

THE ROUTE OF LOST ACTION

Here, this surface. That's the part the light would heat the most at the very beginning. Her feet far and cold. Something would follow, always something would follow linking a now and an after to a continuous thread of action.

Not here, here there is no time. No before. Therefore no hope, no future. Nothing to lose.

Back of the thigh, that's where things would go up and down and connect. That's where the path to hell starts. We would all follow it and know we were forgiven for doing so.

Ah, here, here's where we would gather, to pray. Our eyes would rest on this spot; soften, yield to changes of light and shadow. Sharp becoming round becoming angles of bone, and foreign fingers pressing into the thick layer of muscle.

Soft surfaces sliding, with the smoothness of the Dead Sea water. Oily waves, zero sound. Zero ground. Off.

The other changing the direction that had started. Trying to pick up, catch the patterns. Racing mind on the effort to make sense and find meaning. What's after surface? Another surface. Where does the depth start? It is depth all the way out, it is surface all the way in.

And here is the place that made you feel despair. Until movement washed it all away, the place and the feeling, all gone upwards to a compassionate chest. Her eyes, then open and talking, told you that you were as guilty as her.

Trajectory. Confusing. Why that now?

Here? Not here? Not here.

I'd like to believe that the movement undone comes out in other shapes, it manifests nonetheless. But it doesn't. It's action lost, it's buried energy, earth on top of wood, on top of metal, on top of stone.

It's a gone thought. A thought, gone. It's not.

Here?

Not here?

Not here.