[HACK O’WYLLIANS](#hack)

So sorry to hear about he passing of Granddaddy.

You gave him your cat. He took your cat. Something about the intimacy of that. The closeness. The openness . Really endured Granddaddy to me. That and your mother being able to take care of him as she did. And how hard that was. What is value. What is worth doing. These things are important. These nourishing things. Thines exhausting things. This white bleeding things and soul work things. These subtle things that we don’t understand even as they are transpiring. The subtle body. The suble mind. A hard days work. A back supione. Bitter coffee in my morning mug.

Butter on my toast.

I have felt badly about not knowing what to say about death. I wrote a poem that I entitled:

***What to say to loss***

*Look out to see*

*the horizon line*

*observe you back*

*from impossibly far away.*

That emptiness is universal though. That nothingness to say. That sadness and the inadequacy of words. That is universal. That is something we all share. That discomfort, that awkwardness, that wrestling is grief. Recognizing grief, internalizing too. Projecting loss and relationship on the living. Everyone gets married at a wedding. Everyone gets buried at a funeral. Works much in the same way as television I suppose. We are passive, but we are active. We are safe and away but we are there, emotionally, interest-wise. We care about the characters. They are our avatars existing in a context we could not enter into ourselves comfortably, for entertainment, amusement. Like Virgil taking Dante into the Inferno. Leading us deeper and deeper into a world we belong to and we do not belong to.

Esme needs construction paper, now, she is in class and is getting behind by not having the right kind of paper. I get her set up and she turns to walk out of the study and walks smack into the door with her forehead. She is now sobbing with big tears, she smacked it so hard. And looks so pathetic as her left eye is still a little swollen from her out of the blue Celluitis infection that ballooned her left eyelid up to cartoonish, alien proportions all without causing her any more discomfort than not being able to open her left eye for a good part of the day.

By the next day, after going to the doctors and starting on antibiotics from CVS that the pharmasicts whipped up in a bottle from a power by adding some water to it-- Keep it refrigerated, he said. He had done this after coming from the back room where he had almost been shouting at a co-worker, potentially someone he was charged with managing, he had been yelling about NOT having said anything about another co-worker’s physical appearance and that he did NOT appreciate people saying he said things that he had NOT said. His co-worker did not give any ground though, and testily replied that she had heard what she heard. The people in the line forming at the pharmacy counter had shifted leg to leg and exchanged eyebrow raises as the contentious conversation suddenly ended and the pharmacist had appeared at the counter with a gracious but tired expression on his face. And then mixed the medicine and told us to keep it in the fridge.

And then betsy comes in and she asks for wording help on birthday greeting for a friends 40th-- Enthusiastic, Contagious, Charismatic, music maker, music appreciator, seed crystal, catalyst, mensch. Helena brings up the rear eager to contribute. “Two!” she says. “Two!” has at last begun to rival “One!” as her go to communication catch all.

Nashville

Train cars on tracks, brown beyond the rows of white headstones in the Nashville National Cemetery where the Wilburn Brothers-- Teddy and Virgil-- are both buried and where some say you can sometimes hear “Brown Eyes Sparkling” being whistled low and airy on open summer nights.

Painted on clouds. Swallows like black leaves clung to trees. Possessed. Puddle in the swing rut in the morning after the rain. Fading auburn light. Much like the hues of a desiccated peach. Church steeple through winter thinned trees. 17 busy turkeys free ranging willy-nilly across the surveyor’s good work

Undulating hills and hollows. Rolling one lane road with painted on bike path, Up and down all the way to Shelby bottoms.

And banjo, violin, cello, guitar, together, unpracticed, distracted, but suddenly making good sounds, strings vibrating round the living room, before the hearth, before the girls pass out in beds and we loll In *Baskets* until sleep. All of us tired like overwrought iron.

The cocoa light tour- wee and away we go! All around Ingelwood and assorted environs. Thanks to Golden tickets and whizzing away and through undulating streets, The illuminated Craftsmen with their trees flush against glass front doors, A pine come up the walkway to greet you, candy cane and cocoa proffered, big icy bear hug on offer. Sequenced lights, rolling sheets of color , Pink flamingos under dayglo palms. Igor, Snoopy, the Grinch, Santa, Jesus, Wisemen, Shepherds, Mary, Joseph, Tweety, the Abominable Snowman, Jack the Pumpkin king, Angels, dripping icicle lights, simple white lights, black lights, all red lights hinting at a holiday punch deeply dyed and spiked with red rum.

But no snow, though found later when returning to Chicago after grey Louisville and Breana Taylor and lifelessness in Old Town with the Cardinals all scattered and the wobbly stadium strikingly dumb.

Wednesday night hand at the Richtergarten. I do think you are Freaky and I do like you a lot.

Double Banh-mi. The reassuring smell in the Asian grocery store that all Asian grocery stores have that I used to find kind of nauseating and foreign, but now kind of like, anticipate, another proof that diversity still exists.

Craft beer extraordinaire. Irish Whisky, Frennet, Absinthe, Moonshine with peaches, sparkling new year’s punch!

Rain- light, but steady, incessant in the night. Muddle puddle in the morning in the tree swing yard rut.

Confetti and tossed Trump mugs.

A floor to stretch on, a raging hearth to warm beside.

70 degree weather received like a gift. Travel altering exposure to the sun.

Music, together, so wonderful! Snuck in between fits and messes and other demands on our minds.

The cello! The tenor guitar!

Music and singing!

Punch and izzy!

Wounded animals making remarkable recoveries all!

Study time- made progress with my understanding and internalizing of the basic binary search algorithm!

Porch swing and brick and soothing green painted cement.

Reading couches

Birds and squirrels

Sudden predatory shadows over the road as we drive.

Birdsong. Swallow mob action.

The church spire through the skeleton bones of the empty leaf homes.

Turkeys rioting through yards

Pampered dogs in baby carriages.

Rainbow flags in a red state.

News reports of the RV explosion. Days before the storming of the capital

By a band of true Americans, making it great again by shitting all over the institution they hold so dear. Wiping their asses with parchment. Spewing lies on a clear cold night. As Conservatism reaches back around the political spectrum-sphere and imbibes a heavy draught of anarchism entitled to do as they do by long stewing rage, old black magic that even most politicians have had the moral character not to become possessed by.

No running, rambling, shaking out residual deal making jitterings. Internalized unknowns. Digested ambiguities. No longer subsisting on diet to make me thick-waisted and split-nerved.

My mug red from rooting my snoot all about in the dust,

Digging the details of my own disintegration.

Ice cold Coke at a crossroads country store.

Somewhere out near Timberlake and the entrance to the Natchez trails.

02/14/2021

Helena’s birthday present Jumper, book, and magnifying glass—Lo and Beaux and Ivy.

03/15/2021

Ivy, your animation was so wonderful! We enjoyed seeing it so much! You obviously worked really hard on it. And you did the music too! So wonderful!

04/26/2021

Finally reacting to the robot video that Beaux sent me.

Such a weird place. Not forcing any reactions sto things. Taking notes. Letting impressions settle. Finding material to slip into building stock pile of letters. Its an eccentric assembly line, but proof the fact that you are reading these words right now is proof oc concept that there is some light at the end of this assembly line.

Hack O’Wylans.. hacked together, melding, evolving, changing, like water… Be water. I am water.

10/01/2021

Chicago and the golden Autumn and bicycles around the leafy, flat northside. Brick and park, foods and song. A Circus in the open air and the people all on blankets on the grass, gathered and amazed at the marvel of the fit bouncing performers and their deep, deep mutual trust, the riggers working the ropes, their skill seemingly detaching them from the horrors of what could occur were they just a bit distracted or slow or clumsy or whatever.

We follow the sun and the wind comes and whispers of a deep colder chapter of the season. Learning to be warm. Learning to be cold.

01/10/2022

And a year on we all meet up in Ft. Wayne after your visit to Chicago of course. And we chat and play games oand our children tavel back and forth across the platform 9 and three fourths and we attempt to navigate the ambiguity of familial relationships and public health directives as we attempt to keep each other health-- physically, emotionally, relationally, and not one of is finding it easy nor especially fun.

HACK

03/28/2022

Beaux sent me a gif of a new iteration of Hack with a dashing mustach, more finishing looking appendeges and as rugged, but well-fitting hat.

7/13/2021

* Nuclear sub, AI controlled
* Acts like a whale, dives down to fight giant squid to prove he is a whale.
* Hack is stuck on board and the whale sub is getting manhandled and he realizes that he is not a whale after all.
* What abilities do whales have?
  + Dive deep
  + Hold breath
  + Dart
  + Wiggle
* Perhaps they somehow electrocute the squid and get back to the surface
* Whale sub admits finally that he is a spaceship and that if Hack fixes him up they can leave the planet.
* The doctor has been keeping Hack trapped on earth for a complicated web of reasons.
* She loves him in a way, but mostly just needs his processor-- she needs all the data to create the next iteration of Hack, but Hack doesn’t want to be iterated. He doesn’t want to change, because this change would mean that the Hack he is now would no longer exist.
* The new version will be Hack-- a new iteration of him, but he has to allow the old Hack to be killed-- retired, put to rest, the old urges and programming have to be rewired .
  + He wishes he could somehow figure out how to rewire the professor so she would just be content with what they had. Hack would stay the same and she would stay the same except for that part of her that was hell bent on changing him.