

Winter 2012

Essay

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ESSAY

Like a spiral, where spirals end in a point

I look out my window and sense it already: a release, as when a room you have been lying in since yesterday unlocks only now because the lover has entered: the world opening out.

This is how I know I should go to the market today, although the word *lover* has stalled me. A lover is one who loves, but in most cases is loved more greatly: a small upset of language.

In this way, the world offers many objects for its undoing. In the market, for instance, are fruit whose tactilities surrender at any moment to desire or its opposite—the weather—and there is a man there to guide you with a knowledge like fine arrows.

A man who handles fruit for a living knows form and the holding that goes with it. He hurts me, however. I think because his gestures are like his knowing and sagittal.

I look out again and the streets are filling, early morning undoing itself for you who visit it. From my window like a silken child you appear, delicately unravelling. The feeling is mutual, as they say.

Now that you are outdoors and suffering, everything gets bolder, ravenous for the day. The wind sculpts trees and students march along in their beautiful disquietude. An unbearable silence shifts among its people, everything calibrated to shift your disposition, which currently is undecided.

Meanwhile, a list of objects on my desk contains also the objects of the mind I would have had had I studied the market more closely. I read it and sense it again:

I sense the spiralling, the movings away and towards, and especially into. I sense the leaves that would grow on a tree had this been a street with trees. I sense a traffic coming, like its own siren. I sense the unlovely birds waiting in a line. I sense my neighbor emerge from his thousand-year-old bones like a ticket. I sense his senses.

In the market someone has upset an apple cart, and the injury goes haywire, apples running all along the pavement and into the parking lot. A hungry creature establishes itself at the scene. Hunger can take the marrow out

of a seed. A window crumbles for having been leaned on too long. I know what you're thinking.

A thing so readily falls apart, it seems unlikely it ever was.