

3.11.18 VD, SS, PB at 1412 Union

- 1 Move – write
- 2 Move/distill
- 3 Open write
- 4 Read write #1 (all 3 of us)
- 5 Write/distill #4 OR DISTILLATION 1
- 6 Read write #3 (all 3 of us)
- 7 Write/distill #6 OR DISTILLATION 2

1. *Move/write*

I've spent so much time lately not saying things – deliberately not saying things. Not saying the specific reason -- &, in my opinion, entirely *justifiable* reason – for my seeming impatience. But still, it's not the time for this. Like any man, right now, living thru feminine resurgences – it's time to listen. Just listen & not justify or explain.

And then there's the other not-saying-things situation...& a tinge of recognition – I've experienced this before, & he doesn't get it, although he's making a valid point about lots of other surrounding stuff.

3. *Open write*

She's probably never visited North Korea – but that's not to say she can't talk about the experience. There are certain things that are true & seem to betray certain (I know, I already used that word once & am *deliberately* using it twice in a sentence) personal failings. Like that I don't care about every single student I've worked with -- & even so, there are only a very few in this category. Most of them I care about deeply & often feel connected with the rest of our lives. And the few not in this category – well, seem to have been at a college rather than actively having chosen to work with me, & I never felt that close connection.

Can't take care of everybody!

Probably just as well I got gas & coffee on the way here rather than on the way back. Various categories of fuel. And everything went well. The crime scene had been all cleaned up, like the accident had never happened, & nobody knew it was me who made the mess, thank god, & so what if the they did, not the end of the world, right?

I'm forgetting entirely about the idea of writing in dialog.

But it can kick in anytime, right?

Well, yeah, I don't see why not –

So many dogs in this neighborhood.

They walk on by. Hear the barking –

Yes, I hear it.

You haven't mentioned your state of semi-exhaustion –

No, I haven't, & I'd rather not talk about it now, either.

OK, OK!

5. *DISTILLATION 1*

On a bench, in the sun – two girls, and a soft thumb. Certain ideas are retained, like the diagonal, the blanket on the couch, the introduction of smell. It's OK that he doesn't get it. Me not saying so many things.

Oh, why does it slip away? Why only the soft thumb and the sunny bench? Two serious girls – falling in love with a gesture. Chewing that cud, again & again. Male hysteria. Strong female bodies. Unwilling prophecy – something we want to avoid, but never do. Avoid, that is. (There was a flurry just at the end.)

7. *DISTILLATION 2*

As often happens, the beginning has fallen away. There was an eraser –

Yes, and ruminants –

Oh right – many references to the bovine species.

It'll take generations, I fear, before non-human species are afforded full respect –

And that'll indicate the imminence –

Of enlightenment?

Something like that.

Buttoning & unbuttoning the top button – no money changing hands. How will this play out?

Nuances flowing in & out of each other.

And acknowledging the various forms of fuel.

Such a personal, relative category –

For awhile there, I couldn't even think about it without getting nauseous.

Think about what?

So many things. Tea. Chocolate. Getting out of bed during the night.

Running in the night hallway.

Wasn't that – a title for something?

Yes for a section of something. the image of a woman in a white nightgown, holding a candle, running through the hallway in the 19th-century night.

Maybe not as universal as one might think.

Maybe not. But white linen – that's gotta be –

Timeless? Yes, timeless.