

## **Distance**

*Saturday, 2017/03/25*

The scene laid out, perverse. That children were capable, chilling. I still remember how to write such description.

It is that they, many, are not worth a look. A moment's passing curiosity. It is to have learned how many are not coherent enough to express joy, how many fake it, and then to have the need to write of it such that the last sight of it, of normalcy, is taken from me by it.

The perversity of intelligence. Of not knowing, but writing in description. Is it description. It needs another label, title. Fiction. It is fictive. It is figmentary. Fragmentary. Not the scene and its discord, but the how and the why of it. That it comes from one tiny little mind, tortured into the passing of gas. Tortured to the writing of text. This is what they see, what they act out, represent, in their actions. The children whose voices fill the night. Who refuse to be seen. Who, by this description, are not there. Another sound, another word. Another cold chill runs down the spine of it.

Some sound that lost sight of the fiction.

A dominatrix. A performer of tricks. A manipulation of power to the conscious purpose of art. A use of art power for the conscious performance of fidelity, tested by the performance. The test so demanding on the senses as to compel the ejecta of the unhealthy, the surprising, and the fascinating.

Where's the offence that it should not bite the sound if it. It is there, plainly writ. So, you see, that we would not learn, an error. That we would not see, a crime. For how else to pass the time, but to twist and roll, and by it to piss and shit.

Oh, this street. This path. This road. This dirt track paved with tulips and daffodils.

How do you know. You don't.

I come from there, and write till here. As have texts before me. The sin in that is less than the glory of learning and more than the crime of ignorance. It is being and seeming. No less than that.

Is it not sense.

There is sense, but then the assumptions that roll through, plowing down those stakes that mark the road under the pillow of a too narrow learning and marked by a too familiar experience.

In this wisdom, not virtue. In this virtue, not wisdom.

I should not run amuk.

There is a thing to say. Something to be said. A perspective.

It is one that accepts without judgement.

The sound of keys on a formica counter top.  
Dropped, in hand. A feminine gesture, lacking a relatively masculine force.

The vessel of the assumptions of experience that enabled, as a tool does, that distillation, is foul with a false or too facile familiarity.



The gulf between the writer's discipline and the reader's understanding requires the reader's humility. Lacking that, the reader loses any available benefit.

She believes that she needs him. And he believes that he needs her. To survive. Or, to breathe. Not to survive, as in desperation. But to breathe, as in to live.

Worlds apart in their experience of the world.

Fundamentally, there's an assumption of health.

There's an assumption of good will that is very American.

And then there's the development of an understanding of the difference, of health, of world. There's the separation of oneself from interaction by learning, or by education, however it occurs. The separation of faith from naïveté.

They feel it in their bones. That's what they're signing through work and effort.

Perhaps spiritual exercise is not unlike successful (psychological) therapy. With exercise, the spirit is lifted and more agile.

In this, in our exercise, we have pulled and set the spiritual bindings of our partnership.