

Once upon a time there was a woman who lived both there and here. Her voice came through in the night as she was curious about the wind. She liked it in her face. She knew of the other: other times, other places, other people. Other was none other than herself. She embraced the logos of momentum, never denying. She always made herself breakfast even if it was naught. For there she knew to start the day, nestled in further for hours.

She wanted to do things simultaneously; read a book, ride a bike, write a letter. She thought of order of sequence of progression of perhaps time or action or both. She once she even sold her pansies and impatience. This was at one of the beginnings. She didn't know it then but instead was taken by a lark. Singing sweet. She engaged in duty. Duty engaged her. She visited a woman every week at an appointed time. She tried to follow the touch and without fail it led her close to sleep. She always arranged for the later, nestled further in for hours. She longed for this, planned it, stole it, gave it. She allowed it to be punctuated with eating and sleeping. This was not her birthday.

In the kindtime she came to, psychically startled and nonchalant all the same although nothing can be hidden. She was always given a small gift in that moment of startle and always strove to remember it. The last time there was naught and here she was uncertain if she had fooled herself or had been given the greatest gift of all. Emptiness. Perhaps she had been too quick.

Later she practiced standing and sitting endlessly. With sitting, she fell with a loss of consciousness. With standing, her knees creaked and moaned as if skeletons were clambering out of closets and chests and cabinets and cupboards into the light of day to do a capricious dance of recognition. The answer was not wrong, this was not the case. She practiced her memory of this.

On another day she went to speak with another woman. Here she faced more uncertainty. Recognition came slower. She remembered her dreams in light of a desired quickness. She hears groups of men on the street at night through her open window. They were far below, distant with an unrecognizable tongue. She knew they could not touch her and in the morning when she heard the church bells she knew she had travelled far to the light of that day. She thought to take a picture of that light for it is none other; instead, she waited in the clarity of the shadow. She changed things around. Sometimes it was camembert on rice cakes with mustard and tomatoes. Here she suspected a compensation and with no other available resource she relished it.

Now this second woman, she was also soft with flesh. That was why she liked her. It was many months before she sank into that flesh just once in an embrace. Oh, that was it.

That was the necessary original intuition of recognition. The reasons for the visits, as she had led a life of remarkable thinness. That was the reality. Think of a thin soup. Think of starving children. Transfer it to muscles taut and wiry. Hermes on her heels she ran like the veritable wind. This was she's story, once.

Later she fought. She was tempestuous. The lifeline, the source of fire, of trembling quaking, erupting earth. She sailed down steep hills upon her bicycle, she dove into water, she danced upon a stage for your delight. She heard the applause. Time passed. The pansies and impatience gone she painted her heater red. Then there was the feeling to perhaps steal the time. She will. She will take that moment afire, or not. Life became chaotic, unmanageable, messy, lacking organization. She had patience.