

## Non ducor, duco

26 messages

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Was there a flaw in my flue? Not the helmsman, <u>tightgripping</u> wood, but a laozy windwardness. Not the cunning (μήτις) <u>of Nestor</u> but negligent surrender (ἀφραδίη). Saul of Tarsus—a <u>Pharisee</u>, really, for the <u>Phillistines</u>—<u>dragged comb</u> cross mid-Atlantic meadow, and I am so draugged'n'drugless by two <u>twin shadows</u>, guilt and regret.

New ways of reading, new ways of writing. A scrollwork fiddlehead: text as crozier, for circinate vernation. (*Balled up, dolled up, in your dad's cashmere.*) So a crumpled leaf unfurls; so the vascular pump of a butterfly wing breaks free, expanding, from chrysalis. So a sodacan unbuckles, impossible physic. So *ensimismado* breaches airlock.

Gingerbeer coffee strained through citruspeel filter. Clipped Portuñol to the counter cashier. Development is a process of spatial subdivision: farm becomes neighborhood; a rancho a town. Countershading divides space in half: two tactics, light and dark, for two kinds of threat: those from below, those from above. In airconditioned aisles, the tightwound spirals in the bronze récade of the Dahomey, móvel surrogate of the King.

Still (always, already) in the Roman Empire: all of <u>Dicky's revelations</u> true, if treated like Lynch, if treated like <u>LatAm magic</u>. Makeall Gone's great dream of a unified West: Latinate recognition of shared *heres et valorem*. Meanwhile involution (内卷) in the urinal piss-puddle, daily expanding: each extra inch a sneaker inched back; these inches converted to dribble, a forever feedback wiped clean by evening janitor. What is the posi-sum byproduct of waste avoidance? The French bomb Polynesia; the progeny of its pollutants swim <u>ever-westward</u>, from province to core, breathing fire.

Every highway is canalized riverrun, careful-controlled by gardenwall concrete. So that a map of one concorso's flowing is a map of the other: an endless concomitance. (Like hot springs in the goldmines; like valleys lined with towns.)

Flight of fancy, a canopic existence in this selva de pedra: coptering penthouse to penthouse, never a foot upon old forest floor. I place a *carranca* at the head of my vessel, to help me surf Fortuna. Cristóbal reads from *galaxias* as the sunsets its own wakeful revelation:

where to write about writing's not writing about not writing and so i begin to unspin the unknown unbegun and tracing a book where all's chance and perchance all a book or perchance not a travel navel-of-the-world book a travel navel-of-the-book world where tripping's the book and its being the trip and so i begin since the trip is beguine

Dust settles on the clear film; everything darkens with time: a child's visage; sunweathered skin; the <u>ontogeny of a gynochrome</u>; the deepening verdure of a young shoot (किसलय). Choose your fiddleheads carefully; they are best eaten when light green in color and tightly coiled, without leaves.

Tchao ciao chow fr., Sãospented Razão