

Like heavy bricks in a wall covering the view of my early summer days, so are the words that I type. I'm chained to this grind mill until I have mauered myself into freedom again. I will lose friends in the process, lovers too. All desire is gone, not even the sight of a mole on an ear lobe will stir the mouse in me. They will start to say no, I haven't seen her in a while now, have you seen her around? No, not in several weeks. I think she might be dead. Dead?! Maybe she just left town for the countryside to get into better habits. When she's back she'll have stepped into some meat and rosy apple cheeks. But when? It's not about habits, habits I can handle, it's about something unforeseen like this dropping into your lap and you didn't ask for it or perhaps you did by some unconscious smugness. Yesterday I relapsed into grabbing for the scissors, forbidding the use of laptops, like a schoolteacher getting in touch with creativity through material encounters, freely generating content like nothing-matters matters. I had an idea to write about the weather while drinking tea at Tee-di-um, but that would have been too apparent. I relapsed even further into deep-sea misquotations of Greek philosophy, trying to merge with my own sad time by going to the dry cleaner and asking not, is this my shirt but when I get my shirt back, is it really my shirt? I'm not the river, not the parrot, not the castoff draft on the table, I'm past pasting patterns and payment shouldn't happen by the word but by the hour.

*(This document was automatically generated by Contemporary Art Library.)*