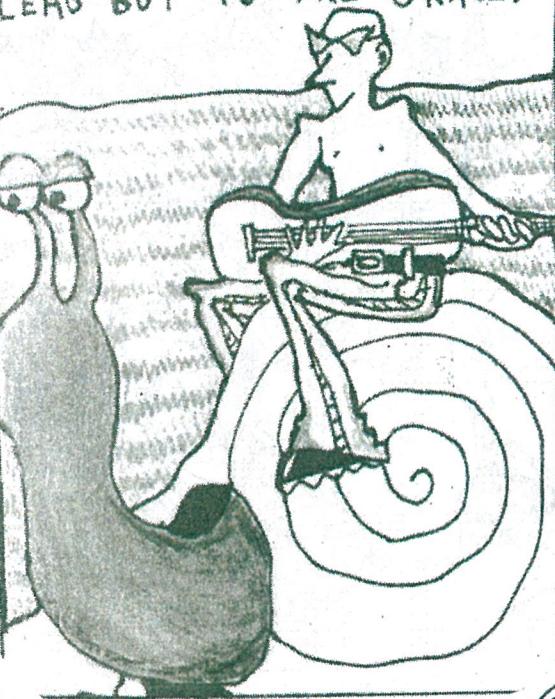
RT IS LONG,



15

J

HE PATHS OF GLORY  
LEAD BUT TO THE GRAVE.



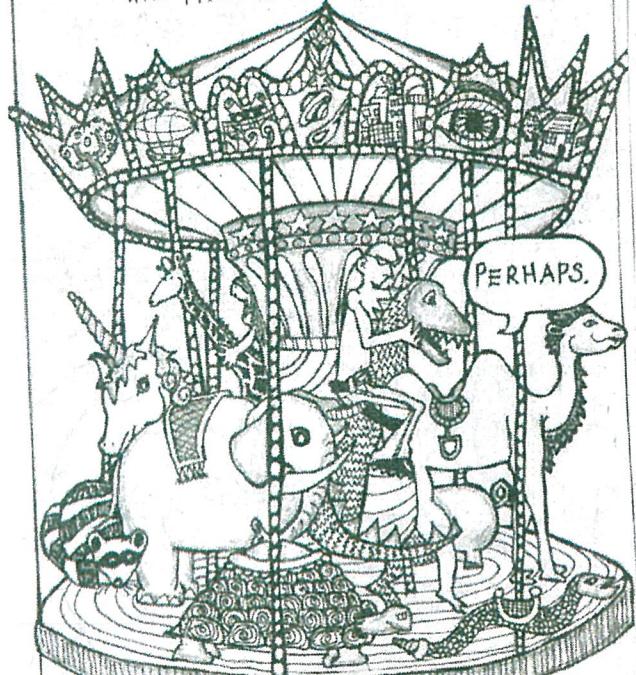
16

56.

B

EAUTY, STENDHAL SAYS, IS ONLY  
THE PROMISE OF HAPPINESS.

57.



BUT IT IS EQUALLY THE RECOLLECTION  
OF SORROW."

The  
Inc

Eig  
Mt

Only Good

romantic

realism

Horror

\*

I feel awash in the death of one moment and the near-simultaneous birth of the next, in this flow as a mirror of the river's, and in the poignant certitude that life is death by a thousand cuts, that the body is death's instrument in an existence characterized by cacophony but punctuated by concerted bursts of harmonious elision, that moving water is death waiting, that the death of each instance is a dress rehearsal for the opening night of the final, all-conquering and most hilarious release, and that the first cut is, irrevocably and deliciously, indeed the deepest.

Magi  
realis

Myst  
susp

Shor  
stori

\* Avai



Recommended Books of 2020—  
fiction

(19)

Regular Print

The sun dips, the evening hints,  
and we decamp.



Bio

Ess

His

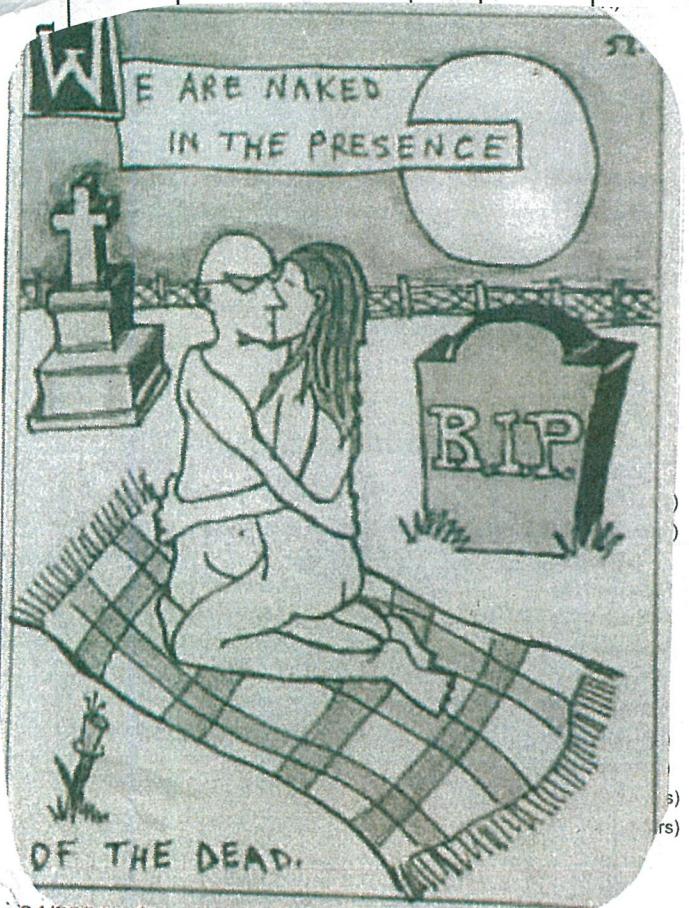
Jour

Interlude: Why don't lobsters like  
to share?

Because they're shellfish.

What's another name for a  
disinfected willy?

A bleached whale.



24/2021

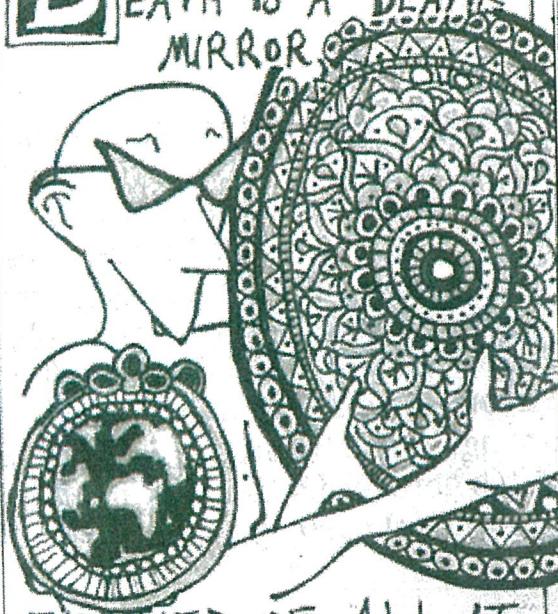
21

As we clamber down the island's edge, still ungraceful in our boats, I allow myself another hilarious release, which is also a hilarious *relief*. You and Josh indulge me patiently, and I am grateful for your kindness. We've grown cold in the verdant shadows of the grove, but we are about to paddle and to float and to warm again like turtles. It is all I want, and it is here for us, demanding nothing but our joyful participation.

21



DEATH IS A BLANK  
MIRROR



EMPTIED OF ALL IT  
HAS SEEN AND SHOWN.

(23)

w

ing

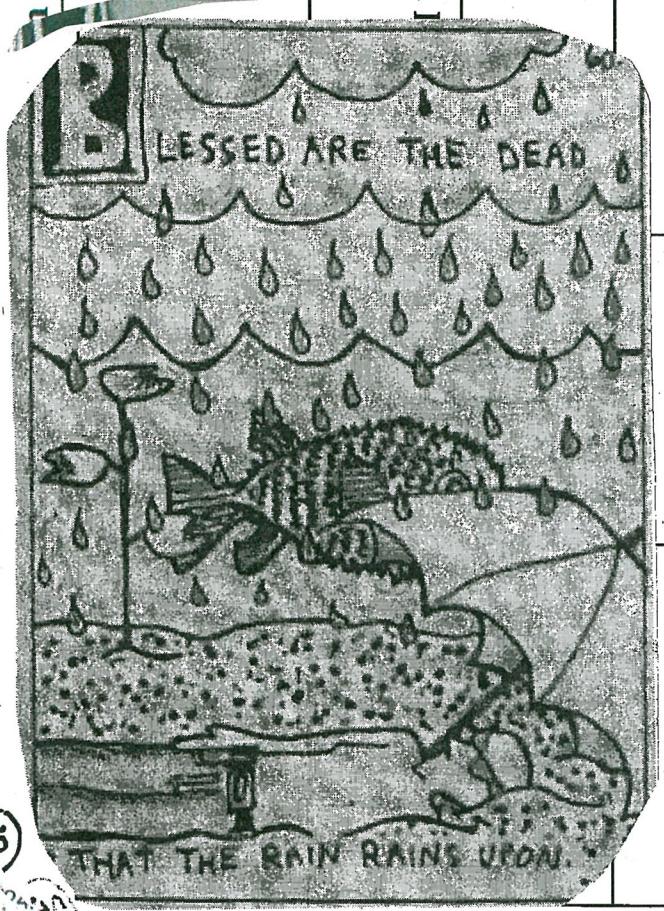
arrar  
amo  
hat t  
ple

lin  
cati  
e vi

Beetle  
Beetle

On the lake I float. You float. Josh floats. We ride the gentle waves. The dam is distant. The bridge is distant. The cars are ants. Everything is gold and green. In the heat you plumb the depths, and when that wanes you float, both endeavors rife and worthy. We are flowing, and time is flowing, and these paths are distinct but complementary like twinned strands of a braid, the third strand glimpsed but fundamentally elusive. I feel that you are for real, and Josh is for real, and so is this. It is the realest thing we could be doing. It is as real as it gets.

(24)



m	Hidden Valley Ro	Journals
*	Earth *	History
A Brief History of		

I feel truth, warmth, and communion at once. It is a unified wavelength, and we are three waves of many and just like the rest. It is everything. It is as massive as the boulder of not-knowing, but weightless. No longer crushed beneath, I am gliding through. This surpasses connection to approach permeation—inchoate on this plane yet clearly intimating what is possible. We perch beside the threshold like egrets at the water's lip.

## Recommended Books of 202



Beetle \*  
Miss B  
Half  
The V  
Jiber  
Tack  
His O  
Lar*g*e  
17 (Wildflowers)  
Drawer

We pack our gear. The fading light  
spells autumn and belies our otherwise  
as idyll. I feel that you are saying more  
than what you're saying, that we could  
keep unspooling this for ages. I try to  
get a hold of it to touch what's past the  
words. There is something that I need  
to communicate to you about how  
beautiful it is that you could orchestrate  
these golden moments, and how  
terrifying, too, because the gold is  
melting even as it's glowing, and implicit  
in its conjuring is its obliteration.

Name  
Wildflowers - mix  
With

Seed Collection Inventory, 09/24/21

28



I want to say more, but I sense it's postverbal. I see you standing there and you're so real I can hardly bear it, and the trees hurt they're so there and so much what they are, and the road is a sure ribbon, too, and the ink slowly seeps through the sky, and I laugh and say I'll bring you a sandwich tomorrow, and I straddle my bike and ride off, succumb, let it all engulf me whole.

Date	Item	Packets	Checked out	Available	Collection
9/23/21	Mobile	67	7		
9/23/21	Invenmtored	306	21		
0/20					

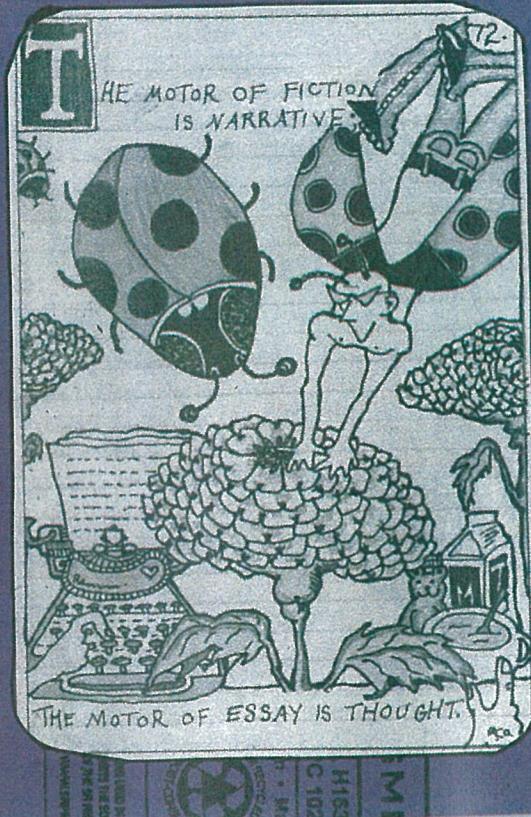
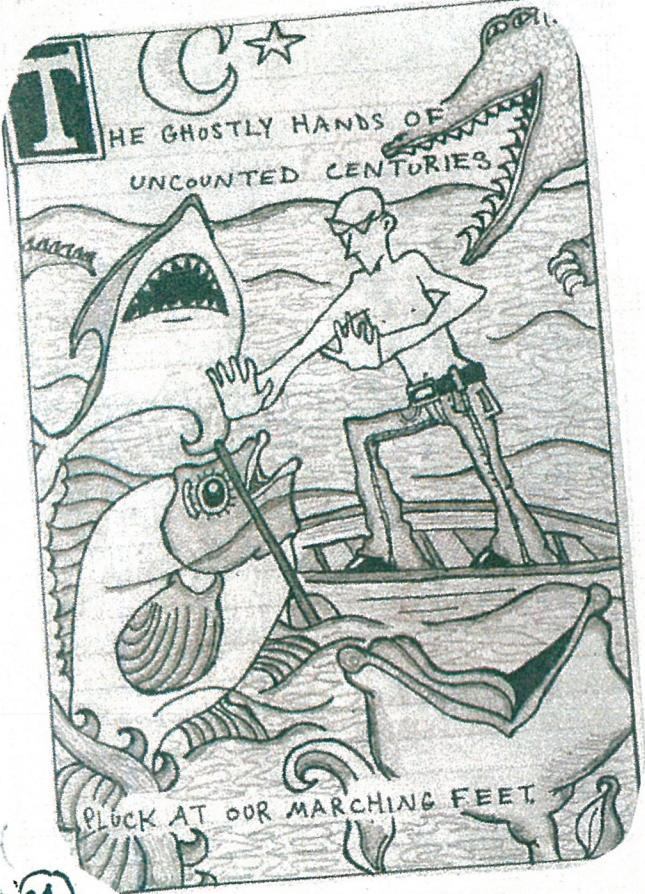
88

29

Central Lib.

H OPE BASES VAST PREMISES ON  
FOOLISH ACCIDENTS,

30

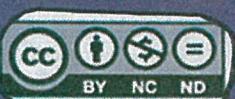


Paul Otlet Branch



31982066758364

New Meridian Public Library



November 2021



GRADUALLY  
ENVELOPED  
BY THE  
DARK

KATRIN A. ABEL



New Meridian Press, 2021