

Self/Less

I.

It starts with a single word. Dropped.

Misplaced.

Simply a_s_nt.

Like a crossword missing some letters.

But it's fine.

It is just a word. Just one.

[John slits open the post. I watch as the envelope bleeds under his nibbling thimbling fumbles. It is an important letter which says I have won an award for a lifetime of distinguished service to literature. John is happy. I think I know what this means.

I am gracious in my acceptance.]

But then it becomes more than word. Though it is only word at _ time.

And there are enough words, glorious majestic expression after another that the
absence of might be leapt over by the eye.

[And no really notices. Or so it seems.]

II.

It is a swathe.

A crop.

A panoply.

A collation.

A tumble.

And other things begin to go...?!

Punctuation - What is : and why is she not crying, like her sister on the keyboard ; ;

[I write an essay about the death of punctuation and the desolation of her family.

It wins an award for satire.

I don't collect the prize.]

[John tells me this was a dream. Or a misremembering. No essay. No prize. I hope he is
telling me the truth.]

III.

It isn't only words. Or punctuation. It is plot. And character. And the technical foibles that
made the words sing. Like a conductor. Words dancing in the air. Notes, suspended.
The music of the spheres. The everything. The all. The all. The sea. The

[John finds me crying in the garden. I tell him Me has taken the words and buried them
in the flowerbeds. That I must find them. He is kind. Tells me if they are seeds they will
bloom.

From the bedroom window I look out over the moonlit garden and see it is now an
impenetrable jungle of story.
Eyes cry.

In the morning the flowers are gone.]

IV.

Meaning. Meaning. Meaning. Self. Self. Self. Love.

[In a brush of lucidity where I paint words across the air with ease I tell John that I can see the irony in losing my *self* when that is what has exercised me for so long. He reminds me I am happy in myself. I am not sure what this means.]

The paint runs. Away. Colours washed away by rain sweat tears semen sea. The sea.

The sea.

V.

I still have words though they fit in edgeways.

I still have words though they fit.

[I still have words though.]

I still have.

Still.

VI.

[I think, 'This is what it means to be buried alive'.]

VII.

There is sky. And sea. home. And darkness stars.

And

And

[]

And

Clay

Lumped

Misshapen

[I am kilned.]

Glazed

All at sea.

[Words dissolving. Like]

You.

Love.

[]

Me.

[There is no Me. But. The self, truly *selfing*, means, I am free]

The self and the sea. The self and the sea. The self and sea.

A drowning.

And

[me.]

(493 Words)