

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...