

What is the weight of beginning,
Imperially, please?

[When this piece started, it was perhaps going to be about what it could be like to not know how a piece will become itself. --A document of unconscious correspondence to the process of the work-- Heavily signed initials; ironically tug at each page of attempt.

But the search is actually a main topic; the concluding chapter connects dusk to the feeling of day, locating the pixels of the Big Thing we are a part of.

Top layer tender; aches from below.
Applying is the enquiry.

Busy doubt.]

And then thinking how this is

the opposite direction of the miner; whose task underneath it all (this layer) is to find more, and more. when they find, they know the answer by the shape of the dirt they dig, not the holes

Yet their task is not questioned so rigorously: a daily descent from this plane owns the label "necessary"

And to command+F the word "doubt" in a miners handbook produces three instances, each preceded by "there is little"¹

Busy doubt smells like the pot plant after watering demands to be larger than 'little' moves through the rock mass at the speed of sound

To see more clearly the essence of the first feeling That thing you didn't know it needed until it arrived

and it was never about what you thought you were seeing

To mix confusedly, and role. It is not always that this happens, but:

like the way the importance of sunscreen is singed by hindsight

this moment right now could not be more correct

it had been there before you noticed it

leaving the door ajar to open the window to see what happens when the sun hits the dust entering my eye it had been there before you noticed it

and i know that there is the argument that all the best descriptions have already been written [another doubt] but still,

it matches at once separate and together, using the theory of elasticity, navigating joints and discontinuities to say something more, like "I need you"

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then,
like flashes of eye contact
not insignificant
the magic wave of The End's wand
becomes itself.

in the taxonomic rank of love letters
it falls between unsend
and never re-read
[above the never written]

these are the mutual intentions
motioning towards the future fossil
that is somehow a form without the label
"necessary"
but are like the speckled thoughts of
inventors before Edison
who daily light our rooms.

Plus, a softer one
you thought hadn't mattered, or wondered
what it came from
trips you up like the texture
of an ear

there should be more empathy for this.
but I know you listen

finding some beauty in the child on the
swing
singing
"I am not enjoying this!"

¹ this is true. check *Stantec Consulting Hard Rock Miners Handbook*, by Jack del la Vergne

² by Caitlin Hespe, corresponding text to *FUSE* by Zara June Williams