7/12/2021

Letter to Dave run through a listen to *Carrie & Lowell*

Home and home building

Gladstone-- Trump-- Nostalgia

McMinnville. Smalltown America.

How can we come upon indirectly all those things you’ve ceased to see? Neglected or blocked out. Unnoticed or actively avoided. Unapproached now for whatever reason, rational or otherwise. We know you’re there, but just don’t see you. All of those inexplicable existences. Flitting phantoms. Sweet lingering specters, impressions, loping returns. Those rollicking shadows whose dappled casts we stumble among upon this modern stage.

A curtain opens and the incessant, practiced plucking is game and winning and braced. Composed. Strong. Present at the funeral, even if disembodied, ready to socially receive the grief of the community, of those who have loved how you have loved. Communing in shared love and lose. Feeling somber, though not entirely insubstantial, in that surprisingly strength that sometimes arrives support even as we begin to run our naked toes through the brackish gathering grief. Finality, like the infinite, like the forever, is necessarily incomprehensible. Transcendent of understanding. What then to project into that void of our one day becoming- peace or merely pacing?

And then stronger, superficially more sure, certain. I have performed this ritual before. This canned progression. I have expressed pathos. General and personal and all woven up with pleasure and fear and relief and vocation and empathy and performance. The past begins to creep in though, bubble up. The unresolvedness of it all is inexplicable, impossible to outrun. We approach a darkening silver lake, crystalline light diffusing through the gloaming mists embroidered through and through with hues and deep undertones of the expansive spirit world enclosing in upon us. Again once more into the autumn of our soul. When the skin ceases keep the weather from off our aging organs, when the spindly appendages of the stripped bare trees make lattice signs against the marooning blue of the darkening dusk, where we exist within this continental divide, this dimensional fissure, this isolated, long off place, where we work, where we languish, where we look down and acknowledge and address our very real wounds.

Despite its darkness there is truly something sweet on offer here. Inchoate longing infused with honey and boiled down tree blood, a sun-ray naivete, slacked-jawed kid candidness. Conceived and achieved harmony. Harmony unimagined, but found. Matched rhythms in footsteps and speech. Turns taken unself-consciously. Communion entered in. Understanding. Acceptance. Calm.

But that is certainly not all. We have nauseatingly anticipated the sugar hangover of this saccharine succor. Can’t all be sweetness and light, now can it? We are now pulled through to some other way of being, some other acknowledgment of need, separation. The pluckiness has been replaced by an energetic slouching. We are invited, seductively encouraged to lean back and against the incessant strumming, its hypnotic, we follow floating out above the darkening silver plain. We commit to the journey and lose ourselves in the surf of the waves, the unsettled red dust of the singular road, the sudden gusting clouds of fire-ash and falling snow. We alight the scattered debris of where the cyclone barreled through, passing over and above the low-road’s soul-darkening anonymity, its forgotten broken legs and weakly-framed and crumbling shoulder. We have entered wholly now. We travel slow ahead, belabored footfalls to advance us. The full visceral weight has at last roosted on our chest, at last fully approached and pressed, a crush unexpected strength and overwhelming completeness.

And then the quietest song yet, more light, but intense strumming. This time accompanied by rhythmic digital beeping, a drone from an ignored alarm, a street sound filtering subconsciously into our cocoon. And then the crystalline chorus. The silence and darkness contained. We are leaning into the pain and the suffering and the loss. We are reaching out to it, touching it and it is glowing back at us. We have discovered it here, it in this quieting. We have entered into the dream of memory-- the ghost kingdom where our faery tales and folk songs find their footing. The dappled stream and grassy bank of golden filtered light where we emerge once we have passed through that evil Bedlam ward. Where closeness and distance are obscured. Where timelines intertwine and wind about one other like sensual sun-loved vines. Your memories become my memories in this fertile place. And I lay down my thoughts in insubstantial hues, wash by wash until the paper retains its stain.

We stand and face the sun as one. In the sun we are as one. Growing out and up despite our untutored instincts for growth and flourishing and love. We face the sun and the river and smell the grasses and the flowers, seeking out a taste of that life affirming fact that is ever just over there in the rose bush, in the hopeful soil, adrift above protean clouds herding on towards the horizon.

But behind us remains the platinum sea. It swirls with the unanswerable questions. The essence that refuses to be light, plucky, of the sun. The stories that haunt. The knee-jerk traumas that swirl, possessed by their self-directed intensity, the trueness of their acuity in part our deepest proof of life. And among the many, death still yet deeper than any other form. Death becoming life. Life becoming death. Oh, the intricacy of this most essential exchange. Staple meal of the artful and deranged. The phases of the moon fan out before us, educating outside of words—we watch, beholden, the fleeting forms and celestial seasons of our ever sweeping ascension around and through the renewing spheres of being.

And then a resolution. Something of a statement of intent. A wish. A hope. A broken existential oath. Let bygones be gorgons. Slay and discard athat which cannot be brought along. Let go. Try letting go. Feel. Feel the darkness close around. *Water stained writing on the wall*. *Signs and wonders*. *Blood of the moon*. A spiritual impulse, a longing for ancient wisdom. A faith in humanity*--* that it is all worth it always and ever more or will be in the end at last, or could be perhaps if we could just hold on a little longer. A faith in humanity that despite our limitations, our selfishness, there is meaning to this existence. There is goodness and light that overcomes the badness and dark, or at least balances it out sufficiently for life to flourish. That beyond all of these imbalanced weather systems there is a calm, a peace, a silence—a life affirming and sustaining catharsis that is possible, a process and mode of being that can be entered into. A place and a way to approach our wild, untamed, unsettled, unsettling emotions, our inchoate impulses, insecurities, longings, blindnesses.

In the vulnerability of this airy dark, in this pregnant peace, we can compose. We can pluck with energy again. Dial up the enthusiastic sequencer. Recall those tender, long ago remembrances with fondness and warmth. There is a tone with which to approach this compacted mashed up past. There are chords that can be combined to lay down the motely patterns of our broken hearts. There is a wordlessness where that can allow the unconnected to connect, where we can pray beyond our rationale, our well-meant and intentioned and unintended frames. There is a rightness and a wisdom and a freedom and a peace that only exists within this silence. A transcendent state where the one reconciles itself with the many and the many with the one.

And in this humble state of prayer we can finally approach the dead. We quiet and release and enter into a suspended state. We ritually die with the dead. We hold for a moment. Or at least we try. We listen to the language of the decease, the language of the immortal. *I love you more than the world can contain in its ramshackle head*. In acceptance we die. In acceptance we release. In acceptance we are born once again and again.

Calling out to Jesus. Searching for the castle we have lost. *Like my mother, give wings to a stone*. There is beauty in our wretchedness. Our brokenness. Our incompleteness. Our capacity for faith and its necessity. Beauty can be discovered in this broken state, this trampled state, this shattered baseline of being. And this is so important, because we will be broken by this world. We will be broken by our grief. We will be broken by our ambition. We will be broken by the intensity of our desire to feel okay, to feel flow, momentum, to create. We will broken. We will be broken. We, of course, will be broken in time.

And then the blue bucket. Life. Imperfect communication. Loneliness. A divide. Returning to the living. The dead right behind us, rising up, surrounding. Their broken ambitions and loves and hates and hopes and disappointments infuse our own conception of the ever-unfolding mise-en-scene of being. Ragged human wings flap us towards the setting sun. Sobbing, though somehow still elated, suspended as we are in this soul-strung flight. Stretching out. Rising. Muttering oaths. Intentions. Desires. Needs. Opening that hollow place of necessity, longing, inadequacy, inviting others in. Someone to see my *blue bucket,* someone to understand and accept my *gold*. The silence ever spreading up and through and out without a word to accompany this climb. The past if truly listened to does not preach comprehensibly whatsoever. It deftly intones the disparate as the one, the lone as the whole, a low all-harmonizing exhortation—a fog-horn obliterating all conceptions, a bold tolling copper to shew you ahead and away into the silver mist. *A freight-train wind is coming­, huddle in the paneled hall, while the pines genuflect against the walls.*

07/11/2021: Hung out with Dave & August in Sauganash- cooking, park, al fresco dining, in Julie and Andrew’s Dutch style back yard. They have a European sensibility about them-- the Swedishness hanging on? Dinner al fresco -- roasted Chickpeas and sweet potatoes, impossible burgers, broccoli

Then we walk to the park. I run the treeline around the park. There is a mulberry tree-- run around field.

Dark purple berry stain splatted all over the pavement and grass beneath the berry trees, Overcase all day and cool.

We cooked in the kitchen and watched the penalty shootout. They lost on Penalty kicks to Italy. A crushing end to an exciting run for the *Three Lions*

06/14/2021

Chicago, Illinos

Dear David,

Last day of pre-school for Esme. Make crepes with mangoes. Box of 12 picked up for 4 dollars up on Devon, Indian food for father’s day after hanging at a forest preserve off Western on that big swathe of space from Daen to Western (half mile and Bryn Mawr up to Peterson (is that another half mile too? Mango Lassi at that Pakistani restaurant. So inexpensive, so delicious. Mango Lassi, bottles of Coke, spicy and savor and sweet, so hungry after a long day bussing to the country side and hanging out on the river and joggin with Mike up into the hills and smoking a little weed and getting a little sunny and trail happy and coming across that enormous Preying Mantis that on closer inspection was in the process of consuming a still quite large though way smaller preying mantis. And that little stone hovel, that was obviously manmade and had a door on it. A hermitage? A shepherd’s refugee? Back at the river we order a rabbit dish and the amount of time it takes for them to emerge with the rabbit it is obvious that this rabbit was killed fresh. The tuft of fur in on the dish also alludes to this fact.

Listening to Phish on a sunny Big Cloud day. Typing away in my office with time and space to concentrate. Making that sweet, sweet incremental progress. Stretching a bit more each day. Almost imperceptibly… perhaps not at all, but then I look back and everything has changed out from under me. The rhythms of the day have transformed, the patterns and connections and communications have collapsed. The revolving orbit of venturing out and returning , the around and round orbit of earth, that sweet, sweet three hundred and sixty degree completeness. Around the sun, around an issue, a topic, and idea, a system, a process. The holiness of balance and order and safety. All praise the sun. All praise the restoring waters all around.

10/31/2020

Get in the car and flip on XRT just for old times sake. It doesn’t disappoint. “Woke up this morning” or whatever that intro song from the Sopranos car on and I am crusing around the slow streets of my neighborhood as cool as old Tony. And I am thinking of those great Sunday evenings at yours just chilling and eating quiche or whatnot, drinking coke and riding co-pilot with that big fat charismatic psychopath—James fucking Gandolfini. He died too young. Philip Seymour Hoffman too. Damn.

And we get old. And start repeating ourselves. Will it be a virtuous cycle or a vicious one?

11/05/2020

Emotional bowel movements.

I am so much happier because I found a way to directly confront my pain. Talk therapy had felt too expensive and lacked immediate insight. I feel like I have gotten more out of many clickbait psychology today articles than I did the two sessions of talk therapy I attended. I’m sorry Samantha, it wasn’t you, I think it was me. After our last session, in which I cried a little recounting the time Mr. Rose ducktaped our mouths shut for talking during our down time, which we always did, and suddenly he’s pulling this 180 on us and its apparently a hosage situation because he has duct tape and if any of us says another word their going to get duct tape on their mouths. I don’t know if I was the first kid to get it, but I aleast tow of us, maybe three got ducked taped, and were stilling wearing the duct tape when the older kids peaked their heads around the corner from the other side of the free standing divider which demarked our separate class areas within the one big class cloom. The laughed at us and I remember feeling fucking furious. The second time that I just felt like I was going to lose my fucking mind. I hated that place so much. It turned out the whole old building was lousy with espestoes and had to make alternative arrangement for my 5th grade year. The Christian school option which my parents had all but committed me to was to be held at Paul Gerard’s house,yes, Principle Paul that military awkard, sarcastic cold, shit pasta cook. His house did have a cool rope swing and Trevor was going to be there, but on the other hand, fuck no. There is no way that after two miserable years I was going to descend to another level of educational weirdness. I probably would have become a millionaire if I had stuck with the Chirstian school thing. I think it was a cult and Paul Gerard did seem to have some esoteric computer knowledges and what not to offer, instead I went to public schools after throwing an absolute fucking fit, and went on to receive the Principle’s award in 5th grade for best all around student, and was voted friendliest and most-involved, and class leader, played varsity basketball, cross country and track, won the state of Michigan Model Judiciary Mock trial competition and with my team of 4 captured third overall place in the country wide competition which was held in San Francisco. I was 18. I had just graduated from high school and this was to be my very first time on an air plane.

But anyways, my hangups kept me from being at ease. Being of a writerly bent I felt like I could write it out if I had the time, bit of structure and some wherewithal— sneak around the eddy of my ever looming obsidian stone. Humming in the silence light the tinnitus chorus of a set of singing bones, dry night, dark, but far dark, and mountains enveloped north yonder.

11/20/2020

Learned surgeons,

leather chapped,

caravanning to Sturgis.

Syncopated hand claps

ceaselessly beat me—

wisdom of ages,

buried back pages.

Looping cycles to amaze,

amuse,

confuse.

Rhythms to overlap,

splinter,

collapse.

And I—

forever future,

perpetually past.

At the Navy pier Imax, Dennis is overcome

By Sandra Bullock’s 3-D floating tear.

Gravity was about finding the will to live

When the obstacles standing between you

And a safe, comfortable life seem completely

Insurmountable. Our inner demons projected onto

The silver screen in the form of a disintegrating space station, a ruptured capsule, a good friend cheerily fading into the distance.

The center will not hold.

We cannot sustain.

We cannot keep all the plates,

All the time.

And I am destined to die

With the book of a foreign poet

Clutched in my handclaw.

My truths are all foreknown.

I’m naked to the bone.

Disarmed for my protection.

A shield of naked flesh.

A lot of questions, not many answers.

Setting up a confrontation.

Looking for a fight.

Stating something to prove his rightness.

How smart he is.

How indignant the other side makes him.

The rage of history rattling the clapboard shutters on their hinges.

A provocateur.

This is a style.

An entertainer.

A coiner of phrases.

An exaggerator.

But what is his intention?

What is his heart?

What is his milleu? Purpose? Intention? Role?

Is this the best source? Why do you listen to him?

Darkness coming on again

And sin

And gin in the afternoon

And lime: sublime.

And night again

And the fires to the south

Bring their dense wind

Through our town and the sky above the pines

Across the bay was red at twilight

And then back and the Hiawatha burned all night

Too much faith you say?

Perhaps a little naivete?

Like a bird unconscious of its song.

Just carrying on.

Dead man in the desert killed for his too sharp pen.

As fire to the sun

Tell me what I have done.

How? Head of a dragon.

How? Head of a dragon.

The idea of doing a song swap with you popped into my head at some stray point over COIVD. I have a lot of these stray thoughts about people I should connect with. References that bring back memories or make connections. Something that feels weighted right, directed by some sort of mind-emotion sub-logic drawn out in my communication specifically with you. I am really interested in this. Because my voice, my tone, my techniques, my approaches, my tires, my judgements, my shares will be totally different if I am writing you than say if I am writing my mother, or even betsy— for whom I assume I could conjour up a pretty affect neutral voice to communicate things to. So yes, part of this letting writing process is utterly selfish, but only selfish in as much as it is like asking some body to meet up for a drink or a round of golf or a bowling match. Its not like you are demanding a ton of someone’s time. It is actually quite a value rioch lending of your time. I am esstentially trying to create a virtual model of you that will add in the genaration of messages and their contexts. My ease and comfort of communication is for better or worse incredibly affected by other people’s reactions and perceived reactions to me. I often find communicating with other people incredibly tiring. I don’t feel like other people get me at all and that if I tried to contextualize half the stuff I am about or how I spent my time I would come off a pretentious and pedantic and self-obsessed, and while all of these things carry shades of truth, there is a larger truth that these stress rigidities are byproducts of an overall extremely successful persome and professional if not transformation then certainly maturation. On so many levels, this year of crisis has returned me to shore in such better shape than when I was swept out to sea. We have had to be a bit like water. When I have felt the need to paddle, I have paddled like hell, and when we have run into squalls and setbacks and fatigue and burnout and distractions, we have experiment with new and improved maneuvers around.

So then I had thought about prosing it and then never got around to doing it. And then as an extension of a larger writing project I have going on I started collecting material for the song and so I just started to write it. Here was my chance to live out my Robert Hunter dreams! I actually did study up on his song writing a little bit. I’ve tried to avoid to much homage or out right thievery, but after a littler research and trying to piece things together in the way that they seem to make sense to me, I realize ho indebted my thought processes are to both him and Dylan.

This will all probably get cut, which is why it is so freeing and which is how we have been able to get so far. Of course we will have to consolidate back and delte a bunch of this shit and carve it off, but developing the ability to colver the miles and jump one project to another and weave in and out of different voices and make a lot of qualitative and quanitiative judegements on how to allocate limited resources, that is the stuff of life, all life and that is the stuff of projects, all projects. I had to step up to the plate. Get in the ringt. Get my ass sober and focused and fit and mean and ready to take on the world!

This process has been really fun and has produced some decent lines!

06/16/2021

* Chard…
* Writing solid ballast for tech.
  + Subdivision script bit.
  + The Logos
  + Semiotics
  + 入口，人口，入，人，从，众，肉，肏，水，口水，操 （so filthy most people won’t even write it and instead write this character which is generally translated as “exercising”
  + Describe walking down the street
    - The weird erroneous blind people textured lego sidewalk bits.
    - Lots of holes and polls and wires
    - Man crouching on an exposed i-beam at least four stories up welding while smoking without face covering.
    - A man riding a bicycle with a couple of children hanging on to it without helmets or anything and he is smoking.
    - A couple of guys moving a refrigerater with a bicycle.
    - Use your pictures to get details about your past stories. That is a whole other laying. That’s a great layer. It is all fair game. It is a fractured collage. That is all we can expect no?
    - Dynamic fucking lessons. Maybe that section of the letter is called dynamic fucking lessons. We’ve already introduced the Chinese characters. Now we just have to drive it home if you will…

*Steers search desperately for grass on a prairie.*

*The day comes with a kingdom of clouds above.*

*Here, an aged sign tells of a circus, come and gone.*

*How do the people of this land respond to the Big Top?*

*Clowns. Contortionists. Cheats. Carnies for life?*

*And the road stretches out before us Eastward.*

*East to responsibility.*

*East to ignored reality.*

*East to the impossibility*

*of rain in Chicago.*

03/03/2022

save\_update vs. dave\_update

Was trying to write the method save\_update, but instead wrote dave\_update and it made me laugh.

object oriented programming, planning, organization.

Iterative….