

someone driving into the future using only the rear-view mirror

Ever see yourself doing something in the past and no matter how many times you remember it you still want to scream stop, somehow redirect the action, reorder the present? I feel that way now, watching myself tugged stupidly along by inertia, my own inquisitiveness or whatever else, and it must have been something else, though what exactly I have no clue, maybe nothing, maybe nothing's all—a pretty meaningless combination of words, "nothing's all", but one I like just the same. It doesn't matter anyway. Whatever orders the path of all my yesterdays was strong enough that night to draw me past all those

you know when you get home late at night and still decide to take out the laundry of the washing machine and hang it to dry on this drying rack and you start and sure hang more things on one side than the other and

the whole thing gets out of balance and hits you right in the face with the corner of the frame



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The Gates Of Paradise.

Strapped to a bed in a Memphis hotel, his talent burning out micron by micron, he hallucinated for thirty hours.

The damage was minute, subtle, and utterly effective.

For Case, who'd lived for the bodiless exultation of cyberspace, it was the Fall. In the bars he'd frequented as a cowboy

hotshot, the elite stance involved a certain relaxed contempt for the flesh. The body was meat. Case fell into the prison of his own flesh.



**that thing I most
like about time is**

that it isn't real

In an age of affordable beauty, there was something heraldic about his lack of it.

as though a hundred unrelated conversations had simultaneously arrived at the same pause.

one drops off up above. Croissant dissolves in gulps of weak coffee as two sparrows kiss and try to fuck on a telephone wire. Something tagged with a graffiti pen: Sire, Jose, Ypse?

as though a hundred unrelated conversations had simultaneously arrived at the same pause.

Fallen Merriam-Webster peaches in our laps are cheap eats.

Notice darling asses in line ordering a tea.

Or darling thought processes of

Shirts. I asked him whether or not he had his shirts off.

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Are you a technooptimist or a depressimist? - she asked.

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circuits

Are you a technooptimist or a depressimist? - she asked.

not aware of or concerned about what is happening around one: *she became*

*absorbed, **oblivious to** the passage of time.*