

Umbra

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The dream was the way everything is related through the hidden points.

Grothendieck says every living person has a Dreamer who whispers their fate to them, that this hushed voice is proof of God. What does it do to you, to no longer have time to tarry? The dream is shade epistemology—what the water and the soil hold. Zones of void become verdant when subjected to time—it is the instability of nothingness.

In the tendency toward flow,
dust transmuted
preserves infinity
in the helix of duration.

By what principle—of restlessness?
From which: life.

Dogs in love, cursed dogs of the forest—desire without identity. The breath, what I could not feel, Mackey's son singing in the shower, and the water carrying something out. When the dream reverses, it folds, into itself, the fate that will forever remain obscure to you. But something was planted. The soil holds: what will be. The beans of an English breakfast eaten twice—Now a voice once beautiful (Billie Holiday's) holds everything she's lived through, in its lilting brokenness. The shards of the perfume bottle won't be stitched together. But archive is debris—matter, muttering with ropes, our Siamese souls as stitched as sailors'. Did not write of the synchronicity of "mu"—the fans—the ropes of poetry