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from Texture Notes

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from *Texture Notes*

Bicycle texture.

Take five radically different groups of people. The groups may radically differ in the usual categories (such as size, shape, color) or others (such as surface area, scent, hair texture, politics, emotional predicaments). Lead them by the hand, and then let go and give them a choice: field of flowers, field of gold, field of dreams, field of vision, field of applicants, field of corn, field of bicycles, field of bicycles.

Thickness of the anti-tropism.

Devil in my kitchen

Lets loose all the contents of my refrigerator and they scatter, all the food, condiments, ice cubes, and they plant themselves, on the table, atop the tv, at the base of a potted plant, and they grow roots, dig in before they rot in place all over the place all over the place.

Character sketch:

Fullness in its attempt to achieve itself.
Spread thin to the point of being everywhere.

I gather, and gather, and gather, but once the spilling sets in again I spill into the nearest ocean – in order to let the spilling be even, in order to be fair, to be fast, to be true – which is why I need to live near oceans.

A hierarchy where fast truth is better than its slow equivalent, and a commonality of the things which are not true no matter how hard you look or how hard I swim, in how near which ocean.

Is always at the approach, that danger called good enough.

I bring it all, everything that fits, all of it spilling over, I stumble forth with it all of it, if only to arrive at process.