

Story 3,

Part 2: **minnow**

August 23

Have I been trapped in a one-man game of hide and seek? A person's only hiding if someone else is seeking. Do you find in me my interest in yourself? Isn't it funny that the person reading this right now knows exactly what I'm working so hard to figure out—is exactly that? Do you playfully evade me, laugh when I hit on something perfectly only to dismiss the possibility—
Is that a power or submission? Or, no

She knows the answer, not the question.

I can't even show a hint of that emotion anymore. I would risk breaking that dear memory of us. I've cut it so fine, so exact with a roundabout ticket. There's no seepage. It will stay pure, untouched by anything before or after it—unless another visit—and another—strings them all through life like the jewels of Indra, each speaking only with the others with absolutely no remains between them.

There's a big black box over these next two weeks. There's some big block of rain preventing me from seeing the other side. If I met myself one week from now, would I be surprised? Would the fact that he'd traveled a thousand miles and back show in his face--that he's met someone he'd never thought he'd meet? Would I envy him, or--

I'm impatient, but cherishing my current innocence. I told her what I wanted to do was laugh, create and play but what I really wanted was to cry. What haven't I had the chance to cry before? I think, if I cried on her lap--I feel this trip will be my last chance. Only then will I have complete proof of my sincerity and love and the fact that she led me to cry will make her all the more pure, as well. This is my last chance to cry. Right now, I'm flooded with the irony that I fear in a few years will freeze me over--or flatten out my sensitivity to pure art, nothing else. And if she cries with me...our tides may make such a crash that the ensuing spout could break the blue ceramic into heaven.

August 28

(context: a cancelled flight on the 26th.)

I'm reading my last entry again, and I can't tell whether it soothes or hurts me.

What really happened in the past? By writing of a future that only now failed, I destroyed the bond between my realness and reality. By pouring my heart into a broken vessel, I received the rainbow of the fall.

I don't remember the things I feared before. The trip's fatigue, my shyness, even the winters on that side of the world—they all soothe me now like the coldest days of summer. All these fears were blown away by that revelation as powerful as the one she had when she first conceived of that dream. It wasn't a flash, but some taste or depth within the flow that revealed some emptiness where the world

should be. It revealed itself so gradually that even now I mistake its taste for an aftertaste.

Even so, what a turnaround! But what has really changed? I don't know what happened on the other side of the world, let alone what didn't happen. But how this world changed!

If I were really one with this world, shouldn't I have been rocked awake when *that* happened to her? These little threads--walls that speak to you--so frail

Yet once they're on you, they bite your innermost and threaten to become your world. Your capillary's capillaries, leading to the crown of your--

Was it ever real? And if not, is this page, this cone of capillaries--is *this* what I'm trying to communicate? Or that? Are you truly destined to read these words, or have you stolen someone else's seat? It may be my words will permeate that place but I, heavy I will not. Though I play the child that begs to open gifts, I am still the adult who superglues them shut; though I act the youth who begs to fuck, still I am the sterile widow. The sky is infinite, but I will be as singular as one bolt of lightning and toss my tears like dice.

Still, among volumes of dead men's words it comforts me to read little letters from a friend. Maybe *they* intervened to keep our faces hidden--

Oh, but what'll she do now?

I'm so young that all my friends and family seem eternal. Even my grandparents are eternally waiting to die. I've seen

so little and prophecy so much. Who doesn't see themselves after their parents' death or their parents looking at their corpse? Who doesn't see their parents before they were parents, grandparents before they were--oh but they didn't know they were waiting. But what's waiting but the knowing?

Even touching will reveal what's there.
Even touching will reveal what isn't there.
Even touching will dissolve what was there
And make what wasn't really there there.

This won't be the last time we're asked to change both wings on a plane, afraid of *when* to change and *to what* in fear of failure. Yet we must try. But when both gloves come off, which pulls off the other first? And after that, will the other come off? No--

We'll both recognize each other. I know it. When one does, so will the other. No amount of doubt can--

You cannot stare into a mirror unperceived! Okay? Okay.

Not okay? Look: before it reached her, the thread was made from infinite dust. That's the bullet, fired through the thread. What direction does it take? It hits too hard for me to see, and soon it ripples among my family and beyond and eventually melts like spring snow. It was a single thread between us, fraying at its ends. If only we could find it, hanging from the--

Where's the curtain? There should be a curtain to pull back. The only problem is that it looks like wall. Yet these ripples

from the snow--some of it might recompress, come back into another chance meeting, die and then come back into another--until one of us dies. Then, there's a chance that we'll be recompressed to life, given another chance. Were there infinitely many times we met, and infinitely more in the future? And yet--

How bitter that we didn't meet!
How happy that we've always met!

Oh, but what'll she do now?

August 29

I'm enjoying myself in a room full of dogs. I avoided what was wrong, did what was right and now--

Why did heaven expel me? On their final steps to death some old men have one perverse thought and then--

Why did hell expel me? Some people beg for fire and wish to be corrected and it never comes.

My other self doesn't understand that fate is tepid, not the boiling or the cold. He doesn't know why

He still needs to shop for groceries this week
and why he still trusts.

Why should a speck of goodness wreck the groundwork of my monumental nothing? These many sowings and uprootings are gardens where the plants pass like waves and drown or dry if something skews off.

I thought of the curse I uttered last week.
I repented and repented and--

Lucky it was only this!

August 31

When we talked, I remember the misery-cigarette you lit in your condolence. I still think of how the white vapors went up. By now, they must have traveled the world and in my throat and out again.

ashes you said
when all your plans failed
that feeling that you couldn't shake
that's you

We could lose our next chance. Who knows. We both hastened to some next, as if this wreck were just coincidence to our certain loves. But the world has its say, and perhaps it's us who've turned things upside down.

I still wonder what life will be like in two months! My greatest fear is that in two years, the person I now am will be as distant as I am from you right now--that I will turn as cold as people needed me to be, that all my attempts to bridge that future self and me will be denied just as we were on that August morning. The adult decision was to postpone and wait two months, but maybe the elderly decision was to accept the world's will. I keep thinking of violent coincidences of violent interventions. There were no signs.

September 1

A strand of me has gone for a week. A small strand that tugs from the other corner of the world. We are all one, but some of us are two. It will return to me, but the merging will be painful. There were no signs--

There's a part of me enjoying it right now, wondering what would've happened had his words been punished. When we die without warning, we remember our past lives more easily. The faster we close our eyes, the more we see the remnants. On the day we were supposed to--

A shooting star, a lightning bolt, an act of God--

September 2

The things I could have drawn, written if I'd gone...if this chance hadn't slipped from me. About the nature there, about the redness of its autumn redness--light poems, short light poems about--

Here I am, writing this! The autumn on this page is pure, invisible and free of taint and that is why I...

There's a scale that weighs the writings of this week, each in two possible corners of the world, without the one I love and with. What I fear is that, no matter how lyrical those imagined poems seem to me, I will still prefer my words like this. The words about the days without you, nights missed.

I must carve my perfect week from the outside by fulfilling what it's not. The details of its dissolution...by knowing every second of my feelings, I can form its opposite and see what could have been so much clearer. I can even see you eating well...isn't that--?

*This is what I drove through snowy mountains for.
But eventually, one wants a world of snowy mountains
and the dream of leaving to remain a dream.*

I still think of the dream that evoked those words. Things don't feel so different, but the maple is only now red. I know this from last week, when you broke the news...I don't remember your words, but that light shining through the maple--and your cigarette--might burn in my mind for some time. Some time...

When I had hoped, I forgot who I was. I'd like to forget again, selfless like the ocean. I don't remember the no-one you addressed these to, and I might be someone in two months. What then? I feel heavier since you stopped, more touchy. And since you stopped, you've just grown lighter. please, just take this body back. In two months, in two months...no, this won't be a test. The secret to the test is when it's not a test. The secret of the dream is still...

September 4

Today is when I should be coming back.

Once, I imagined what I'd be like before and after. Now, I only see a mirror. I can see the one who'd left much happier as if pitying the dregs left behind. But I'd also look at his poetry and laugh, that happy mess.

A house without the two of us.

I put my hands together and see one as myself back from the other corner of the world. His hand is stronger, and mine has lost the will. His hand balls and clutches mine--and I accept, white arching palm. Its fingers bite into my knuckles and I am neutered. our thumbs kiss, and his grip has the stickiness of dogs. gah--

Time slobbers on us, rushes past.

Sometimes I remove the clock in my room, just to take it back and hug it as I sleep. It beats...even if I'm scared of seconds, divisions in the flow, I find it comforting to think about them. The world flows, but it sometimes helps me to wrap up a slice of it for someone else. The wrapping stales it, but the joy of sharing's something else. And yet, in the end

we go back to our own flows--

I'm sorry about the wrappers. I have so many ribbons so many--because I'm waiting for others. If I speak quietly, it's because I want them to come closer. The seconds spent, words muffled by my wrapping...I want you to open each of them with joy.

goodbye

Sunday already...! some last stroke meaning nothing to the eye. Is the tower still there? Can I still see you from this height? Has it fallen, or did earth rise to meet it--am I free from doubt? Can things fail properly and leave no guts behind? I removed myself to not deprive my shadow of its shape. If I think of--, I might steal the thought from my shadow there with you right now...laughing, dancing and even crying. It almost looks like soil, and every time I curl up

I feel myself bloom.

I know that when I look behind, my friends will all be there. They'll know that I've been thinking of them all this time... today's the day that shouldn't differ among myself. The day I'm stitched together. It's strangely...

Could they have sewn me back a thread each minute? Because I don't feel some big reunion. It's as if they all gathered secretly, hoping to surprise me with an utter calmness that only now has filled my cup--

Now overflowing!

Cigarette...I calm myself and the clouds move instead. I still myself and my friends come alive. Thank you all for pouring me a drink. I hold my cup, filled by my shadows, my what-ifs...in them, I see only stars. I draw my hands back and crush it to my heart.

I know that wonderful clouds come and pass me by. Sometimes, I think there's nothing in the sky that moves, just the shards of china knowing when to turn blue, when white. Watered seeds that bloom. Can you believe that there are still flowers in autumn--buds, even! What, should fall begin with no one here? could a harvest moon...?

One by one, the clouds disappeared. By noon, the sky was a ghostless saunter.