More than ever, for some reason, I have the feeling that
would it be easier?
I want to see how I use words, given this
There is no evidence.
I can't tell. He remembered and told me. I forgot, then
later I thought maybe I'd remembered. It would be impossible
to check. It wasn't necessary.
He wrote a good poem, for instance. I read it.
So why do I feel inadequate? The word was in the poem—
maybe I identified with it.

Trying now to get comfortable.
"Seems to," "seems to," "seems": this word that should,
"should," be constantly reminding me
I don't know his name—who wrote it—it seems like I
pretend not to know his name. I don't want to load this down
with petty jealousies. It would be like a voodoo against him,
or for that matter reverse voodoo on me, really making me
weaker by saying that another, real person, who, or written
I'd rather nobody read it than limit, or create two classes
of readers, more or less privileged with ways to
What I'm talking about is space. Sometimes when I'm
feeling better than other times, more able to move around—
it's not how much space but the—not freedom but, articulation
that demonstrates and lets go. A more intimate relation,
almost, on an equal footing, you could say
A more intimate relation with time, you could
How long at a time
I can't stand it for a long time.
What we did became a model for me of what I can do now all
over again on my own. I'm following your advice, too, though
at the time all you thought to tell me was what you did—had
done, "once," in the sense of at such and such a (period of)
time. It doesn't fall into, rather, it falls through place.
That's part of why I can't stand that and the buzzing and
the coming up to look me in the face as though they wanted
to dive right at my eyes, so they bounce against my glasses
instead.
"you can't marry a computer!"

"but it's got a steady job..."