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Dissemble Distinctions
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,Please Excuse My Dear Aunt Sally'

Grey juice of instruction is boiling behind glass.
The recipe, a ritual of sorts,
demands of the practitioner not just a sequence of operations
but a disposition,
attuned to the nuances of precision and patience as time passes.

Know How
in continuous rounds.

Born through the formula
every variable, every constant
strive for getting touched by the tempting error.
A true signal of trial.

While simmering,
Thinking to overflow in search of unpredictable companions.
The air gets dusty,
the practitioner's hand is inside it.

Adding piece by piece,
Then pencil on paper,
Motors traveling the threads, with no resistance
waiting for the moment to spill forth.

Soon stuttering syllables that don't want to become
words
or numbers into the the dust.

How know
Aunty Sally?

Text by Mania Godarzani-Bakhtiari