

And the both of us we enter a set of plywood walls and plywood floors marked with tape. A set is sometimes made of plywood walls and a plywood floor or two and still we too attempt to make sense of the tape markings. As the both of us, we trace them, the markings, an old man and a little girl open up their umbrellas. Each, the both of them opens one. An old man is dressed like an old man and a little girl is dressed like a little girl so the umbrella he holds is large and grey and over her who holds a smaller pink one above herself below him and his. This, the each of them, suits the two of each. And we begin to hear a voice that begins to speak in what is English (not that, you, would recognize it as anything apart from a foreign language being spoken, (and me neither, nor would I,) if we had not been told, the both of us, before, that the voice that will speak is bound to speak in that). A voice, ‘that’ being English, some English Will being, now, though not for us, spoken. Will as in ‘velle,’ as found, sometimes, in a voice. That not being ‘this’ since it is not before us. That being ‘that.’ This being not yet something. Well, we assume, while we listen, we imagine this voice speaks as though with hopes to lend us insight. But we realize as (“but—” we think) as much as we imagine some sum of English words we hear as more than sounds, and as much as we imagine he wishes, we will not understand the sounds to be more than ‘English sounds,’ no more than we could tell him in *his* tongue, as they say, nor can we hear him, (imagine!) nor, frankly, him to be no more than an English speaking mouth—and somewhat a man, someplace spoken. Since we cannot see the whole of him (while we have this thought, the both of us,) we wonder but our wondering stops when words begin to read “we made our own rain by drilling tiny holes, as” we begin to realize we hear the sound of rain behind the voice where man and girl stand in some storied space, old and little. And we do not note the font as form above all plywood, the both of them, wall and floor, plural, walls and floors, since some are raised above the one on the ground, and others placed before the ones perpendicular, but we do acknowledge the font was made, too, by someone and placed on many different surfaces with hands and mouses, mice on tables with chords and chores before it laid there, before they, the words, for us, appeared. And though we can read these words in *our* language, they disappear now because we have read them. Because they were written to be read. Alongside some noticed but unheard sound. And, once. Since all behind them is carrying on and not carrying them therewith. So whether we read them or not, they appeared for those who could. And we were some of those who could and so we did. And now we look back to the room, as though to enter it, we look toward it, behind where the words arose or were laid and disappeared because there is nowhere else, now, to look, or at least not something demanding to be seen that the both of us would be sure to look to, and we see, now, neither a man’s face that we imagine old nor a girl’s face that is, we reckon, little, behind the “small holes, fourteen thousand tiny” words we read since they hold their umbrellas above the both of them for the purpose of sheltering, we assume, having been before, ourselves intent on sheltering, the both of us, or one of us, each other, or one another if holding only one while we see now, not their faces but both, the whole of each of them, as we imagine they are beginning to get wet, from the rain that must be the one who makes that sound, instead of them, who wets their umbrellas, since that is what is meant to happen. So that is what must be happening. Or may be happening. And maybe as they hold the both of them above themselves, we hear the sound of rain falling or maybe the sounds are the sound of one rain playing having been before fallen, and recorded as it fell or rather the sounds of each rain hitting the ground, now or then. And the both of us, we realize, because of this mechanism (though that is an ugly, big word), something we had not questioned enough to realize before, or heard as a sound of many sounds, before the pipes prompt, here, a sort of thought or before a thought, a sensation, thereby adequate, or if in movement, a notion, enough so to begin to be horrifying, imagining if rain *did* make a sound, many or collective sounds, as it was falling, also, it would be much louder and if to characterize it, fearsome. Imagine rain did make a sound as it was falling, and not just as it was, or ‘it’ being, the each of them, all at once but not together, hitting the ground. Or touching the ground, yet with no malice. Though with some force. And is somewhat the task of such an umbrella to acknowledge such force, and thereby, to weaken it? Though we cannot, though to do so we are told, imagine. And I for one have never in my life or the rain used an umbrella. And we do not want right now, in particular, to answer any questions. And we try to imagine our imagining as a somewhat force, though we’ve no tool to weaken our lack in imagining. And we are not afraid now. Or not enough to say so. Of course we are, though not, the both of us, enough. Nor is our silence fearsome, enough. Or so we say. The whole of it as all of them from “small holes in one hundred and eighty meters of plastic pipes *above*” the back of an old man’s suit coat and suit pants, the both of them stand still, since, or, as he wears them and seem to remain dry as that is what is meant to happen. That is what, to us, seems and must be happening. Seem is suspicious. Seem may seem an old mechanics. Dryness is meant to keep happening so long as wetness and sheltering do, or in spite of false sky and wettening. For the sake of nylon seams and the carrying of something for the just in case. Or the carrying of something in spite of those sheltered in suntime with some to sell should their cue come. And those sum have ponchos also, but if we were to begin upon ponchos I would surrender all else to stake some scarce hold in such a promising, shapely pursuit. Ah, to speak of ponchos. What I mean by that is to speak of plastic, as virtue signal of light and in that sense seductive. Oh. And we, the both of us, hope, under the large umbrella, he holds above, him above her, who is little-girl-like under a pink one, is, if to characterize it, or in comparison, according to the both of them, somewhat dry. And announced only by an arrival, though against or in spite of expectation, without—a raincoat—a man comes from what seems like behind. And he is another man. Though seems a man or a man-like type still. And is moving more. And the both of us are no less shocked than you must be, that there is something that seems like behind now for other things to come from, and no less shocking, as he is a new man, younger since newer and less familiar and who walks, and past, the both of us stops, still, before somewhat, or for long enough for us to see he holds an umbrella, and we could say also, but for the moment we recognize his umbrella as a new one, and him a new man, and we do not care for novelty but we just must make some sense of particulars and this is just because we, for now, at once, see him as holding our attention, and the one he is holding as his umbrella, it being ‘his,’ though it is closed, and tucked under his arm, between the ribs of him and one elbow crooking, as joints tend to, this there, until he begins walking again and further, opens, an umbrella as we see it now as ‘the’ umbrella we look to as he raises above himself the blue; his is blue. We would say bright blue but we know nothing of your regard of neon or dimness. If that were a westward rising scale, leftward—like, the opposite way in which one reads. Neon. And with no coat he walks towards the suited man, the older man and younger child and we realize now he enters the scene. Or we recognize it as a scene, that, now, he enters. And we refrained a moment though not long enough before recognizing it as a Scene as he bends his blue jeans down and with what seems to us from here to be without a word, with his free hand, there, he moves the little girl’s shoe that is on her foot. What now. He moves her shoe and her foot also, more leftward. Leftward for her and rightward for us, toward him for him, away from the hips of her for her though the rest of her would, with no harm, follow. Or she would follow and harm would leave be the both of them. But she instead somewhat steps over his hand and so we suppose she did not understand what he meant by touching her foot, (no more than we did,) and again stands with shoes and feet and knees, almost even, together. Him still being crouched where he had crouched moves forward now on one steady knee and sneaker crooked all under his umbrella he holds above himself and with his free hand reaches under her umbrella and moves her left shoe once more that is on her foot, and pink, more leftward so her shoes are further apart and her feet in them with the left one leftward and the right one rightward, or not pigeon-toed but duck-footed, as so they say. I would not say so but that is what they say, so. And her left is not our left nor is her right our right nor her feet our feet, nor did she assume she must do so, no more than we did. She was not told she was moved, so shown. And as all of them hold their own umbrellas and remain, assuming, somewhat dry, they do not move themselves much, or move alone, but move each other. But the both of us, we do not wait while we watch, but we watch until we are told what to see, so we wait somewhat to trust our watching, since we recognize her shoes, like this, now, that she stands still, *do* look better than how they were before insofar as she faces us more so, somewhat, and since we would like to see, and we care about us, each other, and ever since our attention was brought to her shoes we do see that we like them now to remain, on her parted feet, apart. And now that her shoes are settled we remember to hear the rain again and we wonder once more whether the rain is making sound falling or the rain is just hitting the ground and if absorbed by plywood, whether, yes, we gather, we much prefer her to stay like this also. We look to her as though to tell her so. We look at her with stone faces as though to show her our approval. Our approval is meant to come from our attention alone. *Stay put*. We had not known before how much we would have preferred a little girl like this. This little girl like this, still. And so she stays there because now she *understands* under her pink umbrella that she holds above herself who is small as the man who is neither old or suited walks towards us again though shocked us then with his blue, now, after walking a few steps lowers his umbrella to be before him, lowers some blue before him, so we can see the whole somewhat circle in front of him, who is behind it, and as he closes blue before us, as it collapses, as it becomes a different shape or a few that are hard to say before becoming one, that is, somewhat a difficult sort, to say, while it is changing shape though once it becomes the one we recognize as closed, a closed umbrella, it is. And so, as we had, so, with the whole of us, anticipated, he shakes it, somewhat, he shakes it, in anticipation we see as he shakes it some more, in response, we know this very well, we know this as what comes after the shape it was above him below the wet, now it has been shaken, and as a no longer wettening something, shook, it was shaken before and shoved somewhat now, as he tucks it under his arm between the ribs of him, somewhat wet in spite of shaking though less so below the shirt sleeve of him, and, if we were there, he nearly elbows one or the both of us as he walks past, elsewhere. Yet we are some no more肘ed than we are fearsome or

there or dampening. So we look to him and her and them and all this as though to tell it so. ‘It’ being ‘this,’ sometimes our promise. Yet we are no more theirs than shook or our own likeness, there, or like them, dampening. And we cannot listen or hear or tell them so since we know not why or what for or with what words *until* rather sometime soon is said “we tested many different girls...but they were afraid of the big fans and rain faker,” we wonder if what we read was what was said. Since for a moment “maker” would have made sense. Though not more sense, just sense also. And it is a relief to know this rain is fake, since it seems too real as to be unreal. It seems such a compass and convenience, to these two. Still so. Maybe. And we wonder if the many different girls were scared of the man. Or if they were only scared of the water since they distrusted their small umbrella, being small? The both of us consider that. That being ‘this.’ And find maybe not distrust but doubt to be fair as opposed to another thing we consider unfair. Since if this one, the little girl, as one of many little-girl-like options, here still questioned this new mechanism, of her old idea, of rain, or if there were many men who were scared of the little girls before this one, the others who must have been cowards, knew how to have been small and in their own pink and, brave, but if the little girls knew the faker to be making the rain then they must have been shown and even told that even this rain being fake does not make sound as it is falling but only as it is hitting the ground. And when it touches the ground it makes a sound. And it is difficult to say much more about this touch. All of each of them. And if only they were shown and told so, perhaps they could be somewhat less fearful, assuming, in comparison “but this girl was very tough and holds this role very well as you can see” and we are looking trying to see well, while we believe that the words tell us what the voice tells us, and we believe the voice says something true about what we see, we are wondering if she is tough because we see only a small coat under a small umbrella and she did not know any better than to step over the hand that touched her foot, knew no better than we would. Or did. But her foot is not ours nor did his hand reach to touch us. And if to call her tough we would need to consider ourselves, the both of us, or if less tough alone. And this girl is braver, then, the voice of a man says, and what he means when he says this is not that she is braver than him but that she is braver than all the other little girls. Maybe, we think to ourselves, maybe she is thinking things like *But we are an aberrant sector, or that ranting from which the innocent draw back*. Something such as, *And by innocent perhaps I mean dumb*. She adds to her thought by thinking, *And by dumb I have come to mean not yet bewildered*. She is stood there, as we see her, thinking, *And by none of this do I mean lesser*. Or so she thought, *But if from without we pity*. She thinks, *And if by we I may mean myself*. Or maybe she is not so dramatic, but more mellow, as to feeling or hearing the rain, and imagining some sea, like that one who can ask oneself, *when I am in the sea does the land forget me? Whatever*. We think to ourselves, whatever. Matters that sometimes when she study something one could quote her and tell another, “She said, ‘I like it.’” And anyhow he does not mention his bravery, his voice being the one to speak on bravery, when he does so. This such as that he has some sense of seriousness, for the sake of solids and the just in case. Maybe he repeats himself in case something acute has been misplaced or measured. And we imagine he must, before all this. And so we may, if we wish to, feel frustrated. Because we are made to consider something we cannot see if we are not shown, and by this frame we are not, as it were, taken. And so we feel like those who see not polka dots but points, or she who does not draw a circle on a piece of paper but calls it a sphere, or he who nods upward as a form of greeting, and so we nod in disapproval because we forgot for a moment a head can be shaken. Such as ours. Oh, but of an umbrella, we so like its being, shaking. And we remembered it was our turn to move. But what we look through (we regret to say) shows us long stripes of white we see as, we were told, pipes, but we see not the holes or the water that falls from them and makes this sound as we heard and read the words of the voice we did not understand told us and sound showed us but “when you look at this you can’t imagen how it will look at the end. We can imagen, but for others it is impossible to see that this can be something fascinating” and we recognize that we are not in this ‘we’ the voice speaks of as another voice speaking, different in sound so, assuming, another voice, but perhaps a mouth with two tones, also, in sounds we do not know the words of, begins to say something in a pace as though to dispute. But we like how they added only one letter, ‘n,’ instead of ‘ine,’ so we can see, still, ‘image.’ We see it clearly. But this image is moving. So the looking must look also. And the silence’s hearing of unheard voices must read. And then something that is unexpected happens. All else was not expected but happened before anticipation. So. Now something that was before unforeseen happens.

What we are shown through, the both of us, as though to enter somewhat but not quite, the telling-thing, leaves, it moves, and not just to see somewhat above but some elsewhere and so we move with it, though it had not before been thought to be a moving thing, the thing we are looking through leaves the old man and the little girl and so we do also, though do not abandon them, we do not abandon them, we think to ourselves, *do not abandon them*, no, not quite but move away for this moment, okay, as we imagine, alright, the voices come with us, we imagine for a moment they would hear us, or we hope, as one does, at least, since we had not mentioned before we would hope they would remain, so we imagine that one will, since we are shown but we are told even when we are shown something to be seen and we look and attempt to look well at what we are shown, we are told we may not understand as they do, and even when we are shown something we are told we will not see what it is they believe they are showing us, not yet. And as we anticipate a voice instead we see what looks like municipal buildings. But there are people beside them and the people are as tall as them.

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A room whole full of who will soon seem painterly people is a plywood movie set, is where all are making sound using their teeth to tear tape, is where it keeps letting itself out to be torn, is, as we see it, torn with teeth and we see the hands of those who do so detach the one piece from what seems to us the whole of it, though we know not how it began to hold its shape but by tearing, so some length of it is between their teeth, having been torn and for the taping, and maybe, we imagine, even when the tape begins to come up, to let itself loosen though it has been laid in someplace apart from the former whole of it, we regret to imagine, we console ourselves by remembering the tape, too, can tape the tape down, and as the circle of cardboard that lets tape unstick itself and let itself out and give itself away, the somewhat circle, has some of their hand inside, for holding, and yet the hand cannot remain holding where it is held since the shape of it rotates and gives some of itself away, so “if this works, it will be fantastic,” and since we are listening without hearing, we read this and imagine the words to reflect what has been said in sounds and the ‘if’ to reflect what ‘will’ happen. ‘Will’ here, not being ‘velle,’ since a voice is not, here, our own, nor, for us, spoken. A room is here where people without their voice spray paint on what looks like municipal buildings that are as big as people as their spraying begins making a sound. And we cannot say so so sternly but we long after when people were familiar and old men dressed like old men and little girls dressed like little girls because now all are of the undiscerning type in age and fabric. And so we cannot care for them or learn from them or from ourselves in pretending to be thinking toward them since we do not know with what they have been concerned or taught. Though we do not, we may wish to. And some seem to make dots over and over with paintbrushes and we say seem since we see all from too far to see the spray become paint or the dabs become dots or the smear become a field if as smudged as it seems to be being but we gather a sense of their gestures and believe in them to be changing something since we are kind enough to do so (to lend some of our thought to their effort) and if they do so and if it works it will be clearer than it is now but if and only then. And only then, they sense also, until then, when “we can paint reflections behind the windows, depending on the time of day,” ombré-depending-on-time-of-day, we lull and loop though do not-yet laugh, the both of us, as laughter might be seen or taken wrongly, borrowed wrongly, or at a poor time, given, before one front of a small building is moved to the side and we see it is small, if a building, but if a flat board of wooden ply, quite large. Up by wooden stilts propped “so we create the haziness by stippling, with spray, and slowly” they say, so and so says, “with such, and slowly” and we imagine this All Depends *on if they do so* and if it works it will be *fantastic*, ombré depending on time of day they wish the reflections to reflect yet all this is too much and “depends on how they do so through the whole composition, since we have not seen it yet,” and all this is not enough and we see this less, no more than they do, “But it will be so” says a soft voice in English, ‘it’ being the whole of it and ‘so’ being *fantastic* but the words in our language disappear because now we have read them and while we believe the words told us the sounds the voice had spoken and we believe the voice says something true about what we see, as we are shown, as they are telling us how they will do so, we are wondering about depending and we wonder if that is a promise or if it will be, not because we distrust Or it will not but more so because we Wonder if we *could* be involved, would we care to.