If So, To What Does Thinking So Owe?

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Psychogeographically speaking, a shadow's shaped by mishap. A dove's meaning of *in-flight* overhead misshapes itself, spiraling "down-to-earth" as a tarry tarpaulin of creosote wades through the asphalt like an asterisk of debt the sky owed. There're more subtle pursuits the right masseuse can caress from non. Sometimes I get so sick of the in-situ dialectic of the universe's expanse & the I I am I stare at the wall of my apartment until I stare myself out. Until I'm a béton brut wreck of myself, until I'm non again, (some odd no-on-no on&on...). In May of '68 (Paris), they ripped up the pavement to reverse the escargot any Parisian'll tell you absorbs their city on a daily basis. They hurled it at riot police. They tied a mantra to it: *sous les paves la plage.* *(Under all's paved a beach).* Last summer in Istanbul's Taksim Square, I saw the people tear down whole buildings to do the same. Fortitude's resistance requires a moment's tranquility revolve in a piece. Of asphalt. Of tissue. Of a dove's tufted-enough feather petrified a weapon: *Of.* Does a world in a grain of sand still hold true? The marvelous won't coagulate if a peace can be reduced to pieces—& then might we all be on the brink of owning insignificance?