

"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.



ally

Madison Scott-Clary

To whom do I address these words? To you? To someone I have never met? I have read the words and the words were a key that unlocked my mind where that strange fruit lay, where mushrooms grew from the spent shells of fireworks which so many years ago I saw blossom into the sky. From whence comes the word? From whence comes the thought unbidden? To where does it go? How fares it along its way? More, how dare it? How dare it unlock these words? You, some stranger, some **ally**, now sit across from me and, while our eyes may never meet, between us nevertheless something grows, and from my brow in rough parody of such growth sprouts a tree, and at its base is carved the name **Madison Scott-Clary**. And yet is that my name? Perhaps this signifier I chose for myself is yet another leaf to be carried away at the end of the season, never to be seen again, and then I will be lost in words once more...