

**we are verb(s)**

**NEW POEMS**

**as facilitated by the Temporal Nexus known as**

**Kevin Andrew Heslop**

Metaphor then can still startle, not because it creates but because it reveals and / or reminds us of what is true about the nature of reality, existence. The existence of individual kinds of beings only makes sense in relationship to all the others. It's a fundamentally relational understanding of reality.

— Randy Lundy

We are verbs until we die, *then* we become nouns—if we're lucky.

— Robert Hass

## Preface to the Preface

Beginnings are arbitrary.

If I was to say, I was born on July 22nd, 1992, that would be to identify the self with the body, and, further, to admit that birth (in my case a cesarian section, which is to say medical intervention) rather than conception was where the body began. Therefore the statement would be intolerable because it would be untrue. In offering it, I<sup>1</sup> would neglect my responsibility to truth, beauty, and justice, which is no less than that which you, dear reader, deserve.

Beginnings depend on beliefs—in linear time (which is to say, *This* happened *and then this* happened) and separateness (which is to say, *When* this happened it ceased to be part of *that*)—such that I would prefer, as I have to this point preferred, the refuge of the red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens [which is to say, Image, rhythm, texture, sensation, and ambiguity that invites and allows for your subjectivity rather than the unambiguous imposition of mine (which is to say, Poetry)].

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<sup>1</sup> There's a moment during a dialogue that took place in [October 1991](#) between Karl Elder and the poet Mark Strand in which Elder offers Strand some praise for his work and Strand replies something like, "Don't you see that it's the language doing this thing, not me." And it's in that spirit that I admit the construction "I" rather than some torturous synonym like "the language to which the consciousness to which the parallaxic sociohistorical contingency to which access here is made facilitates," though this is closer to my intention. The I I feel myself to be in this context is merely a temporary custodian of the language.

However Marcelo has asked me to write a preface for these poems and because he is my friend I will suffer the writing of a preface for these poems very briefly and with the caveat that none of what you're reading is the truth because prefaces partake in the delusion of beginnings, which are arbitrary, as I have lovingly said.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> So too therefore is syntax because it partakes of linearity arbitrary but to the extent convention must be observed to communicate with you convention must be observed lest this find you incomprehensible rather than tediously disruptive.

## Preface

With that caveat, one might say these poems began just after I left my apartment in Canada<sup>3</sup> in May of 2023 for a series of artist residencies<sup>4</sup> beginning at the Belgrade<sup>5</sup> Art Studio which itself began<sup>6</sup> with very many pigeons and Baxx picking me up at the airport and being very nice about it and we had a cappuccino at Sinatra's on Žorža Klemansoa before<sup>7</sup> I sought a bookstore and found the bookstore and publisher Treći Trg which means Third Square and the work of a very fine truly startlingly fine array of Serbian poets like shards of obsidian sharp and bright like Dejan Matić and poets translated into Serbian because they had visited Belgrade for the literary festival Treći Trg began as and they left poems behind and were translated and I found them there at the bookstore in Belgrade in May<sup>8</sup>. And because the poems of the Serbian poets and the poets from elsewhere were so sharp and bright and obsidian I began putting flecks of them

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<sup>3</sup> Of course the idea of Canada as a unified nation is inherently supremacist because as land acknowledgements as prevalent as wildfires in that country would unironically put it, We recognize the diverse nations comprising this one nation—which reminds us that the language in which these thoughts are communicated is a blood-sodden colonial repository full of sublimated fallacies and contradictions or, in the unspoken words of the philosopher Donald Rumsfeld, unknown knowns (which is to say matrices so intimately inhabited as to be imperceptible—like water to the fish).

<sup>4</sup> An artist residency is a temporal unit of apparent but not actual prestige designed to afford privileged people who believe themselves to be artists a moment of refuge from their crazy lives in exchange for the obligation, spoken or unspoken, of making a poem or a painting or a textile or whatever.

<sup>5</sup> Београд (that is, Beograd unromanized).

<sup>6</sup> Incomplete concession to convention.

<sup>7</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> Which don't even get me started on the Christian calendar.

into poems I wrote to a friend back home to tell her what the Serbian poets were up to and receive the dialogic fruits of her dowsed library and eventually I made my way in this manner through all of the books of Treći Trg and went to Finland and found myself in the library of Arteles Creativity Centre in Hämeenkyrö startling myself out of habituated syntax and allowing my own words to fall away as in a fit of bibliomania I dowsed stacks of books into patchwork poems derived fleck by fleck and line by line informed in an abstract way by but without the rigour of the cento, a process which has proceeded through residencies over the ensuing year through Tampere and Copenhagen and Viborg and Nice and Chateauf-sur-Charente and Paris and London and Montréal and São Paulo and Ilhabela and Boiçucanga and Vathy and Ebeltoft and Fuji and St. Andrews and Florianópolis, from which, unsurprisingly florid and kaleidoscopic and which fucking way is even up anymore, I disgorge the caveats commensurate to the discomfort I experience in the relentlessness of dishabituating in addressing you now.

Incommunicable thanks are due to many. I hope the poems themselves may bear a fraction of that responsibility to gratitude. However I would be, disjointing cliché, remiss to neglect mention of the names of those stewards of the residencies (Belgrade Art Studio, Arteles Creativity Centre, BRAŽŽA, Casa Na Ilha, Kaaysá, Earthwise, Ørslev Kloster, Saiko Neon, and, in advance, Teatro Oficina) Baxx, Jukka, Amber, Teemu, David & Elise, Marina, Lourdina, Tony, Christine, the virtuosic French pianist and composer of such spacetime rhythms as would enjoin even the distant and encalloused oblivious to dance whose name

since we met remains regrettably but unremittingly unrecalled, Natasja, Garry, Janne, Kobayashi-san, and Fernanda) for the spatial and energetic support they provided amid and abiding my often turbulent compositional moments of madness; nor may I neglect to mention those artists in residence at least partially co-responsible as we were together for the fruits of one another's contiguous and symphonic processes including Yas, Candi, Robbi, Arianna, Debra, Lisa, Michele, Robberto, Simon, Zoe, Hannah & Maria, Cameron, Jeanette, Sammy, Tin, Eva, Sonia ("During moments of neoliberal turbulence, please remember to secure your own oxygen mask before attending to those of dependents"), Isabelle, Bernadette, Remi, Gladhys, Marcela, Priscilla, Angélica, Juhayda, Trine, Mine, Osiris, Claire, Carey, the academic Dane who was working on his first novel whose name I don't recall but with whom I found an agreeable armistice of self-disclosure when the aperture of socioeconomics came between us and we realized our thoughts could have been communicated either in a lifetime together or not at all as we shuffled with our morning coffees towards our labour and wordlessly chose the latter like similarly encumbered brothers, and Simon; nor may I neglect the lunar electron cloud which experiences itself as its own planetary procedure as I to each of its moons once was once and to whom I rededicate the first of these poems in sequence for teaching me how to see myself reflected in the other despite and with compassion towards my own aberrant and obviously un/fettered baggage come bubbling up from the bottom of the presence-filled container of moment warmed at times to boiling with the mirth and terror of together, namely Hanna, Leo, Kim, Maia, Erin, Cassie, and Sue;

and foremost gratitude to Roxanna Bennett, singular aperture of loving-kindness, light, and resplendence instructively immune to my own shenpas of splotchy-mirror craziness, thank you, Entity, for continuing to be my guru; The Fiddlehead for committing to publish a couple of these poems; and you, Dear Reader, for your Time, Tenacity, and Good Taste.



## **I shall remember, on Seine's billowing waters,<sup>9</sup>**

where a Roman judge framed laws for an alien folk,<sup>10</sup>  
the banks, with folded hands, giving thanks<sup>11</sup> my plate<sup>12</sup>

houses both the great and the so-so,<sup>13</sup> the<sup>14</sup> deep suave wine<sup>15</sup>  
of<sup>16</sup> Notre Dame<sup>17</sup> after nightfall<sup>18</sup> with you.<sup>19</sup> A stranger

has no alternative but to construct some kind of intimacy  
with some random place, and I have chosen this<sup>20</sup>

forever-reaching-out-into-the-future.<sup>21</sup> It's hard, I know,<sup>22</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> from "Summer Evening" by Louise Colet

<sup>10</sup> from "Notre Dame" by Osip Mandelstam via Robert Tracy

<sup>11</sup> from "My Paris" by Jeet Thayll

<sup>12</sup> from "Epicureanism" by Jules Laforgue via Steven Monte

<sup>13</sup> from "Epicureanism" by Jules Laforgue via Steven Monte

<sup>14</sup> from "Tarzan in Exile" by Derry O'Sullivan

<sup>15</sup> from "Goodbye to Paris" by Pablo Neruda via Alastair Reid

<sup>16</sup> from "Buttes-Chaumont" by Robert Kelly

<sup>17</sup> from "Notre Dame" by Osip Mandelstam via Robert Tracy

<sup>18</sup> from "Paris for Resident Aliens" by Gaël Faye

<sup>19</sup> from "In Paris with You" by James Fenton

<sup>20</sup> from "A life beginning" by Mahmoud Darwish via Catherine Cobham

<sup>21</sup> from "No Disorder" by Henri Thomas via David Delannet

<sup>22</sup> from "Come here Alejandra" by Julio Cortázar

to<sup>23</sup> think<sup>24</sup> of<sup>25</sup> yesterday<sup>26</sup> but<sup>27</sup> baby<sup>28</sup>

I have so much to do in Chile.<sup>29</sup>

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<sup>23</sup> from “Plan du Centre de Paris à Vol d’Oiseau” by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

<sup>24</sup> from “Plan du Centre de Paris à Vol d’Oiseau” by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

<sup>25</sup> from “Plan du Centre de Paris à Vol d’Oiseau” by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

<sup>26</sup> from “Plan du Centre de Paris à Vol d’Oiseau” by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

<sup>27</sup> from “A Third Thank-You Letter” by Marie Ponsot

<sup>28</sup> from “Come here Alejandra” by Julio Cortázar

<sup>29</sup> from “Goodbye to Paris” by Pablo Neruda via Alastair Reid

## **It was a cold Sunday morning, with a mistlike<sup>30</sup>**

thought<sup>31</sup> of a huge number<sup>32</sup> become,<sup>33</sup>  
for whatever reason,<sup>34</sup> a fairly big<sup>35</sup> mind<sup>36</sup>—  
the awful traffic, the unimaginable heat.<sup>37</sup>

*strange<sup>38</sup> novel<sup>39</sup> world it is<sup>40</sup> like the water  
in the river that flows under the bridge toward<sup>41</sup>*

repeat that endlessly<sup>42</sup>. So I try,  
in the short amount of time I have,  
to take care of all these things

as best I can<sup>43</sup>: their breath white in the morning air<sup>44</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 125

<sup>31</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 53

<sup>32</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 143

<sup>33</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 33

<sup>34</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 125

<sup>35</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 27

<sup>36</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 118

<sup>37</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 67

<sup>38</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 139

<sup>39</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 43

<sup>40</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 21

<sup>41</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 91

<sup>42</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 161

<sup>43</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 73

<sup>44</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 76

my mind gets quietly swept into<sup>45</sup>, is<sup>46</sup>.

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<sup>45</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 95

<sup>46</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami pp. 21

## **The sunshine<sup>47</sup> maple teriyaki salmon<sup>48</sup>**

he placed on the floor near the fire,<sup>49</sup> a simple answer for everything,<sup>50</sup> the shadows<sup>51</sup> stretching away from you and then toward you,<sup>52</sup> connects many of the artist's concerns through a characteristically layered composition that references the familiar Greek myth of the fall of Icarus:<sup>53</sup> the diligent messenger<sup>54</sup> went in bravely through the weeping rockface into light.<sup>55</sup> At the end, bouquets<sup>56</sup> of<sup>57</sup> the day before, and the day after;<sup>58</sup> at the end,<sup>59</sup> chiaroscuro lighting isolates the characters in voluminous umbra;<sup>60</sup> at the end,<sup>61</sup> placed on the floor near the fire,<sup>62</sup> a reminder mother nature is the artist; you are just the cook.<sup>63</sup>

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<sup>47</sup> from *Scientific Healing Affirmations* by Paramahansa Yogananda pp. 64

<sup>48</sup> from *The Official Vermont Maple Cookbook* ed. Mary Croft pp. 33

<sup>49</sup> from *Guilty Pleasures* by Donald Barthelme pp. 61

<sup>50</sup> from *Fabulous Veils* by Iman Refaat pp. 266

<sup>51</sup> from *The Shadows in the Street* by Susan Hill

<sup>52</sup> from *The Natural Way of Zen Shiatsu* by David Sergel pp. 200

<sup>53</sup> from *Other Circumstances* by Sheila Butler pp. 13

<sup>54</sup> from *Ragnarok* by A.S. Byatt pp. 13

<sup>55</sup> from *Ragnarok* by A.S. Byatt pp. 13

<sup>56</sup> from "A Report on Music in Ukraine" by Ed Vulliamy pp. 97

<sup>57</sup> from "A Report on Music in Ukraine" by Ed Vulliamy pp. 97

<sup>58</sup> from "A Report on Music in Ukraine" by Ed Vulliamy pp. 97

<sup>59</sup> from "A Report on Music in Ukraine" by Ed Vulliamy pp. 97

<sup>60</sup> from "A Report on Music in Ukraine" by Ed Vulliamy pp. 98

<sup>61</sup> from "A Report on Music in Ukraine" by Ed Vulliamy pp. 97

<sup>62</sup> from *Guilty Pleasures* by Donald Barthelme pp. 61

<sup>63</sup> after Marco Pierre White

**of the content of the texts<sup>64</sup> and<sup>65</sup> as to  
the rate at which the error accumulated<sup>66</sup>**

I have tried to make these sounds conform.<sup>67</sup>

The miracle is that any part,

in a felicitous blending with the intricacies<sup>68</sup>  
of the incense which the chuchkahau burns,<sup>69</sup>

is a question not of import but of space and balance.<sup>70</sup>

One without judgment or discretion, without understanding, can<sup>71</sup>

constellation<sup>72</sup> as a kin variant<sup>73</sup> a section of shell<sup>74</sup>  
anciently associated with the god of<sup>75</sup> sequence.<sup>76</sup>

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<sup>64</sup> pp. 57 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>65</sup> pp. 121 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>66</sup> pp. 121 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>67</sup> pp. 69 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>68</sup> pp.90 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>69</sup> pp. 95 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>70</sup> pp. 36 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>71</sup> pp. 79 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>72</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>73</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>74</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>75</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>76</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

The hand takes<sup>77</sup> the hand,<sup>78</sup> takes the form<sup>79</sup>  
far in error if we read these two forms as signifying<sup>80</sup> two:<sup>81</sup>

the count of the year,<sup>82</sup> the glyph for the west,<sup>83</sup>  
the east, north, west, or south,<sup>84</sup> corresponds<sup>85</sup>

to the expression<sup>86</sup> assigned to all world directions<sup>87</sup>  
and colors,<sup>88</sup> to all<sup>89</sup> kin<sup>90</sup> infixes in the yax prefix,<sup>91</sup>

in the<sup>92</sup> trees<sup>93</sup> directions,<sup>94</sup> in the shifting sands,<sup>95</sup>

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<sup>77</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>78</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>79</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>80</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>81</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>82</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>83</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>84</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>85</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>86</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>87</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>88</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>89</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>90</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>91</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>92</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>93</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>94</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>95</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

with no better direction than I had then,<sup>96</sup> to<sup>97</sup> one.<sup>98</sup>

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<sup>96</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>97</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>98</sup> pp. 251 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson



**These texts introduce<sup>99</sup> his greatest single contribution:<sup>100</sup>**

Pop follows the nameless days.<sup>101</sup>

The sun goes thither each night<sup>102</sup>

to visit his father and the newly deceased.

This reconstruction is not offered<sup>103</sup>

with any assurance as to its validity.

The priest-astronomers would try

to arrange for a year in which,<sup>104</sup>

in an elaborate mythology now largely lost,<sup>105</sup>

I was inclined to affix the meaning of death<sup>106</sup>

with water lilies, a symbol of the earth.<sup>107</sup>

(On the platform top of a pyramid

before the temple door, I once espied<sup>108</sup>

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<sup>99</sup> pp. 199 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>100</sup> pp. 31 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>101</sup> pp. 126 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>102</sup> pp. 231 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>103</sup> pp. 315 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>104</sup> pp. 92 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>105</sup> pp. 93 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>106</sup> pp. 321 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>107</sup> pp. 76 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>108</sup> pp. 9 from *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* by J. Eric S. Thompson

the standards of our own art<sup>109</sup>  
and<sup>110</sup> found<sup>111</sup> them<sup>112</sup> but<sup>113</sup> wanting.)<sup>114</sup>

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<sup>109</sup> pp. 8 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>110</sup> pp. 57 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>111</sup> pp. 58 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>112</sup> pp. 59 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>113</sup> pp. 60 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>114</sup> pp. 61 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

## Every atom from the tip of your toes to the top of your head

is shifting, shuttling, and vibrating in a collective purr within which the entire history of the universe is implicated.<sup>115</sup>

When you're calm, open, its image fits you. Its<sup>116</sup> increasingly meditative and poignant verse<sup>117</sup> mixed up in<sup>118</sup> the thought

that something's been forgotten<sup>119</sup> where the quilts are imperceptibly mutating into soil. Suddenly in the yard<sup>120</sup>

pigeons strut cockily—lute under wing—do you see?<sup>121</sup> I'm changing so much my *house* shakes.<sup>122</sup>

Night. Stars. We're ready courteously to take off each other's skin.<sup>123</sup>  
What is this debt and whom do I owe it to?<sup>124</sup>

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<sup>115</sup> from "Scientists Found Ripples ..." by Adam Frank

<sup>116</sup> from "So Often Leaving" by Lassi Nummi

<sup>117</sup> from Introduction to *Contemporary Finnish Poetry* ed. Herbert Lomas

<sup>118</sup> from "The Eighth Day of the Week" by Eira Stenberg

<sup>119</sup> from "Let the Day Be Everything" by Mirkka Rekola

<sup>120</sup> from "The Eighth Day of the Week" by Eira Stenberg

<sup>121</sup> from "Notte, Serene Ombre" by Eeve-Liisa Manner

<sup>122</sup> from "Tritone" by Pentti Saaritsa

<sup>123</sup> from "Territorial Song" by CAJ Westerberg

<sup>124</sup> from "Territorial Song" by CAJ Westerberg

## **the fire that struck<sup>125</sup>**

seen from above<sup>126</sup> miraculously<sup>127</sup> outpouring<sup>128</sup> struck<sup>129</sup> and<sup>130</sup> struck<sup>131</sup> with national insight<sup>132</sup> into the heart<sup>133</sup> of colour<sup>134</sup> and a diversity<sup>135</sup> of<sup>136</sup> current<sup>137</sup> to channel<sup>138</sup> Rather than ignore this flood<sup>139</sup> of light<sup>140</sup> upwards<sup>141</sup> upwards<sup>142</sup>

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<sup>125</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>126</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>127</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>128</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>129</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>130</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>131</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>132</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>133</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>134</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>135</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>136</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>137</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>138</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>139</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>140</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>141</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>142</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

through the gash in the ceiling and swayed<sup>143</sup> the vaults encircled<sup>144</sup> above<sup>145</sup> a cathedral<sup>146</sup> of<sup>147</sup> consolidated<sup>148</sup> light,<sup>149</sup> a restoration<sup>150</sup>.

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<sup>143</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>144</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>145</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>146</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>147</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>148</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>149</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

<sup>150</sup> from *Notre Dame: La Renaissance d'une Icône*

## **The creatures of the sea and those of hill and plain<sup>151</sup>**

is very pleasant to dwell in the ultimate dimension,  
and we should all learn how to do it.<sup>152</sup>

The lions in that room, where did they come from?<sup>153</sup>  
When a hospice patient asks if he is going to die,<sup>154</sup>

you realize your belonging to the boundless awareness  
that has room for all of life's fears.<sup>155</sup>

In other people, this is called a "projection."<sup>156</sup>

You receive the gift of an interior light that is so simple<sup>157</sup>

She was in the process of<sup>158</sup>  
the clustering of birds<sup>159</sup>

Is it the form of the thing? Look at it.<sup>160</sup>

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<sup>151</sup> from *Selected Poems of Rūmī* via Reynold A. Nicholson

<sup>152</sup> from *The Art of Living* by Thich Nhat Hanh

<sup>153</sup> from *Zen in the Art of Writing* by Ray Bradbury

<sup>154</sup> from *Lessons from the Dying* by Rodney Smith

<sup>155</sup> from *Radical Acceptance* by Tara Brach

<sup>156</sup> from *Man and His Symbols* by Carl Jung

<sup>157</sup> from *New Seeds of Contemplation* by Thomas Merton

<sup>158</sup> from *Writing Down the Bones* by Natalie Goldberg

<sup>159</sup> from *The Art of War* by Sun Tzu via Tom Butler-Bowdon

<sup>160</sup> from *Meditations* by Marcus Aurelius via Donald Robertson

## The Tale of the Missing Bathmat: A Novel

You only live once—but if<sup>161</sup>  
within the lucidly-relevant wave-frequency limits  
of the system we are considering<sup>162</sup>

I will learn from myself, be my own pupil,<sup>163</sup>  
love those who are united,<sup>164</sup>  
get into the right party mood,<sup>165</sup>

the development of the new religion  
and the new social character<sup>166</sup>  
whose economic character does not  
allow them any happiness<sup>167</sup>  
can exercise regardless of psychological  
or external conditions and circumstances<sup>168</sup>  
by following a contemplative lifestyle.<sup>169</sup>

“Your window needs to be cut open—  
hence looking for a knife.”<sup>170</sup>

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<sup>161</sup> from *Do One Thing Every Day That Scares You* by Dian G. Smith and Robie Rogge

<sup>162</sup> from *Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth* by R. Buckminster Fuller

<sup>163</sup> from *Siddhartha* by Herman Hesse

<sup>164</sup> from *No Man Is an Island* by Thomas Merton

<sup>165</sup> from *Steppenwolf* by Hermann Hesse

<sup>166</sup> from *To Have or To Be?* by Erich Fromm

<sup>167</sup> from *Escape from Freedom* by Erich Fromm

<sup>168</sup> from *Man for Himself* by Erich Fromm

<sup>169</sup> from *Mind in the Balance* by B. Alan Wallace

<sup>170</sup> from Michelle Rolstone

## **The spectacle<sup>171</sup> of false premises<sup>172</sup>**

closely connected to<sup>173</sup>  
the writings of Oscar Wilde<sup>174</sup>

kneels in humility:<sup>175</sup>  
at the Sorbonne,<sup>176</sup>

divinatory and ritualistic<sup>177</sup>  
inscriptions<sup>178</sup>

arranged in a vertical line<sup>179</sup>  
may have been employed also<sup>180</sup>

to show how shaky are the<sup>181</sup>  
moment of helical rising,<sup>182</sup>

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<sup>171</sup> pp. 119 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>172</sup> pp. 311 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>173</sup> pp.74 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>174</sup> pp. 57 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>175</sup> pp. 296 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>176</sup> pp. 29 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>177</sup> pp. 121 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>178</sup> pp. 39 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>179</sup> pp. 199 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>180</sup> pp. 53 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>181</sup> pp. 311 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>182</sup> pp. 219 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson



the first god of the series,<sup>183</sup>  
the flints of her headdress.<sup>184</sup>

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<sup>183</sup> pp. 216 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

<sup>184</sup> pp. 83 from Maya Hieroglyphic Writing by J. Eric S. Thompson

## **A sky of Italian marble, butcher's counter<sup>185</sup>**

I LOOK DOWN AND AWAIT MY TURN<sup>186</sup>

feeling that many people other than me

are dying of fiction:<sup>187</sup> a book is not

an evidence of one's soul, but an honourable impulse  
that presents very many things suited to charm the ear<sup>188</sup>

a tribute to its gunnery and dexterity. Above all<sup>189</sup>

An inquiry<sup>190</sup>

magnificent temple<sup>191</sup>

rapidly slowing down<sup>192</sup>

climb aboard<sup>193</sup>

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<sup>185</sup> from Viggo Madsen

<sup>186</sup> from CHILDHOOD by Yahya Hassan

<sup>187</sup> from Asta Olivia Nordenhof

<sup>188</sup> from Ovid 1924, 81 [354–358]

<sup>189</sup> from *Malta: A Second Collection of Tales and Narratives* by Robert Attard

<sup>190</sup> from *Malta: A Third Collection of Tales and Narratives* from Robert Attard

<sup>191</sup> from *Malta: A Collection of Tales and Narratives* by Robert Attard

<sup>192</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami

<sup>193</sup> from *to be [defined]* by Virginia Monteforte

**he lived with his brother Theo**<sup>194</sup>

he left Holland for Paris<sup>195</sup>

sold 1 picture during his lifetime<sup>196</sup>

shot himself<sup>197</sup>

to the miners in the Borinage<sup>198</sup>

shot himself<sup>199</sup>

to Florence, this masterpiece<sup>200</sup>

shot himself<sup>201</sup>

near Brussels and from this time he was<sup>202</sup>

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<sup>194</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>195</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>196</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>197</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>198</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>199</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>200</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>201</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>202</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

the 2 large organ shutters at Holyrood<sup>203</sup>

the Master of Moulins<sup>204</sup>

subdued in color<sup>205</sup>

typical<sup>206</sup>

in Paris,<sup>207</sup>

from this time he was<sup>208</sup>

Arles,<sup>209</sup>

he was<sup>210</sup>

Gauguin<sup>211</sup>

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<sup>203</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>204</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>205</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>206</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>207</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>208</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>209</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>210</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>211</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

he was<sup>212</sup>

Delacroix and A Monticelli<sup>213</sup>

his Arles period<sup>214</sup>

hundreds of paintings in the last two and a half years<sup>215</sup>

sold 1 picture during his lifetime<sup>216</sup>

shot himself<sup>217</sup>

and<sup>218</sup>

shot himself<sup>219</sup>

drawings<sup>220</sup>

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<sup>212</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>213</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>214</sup> pp. 144 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>215</sup> pp. 144 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>216</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>217</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>218</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>219</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>220</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

of equal intensity<sup>221</sup>

2 large<sup>222</sup>

shutters<sup>223</sup>

while the letters he wrote<sup>224</sup>

rich but subdued in colour, with a few fine effects<sup>225</sup>

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<sup>221</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>222</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>223</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>224</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

<sup>225</sup> pp. 143 of *The Thames and Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists* Ed. Herbert Read 1991

**there was nothing for us to look forward to**<sup>226</sup>

one foot still in the stirrup<sup>227</sup>

the nail varnish<sup>228</sup>

and, while she was not exactly my girlfriend,<sup>229</sup>

Blendstrup playfully gives life to Lejbach's drawings:<sup>230</sup>

Tell me the windows aren't really sweating.<sup>231</sup>

The fish ran deep again and I could feel its life energy screaming back up the line<sup>232</sup>

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<sup>226</sup> from "Sampas" by Ilija Durović trans. Will Firth

<sup>227</sup> from *Fallen Horseman* by Shannon Arntfield

<sup>228</sup> from "Breaking the Habit" by Dejan Matic

<sup>229</sup> pp. 4 of *Shakespeare and Company: A Brief History of a Parisian Bookstore*

<sup>230</sup> from LEJBACH & BLENDSTRUP: GHOSTS Curatorial Copy via Skovgaard Museet

<sup>231</sup> from "The Official Translation of Ho Chi Minh's August 18th, 1966, Telephone Call" by Jeremy Dodds

<sup>232</sup> pp. 57 of *Trout Fishing in America* by Richard Brautigan

**can<sup>233</sup> this all stack of living<sup>234</sup>**

The New York Times<sup>235</sup>

International Edition<sup>236</sup>

a sort of writer<sup>237</sup>

distinguish between<sup>238</sup>

wells-<sup>239</sup>

on-the-doorstep<sup>240</sup>

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**233** from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

**234** from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>235</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>236</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>237</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>238</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>239</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>240</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1



Europe<sup>241</sup>

her grandmother's diamond engagement ring<sup>242</sup>

Anna Roth<sup>243</sup>

Hollywood's most unforgettable costumes<sup>244</sup>

their<sup>245</sup>

sanctions system<sup>246</sup>

Google<sup>247</sup>

famous movie looks<sup>248</sup>

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<sup>241</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>242</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>243</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>244</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>245</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>246</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>247</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>248</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

and<sup>249</sup>

pain reducers<sup>250</sup>

through a biblical downpour<sup>251</sup>

in an Old English typeface?<sup>252</sup>

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<sup>249</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>250</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>251</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

<sup>252</sup> from The New York Times International Edition Saturday-Sunday July 29-30 2023 pp. 1

**visiting**<sup>253</sup>

where<sup>254</sup>

Katherine's surprise<sup>255</sup>

at least four times a week<sup>256</sup>

hadn't been,<sup>257</sup>

Agnes asked wistfully, "Still godless?"<sup>258</sup>

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<sup>253</sup> from *last chance saloon* by Marian Keyes pp. 315

<sup>254</sup> from *last chance saloon* by Marian Keyes pp. 197

<sup>255</sup> from *last chance saloon* by Marian Keyes pp. 467

<sup>256</sup> from *last chance saloon* by Marian Keyes pp. 121

<sup>257</sup> from *last chance saloon* by Marian Keyes pp. 57

<sup>258</sup> from *last chance saloon* by Marian Keyes pp. 56

**the bookstore<sup>259</sup> literary magazine<sup>260</sup> as its editorial address<sup>261</sup>**

people, complete strangers, opened<sup>262</sup>

the<sup>263</sup>

monastery<sup>264</sup>

of<sup>265</sup>

their<sup>266</sup>

supper<sup>267</sup>

their<sup>268</sup>

airless windowless hole-in-the-wall<sup>269</sup>

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<sup>259</sup> from *Shakespeare and Company: A Brief History of a Parisian Bookstore* by Sylvia Whitman & Ed. Krista Halverson & Jemma Birrell

<sup>260</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>261</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>262</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>263</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>264</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>265</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>266</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>267</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>268</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>269</sup> *ibid.*

referred<sup>270</sup>

utopia<sup>271</sup>

bookshop's first floor<sup>272</sup>

residence at 9 rue Gît-le-Coeur<sup>273</sup>

lamps at nightfall<sup>274</sup>

to<sup>275</sup>

a hobo adventure<sup>276</sup>

in<sup>277</sup>

goatee<sup>278</sup>

and notebooks<sup>279</sup>

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<sup>270</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>271</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>272</sup> from *Shakespeare and Company: A Brief History of a Parisian Bookstore* by Sylvia Whitman & Ed. Krista Halverson & Jemma Birrell

<sup>273</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>274</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>275</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>276</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>277</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>278</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>279</sup> *ibid.*

while the river streets floated in Eternity<sup>280</sup>

The materials in this book represent a small sample of<sup>281</sup>

and so<sup>282</sup>

to<sup>283</sup>

Bonnie<sup>284</sup>

George<sup>285</sup>

Colette<sup>286</sup>

Lawrence<sup>287</sup>

Hanif<sup>288</sup>

Lauren<sup>289</sup>

---

<sup>280</sup> from Allen Ginsberg

<sup>281</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>282</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>283</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>284</sup> from *Shakespeare and Company: A Brief History of a Parisian Bookstore* by Sylvia Whitman & Ed. Krista Halverson & Jemma Birrell

<sup>285</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>286</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>287</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>288</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>289</sup> *ibid.*

Wallace<sup>290</sup>

Anais<sup>291</sup>

Dave<sup>292</sup>

Sylvia<sup>293</sup>

Lydia<sup>294</sup>

Jennifer<sup>295</sup>

Nora<sup>296</sup>

Marion<sup>297</sup>

Julio<sup>298</sup>

Mary<sup>299</sup>

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<sup>290</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>291</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>292</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>293</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>294</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>295</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>296</sup> from *Shakespeare and Company: A Brief History of a Parisian Bookstore* by Sylvia Whitman & Ed. Krista Halverson & Jemma Birrell

<sup>297</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>298</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>299</sup> *ibid.*

Jeanette<sup>300</sup>

Safran<sup>301</sup>

I<sup>302</sup>

say<sup>303</sup>

any<sup>304</sup>

tragic sense of life<sup>305</sup>

is<sup>306</sup>

disproved<sup>307</sup>

disproved<sup>308</sup>

disproved<sup>309</sup>

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<sup>300</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>301</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>302</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>303</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>304</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>305</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>306</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>307</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>308</sup> from *Shakespeare and Company: A Brief History of a Parisian Bookstore* by Sylvia Whitman & Ed. Krista Halverson & Jemma Birrell

<sup>309</sup> *ibid.*



by<sup>310</sup>

your<sup>311</sup>

generosity<sup>312</sup>

imagination<sup>313</sup>

unforgettable<sup>314</sup>

I<sup>315</sup>

say<sup>316</sup>

there's a reason why I put a mirror here<sup>317</sup>

singing to the Tumbleweeds<sup>318</sup>

Passing<sup>319</sup>

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<sup>310</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>311</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>312</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>313</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>314</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>315</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>316</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>317</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>318</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>319</sup> from *Shakespeare and Company: A Brief History of a Parisian Bookstore* by Sylvia Whitman & Ed. Krista Halverson & Jemma Birrell

it is<sup>320</sup>

always was<sup>321</sup>

you<sup>322</sup>

to<sup>323</sup>

you<sup>324</sup>

I say<sup>325</sup>

from<sup>326</sup>

Saint<sup>327</sup>

to Saint<sup>328</sup>

family all over the world<sup>329</sup>

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320 *ibid.*

321 *ibid.*

322 *ibid.*

323 *ibid.*

324 *ibid.*

325 *ibid.*

326 *ibid.*

327 *ibid.*

328 *ibid.*

329 *ibid.*

to vagabond poets<sup>330</sup>

“I spring from the pages into your arms.”<sup>331</sup>

welcome<sup>332</sup>

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<sup>330</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>331</sup> from Walt Whitman

<sup>332</sup> from *Shakespeare and Company: A Brief History of a Parisian Bookstore* by Sylvia Whitman & Ed. Krista Halverson & Jemma Birrell

**aware of myself as one tiny piece in the gigantic mosaic,**<sup>333</sup>

a replaceable natural phenomenon<sup>334</sup>

as dust in the eyes of the knights<sup>335</sup>

‘weary with ages of weariness’,<sup>336</sup>

like Schubert and Mozart<sup>337</sup>

I was a small boy. And I was very tired when I arrived—  
exhausted—and the moment I set foot on the docks  
a British soldier came up to me and said,<sup>338</sup>

(on the streets of Malta as a result of research  
done in Balzsan, Marsa and Hal Far<sup>339</sup> and said,<sup>340</sup>)

*This created liminal space of betweenness*<sup>341</sup> He<sup>342</sup> said,<sup>343</sup>

*This*<sup>344</sup>

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<sup>333</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami

<sup>334</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>335</sup> from *Malta: A Second Collection of Tales and Narratives* from Robert Attard

<sup>336</sup> from *Malta: A Third Collection of Tales and Narratives* from Robert Attard

<sup>337</sup> from *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* by Haruki Murakami

<sup>338</sup> from *to be [defined]* ed. Virginia Monteforte

<sup>339</sup> from *to be [defined]* ed. Virginia Monteforte

<sup>340</sup> from *to be [defined]* ed. Virginia Monteforte

<sup>341</sup> from *Darkness at Noon* by Buttigieg, Balzan and Scerri

<sup>342</sup> from *to be [defined]*

<sup>343</sup> from *to be [defined]* ed. Virginia Monteforte

<sup>344</sup> from *Darkness at Noon* by Buttigieg, Balzan and Scerri

*dream of stepping free into the light*<sup>345</sup>

*considered to be some sort of tourist attraction*<sup>346</sup>

*This*<sup>347</sup>

and then nothing.<sup>348</sup>

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<sup>345</sup> from *Darkness at Noon* by Buttigieg, Balzan and Scerri

<sup>346</sup> from *Malta: A Collection of Tales and Narratives* from Robert Attard

<sup>347</sup> from *Darkness at Noon* by Buttigieg, Balzan and Scerri

<sup>348</sup> from “The Mysterious Arrival of an Unusual Letter” by Mark Strand

## About

If in a fit of anthropocentric preoccupation we were to attribute to an individual works lately appearing with support from Gordon Hill Press, Earthwise, Arteles Creativity Centre, BRAZZA Residency, Connect Interpreting Services, Centred Magazine, SaikoNeon, Teatro Oficina, TIFF, Astoria Pictures, Belgrade Art Studio, Baseline Press, Rose Garden Press, Ørslev Kloster, the Canadian Repair Convention, Westland Gallery, McIntosh Gallery, The Fiddlehead, The Arts Project, Centre[3], Parrot Art, The Miramichi Reader, Guernica Editions, The Devil's Artisan, Parrot Talks, and Amphora, we might identify Kevin Andrew Heslop as their ephemeral nexus.