

"Cleareyed yet powerfully immediate . . . A fresh, daring exploration of lived experience."

— *Kirkus Reviews*

"I felt I was chasing down fractions of the author's soul. Chasing them not because I got this to read and review, but because I deeply wanted to. So I could put them together and solve an ultimate puzzle whose picture would contain some incomprehensible beauty."

— *Linnea Capps*

What if I tried to write a memoir?

Like.

It doesn't need to be totally true, and maybe some stuff gets pretty floaty, and maybe some stuff winds up as poetry, and maybe some of it is ergodic with scans of notes or bits of other projects scattered throughout, and maybe I just own the hypertextuality of the medium, but it's generally autobiographical.

That might be neat.

*Who are you kidding?*

Myself, I guess.

*Well, have at it, then.*

