

1

As usual, I do not know where or how to start. As with anything, there are too many entrances, too many doors, too many points of origin. Everything sits in a line that I can only complicate by first drawing it out.

These texts are written in a hidden, hiding hand, so that you might see them without being able to read them. Like anything that's made, they sit at a remove from the intentions that gave rise to them. Like you, I am also sitting, speaking at a remove. I cannot speak for or about anything; I can only speak to or alongside something. I cannot make anything communicate anything other than what you decide to read into it.

These six works can be considered and purchased individually, or as a group. These six screens can be used to print on any surface, and as often as desired. These six texts were transcribed by Carlos A. Rodriguez at the speed of speech, so that you might look at them without being able to read into them, so that you might work or feel your way past them, like signs, like road signs for the passenger that has fallen asleep, that does not know how to drive, that does not want to learn, that only wants to arrive, and as soon as possible, for the road is long and the weekend is all too short.

To clear the spaces in between.

To communicate a necessary opacity.

And, or in a wondering hand.

2

Everything sits in a line. These texts were written in a hidden, hiding hand so that you might see them without being able to read them. How can does could one make an image of language? I was only able to see the pen in my hand when its nib broke against the glass of the page. I was only able to see the paper when I tore it, when it tore against the nib, the glass, the mask of the page.

The mask of a page. I cannot see farther than the end of my nose, but I can see to the end of such laughing contradictions. Though they are laying waste to me, the softness of my surroundings prevents me from offering any kind of resistance. Where had you gone when I went away? When did you return? How have you been making your way through this maze, this haze? None of it counts. None of this really counts. But how do you gather your senses? And where do you start from scratch? Every address is a repetition of its circumstance. Every stain bears the sign of its remorse. Every gesture like every sentence is read against the memory of its passage.

I had wanted this to be a letter to passengers on a trip, in a vehicle, on a road whose signs they are no longer reading for they have fallen back asleep and do not want to be awakened. I had wanted this to be a letter to a road, a sign, a vehicle, and to "the countless dilutions of the task at hand."

To mask or dilute the threat of an arrival.

To think of the smallest things in the room.

To see fit. To fit. To be fit.

To nestle, and fall right back asleep.

3

To end spent or to start spending. None of it counts, she said, none of this actually counts. To mask or dilute the threat of an arrival. Like a golden hand, she turned it on its side and it closed. To fill or feel. You can read any of these things any which way you please, as long as you adhere to the pattern of folds. Machines do not form habits, she said, they are habits. We had decided to do this properly, but then we ran out of time. Things always come together in the end, she said, at least here, at least for our purposes here. Like an envelope or a sponge. Like the window left open for the breeze yet to come. Like a protocol and its definitions, their overlaps.

Where were you last night and what are you doing later? Do you think you can get in or do you think you can get me in? Only the most memorable parts of the meaning have, remain. Substance is a form to those who'll please please please let it please let it pay let it play. Nothing is done to stay the sway of such inflations. We like to see the rise and hear the fall, but only if we hear it falling elsewhere, hear it falling hard, but elsewhere. Nothing's done to stay the sway of such confluations of form and substance. Meaning it parts and parcels. Meaning it does not linger but it stays. This is the way things go because this is the way things are going. But nothing's touched, everything pleases. Nothing pleases me more than the surface of things to come.

4

Nothing pleases me more than the surface of things to come.

5

Her dress didn't fit! In fact, nothing ever quite fits the way it does in the store. Is it the mirrors they use or just the pull of our delusions? All of these sentences are directed at something that is here, around you, as you read this. Something as simultaneously specific and vague as a context. Can you see through to the points I'm making? Do you see how I am writing more freely now that I am behind this screen? Every repetition marks a stress, an emphasis. Every reiteration contains a slight differentiation of the terms used or the form, the structure, employed.

An agile coordination masks the grain of our increased indifference. Everyone wants to coin a word, at least once, at least one word. Some of this might have to go. All of this might have to go. What is your responsibility to the goods you've purchased? Can you trace the line that spends itself? How do you choose to be guided by the signs that lead you? There is nothing that this key will not unlock. The door may never close again, this is a risk that you will have to take, but it will have been opened, and its contents dispersed to the clamoring crowds. But look, here is something else, something we haven't seen in a long time. It's a drawer. It holds little but it forgets things more forcefully, like a pocket, of which I have not one, but two.

6

Have you ever laid eyes on me before, Mr. Green? Have I ever laid a hand on you? Have you ever allowed me the pleasure of holding your hand? Isn't this awful, but wasn't that pleasant? Aren't things better now than they once were? Haven't we gone a great distance, our pockets filled with candy and change? I noticed that your fingers are crossed under the table. I wonder at your moods, your frenzies. Here sits a swing. Here lies the general audience. These seats are reserved for the idea that changed everything. The floor has been sanded twice this morning. The design of the ceiling is also a map of the known universe. I'd love another drink, but it's getting late and I have to drive. I would love to have you over, but when? Things seem to be going well but it's hard to tell, for the logic of the sad equation is inalterable. Flicker begets twitch, twitch ticks fruit, and fruit falls, splatters, and scatters its seed on the pavement. I'll call you later when I'm home, but I may have to stick around here for a few days. Stick a note on the fridge, leave a message on my machine, send me a text, I'll write you an email.