

A VIEW THAT WASN'T THERE BEFORE

In the morning be one person, in the afternoon another, and thereby escape the usual constraints of existence, particularly in terms of expectations, not that doing so will make much difference.

A healthy indifference gives the matter a looseness that allows for almost anything to enter in and be examined, even what seems misplaced or beside the point or strangely missing.

So recently found, a word—like *imbrication*—though having been there all along, still can't find a way into a conversation without sounding ridiculous, and that's just one word, and who can say how many more words might appear.

REM says, "I came to disappear," which seems an echo of the Apostle Paul saying one has to die to self, an idea most certainly not new but still revolutionary and ultimately pragmatic.

The truth is what doesn't work has a beauty, too, even a usefulness, and often opens up a view that wasn't there before, as when a train passes and in its aftermath a plastic bag is wind-caught into a beautiful nowhere

that could lead anywhere—
into this or that realm, into another season,
into a context where meanings multiply,
into a conversation

where no one has to speak.