6-25-03

Do you know what
I mean? Are you there?
Can you tell me one word
at a time? What makes you
different? Do you know what
I know, in so many words?
Don't you know it in other
words? Do words mean
anything? Does sunlight
make clouds appear at
every moment? Does
anything matter more than
compassion? Do you care?

Did the lights just go out

Um, did the lights just go out, out there?
Um, can you am I am I popping the microphone?
Is, unh you can, can you hear it when I rustle my shirt?
It's not bad to wonder about those but I also have to
wonder if I made a mistake, um, on the way, to—
because, you know, you don't know until you ask, do you?
No, so, okay, um, I don't know whether—
    Do you know whether—
Can can you tell where—
No, let's never say what you want to say
until you've already gotten to the shore,
    the final point, the way that it stops, because then
can't you tell where you've been?

I'm
elastic
but am I
turning over?

Every once in a while
didn't he wonder
whether
he had made a
complex issue out of something very simple?
Have you been there before?
Why don't you turn it off?
Is it green or red?
Are you feeling blue?
Why don't you do what I do?
Can there be a square inside of another square without looking different?
Are you shattered when you hear about this?
Can't they say what they mean is on their mind?
I'm asking a question but I'm am I really hearing myself speak?
Is there another way to put it?
Are there several angles to that line?
Why don't you sit down?
Can you stand up?
Are you still there?
It's not easy, but, I keep wondering if you know—

  *do you know* where you *bought* that hat?

Can you see clearly?
What can you see?
Is there a wall before your eyes?
Is there a nose before your face?
Can you see the grease on the tip of your nose?
Can you see Greece from the boat?
Is the boat about to capsize?

  *Is the water rushing in?*

Are we drowning?
Can people be strangled?
Does it help to strangle somebody
  *if you're in a state of perfect joy?*
Are you getting very quiet as you hear the air drip
  *out of your lungs into your heart*
and become clogged up in a river of blood
  *that's supposed to be flowing there but might stop at any moment?*
How far away is the shore now?
Can you see the sea smoke rising off the cold water
  *outside the rim of the earth?*
Why haven't you ever noticed that before?
Is there a shadow that passes through it leading you to wonder whether you were only seeing
  *a kind of optical illusion or is that an eclipse based in some interplanetary stimulation that you haven't yet been provided information about?*
Will you read up on it if you're given a book about it?
Can you find the book in the library that tells you
  *where your own name appears?*
Is there a sentence that you found more meaningful than all the others?
Where did night end and the evening begin?
Why have you wrestled me down to the floor like this?
Can you save my life in this way?
Is there a reason to go about things
the way that you're doing it,
or is it sort of automatic, intuitive?
Is it spontaneous?
Are you expressing yourself?
In what sense are you expressing yourself?
Are your senses experiencing the expression of yourself,
or is it only extend outward from yourself,
and where do you locate yourself when you express yourself?
Have you found your hat yet?
Is there a reason why your eyes keep opening and closing?
Are you very tired in an extremely fast-paced way?
Can you tire yourself out faster by doing something in
response to the ways that I pitch myself toward you
at a full run, tilted, my head aimed at your vertebrae?
Did that mean that I was behind myself and need to catch up?
Is there a shape to the blossom
that is deeply related to the stem
and its peculiarities
that I never noticed before?
Are those little, um, spikes peeking out from the sides,
and what's that underneath the edge of the leaf?
Is the leaf tilting
towards you,
or does it just grow that way, while you look at it?

Are you in a cage yourself,
and if so, can you see the bars,
or are they too shiny, too bright, too effervescent,
or are they themselves opening and closing too fast
to be able to notice?

Will the end come soon?

Is it over already?

It's not time to begin but maybe,
if you want to, if you'd like to— do you want to—
would you like to—
Was I talking about beginning or ending?
Is it the way that you had imagined that things would go?
Where do you think things are going?
Are things going anywhere?
Are you eager to see them go?
Would you like to see them head on out right now?
Would you like to see them barrel out the door into
the snow and cross the street faster than the car they're bas—
they'll miss the car but—
would you like the car to screech to a stop?
Would you like there to be an accident but only on film?
Will the owner of the blue Volvo with the Mississippi
license plates please report to the front desk?
Will you tell me about the time that you spent in Mississippi, or is it too painful or embarrassing to talk about?
Can you remember last Sunday, or was it Saturday?
What do you think about having all these children about you all the time, more than you can count?
Does it weigh on you?
Does it worry you whether you'll be able to protect them?
Do you think they still can really recognize you and remember your name?
Do you want a martini?
Do you want a second martini?
Do you have a way of pulling all those thoughts together and coming up with a full analysis or a full idea how to read your thoughts, how to apply them in your life, when other people are confused, and you don't know what they really mean?
How do you register confusion when you're having an intelligent conversation?
Do you consider yourself an expert on your own thoughts and feelings?
Is there a reason why you just shook your head gently, or were you feeling gentle and confused?

Do you listen to yourself in the same moment that you're speaking to me, or do you wait until I've shown you that I heard you?
Why don't you wake up, now?!
Will the answer to your own question become apparent when you hear mine?
Is analysis formidable, or is it just a kind of elastic band that you can lay it down anywhere that you want to?
Are you quoting me?
Why don't we be cruel and take revenge, right now?
Can the punishment that we need to receive be far behind?
Is there a storm brewing, and would you like another cup of coffee?
Can't you see it over your shoulder?
Is there a web on the horizon?
Is the web made of tiny strands of organic matter?
Does it bend, does it billow, does it fold over your eyes?
Does it fold over your forehead and leave your hair feeling sticky?
Can you get out from under it?
Are tarantulas crawling across the floor as you think about it?
Do they disappear when you stop thinking about it?
Are you in the shade?
Are you ready to make a strong statement of opposition?
Are you ready to walk across the room when someone says
not to walk across the room?
Are you ready to lie down in the traffic when someone says
that it’s very dangerous to lie down in the traffic,
and they’re very worried for you?
Are you ready to sign your name, when you’re told that
the pen has a bomb in it?
Can you freeze just like that?
Is there a meaning to the structure of your position when
you have frozen and you’re listening just to the air?
Can you hear the air seething there,
and does it reach you on time?
Is there time in your belly?
Is there time in your throat?
Did you carve that yourself
or was it a mold?
How old is the bread?
Can I eat it?
How hungry are you?
When was the last time that I ate?
Are you sure?
Can I help you?
Will you look me in the eye
and lick my nose at the same time?
Can you put your tongue into my mouth at the same time
as you put your eye ball right against the front edge of my
nose?

Can you lie down on top of me for several minutes,
to hold me down,
to feel the weight of my body underneath yours?
Is there enough air in the room, for you?
Is there enough air in the room for everybody?
How will we know when there’s not enough air left?
What will they do on the outside of the room if they know
that we’ve run out of air on the inside of the room
before we realize it, or in case we don’t realize it?

Are you still there?
Can the shape of the blind spot that’s been coming up
in your eye since the circulation stopped
generate some sense of an alternative meaning to this
encounter, such that, much as an alien from outer space
might not look like anything we’ve ever imagined
a sentient being would appear as, you could understand
something specific, though it might be too hard to translate it
into your native verbal language?
How well can you see it?
Is it changing form all the time anyway,
and are you sure it’s there?
Can you slide down the banister,
and if you do, will you thump on the floor when you hit
the bottom, or will you slide out and land on your feet
running full tilt straight out the door?
What's out there, anyway?
Are there marble steps?
Are they slippery with ice, tonight?
Can you reach the bottom by sliding out on your behind?
Will you be alright?
Will the right action be chosen as a consequence of asking yourself the kinds of questions that you've been training yourself towards asking bit by bit?
Are you as close to death as I am?
How would the stars line up, for you?
Can you see stars?
Are your nerves shattered?
Is it dangerous to ask the wrong questions?
When the wrong questions are asked, do they sound too much like the right questions?
When the right questions are asked, will they explode?
Will your core system of beliefs get you into trouble sooner, or later?
Will you change the system?
How can you change the system?
How systematic can a change be, anyway?

How long have you been watching this?
Does it change very much while you're watching it?
Does it seem to cave in or does it billow up?

Are those the same old tired questions you've been asking over and over of yourself for ages and ages whenever you're beholding something you're not sure whether it's going to be in your best interests or not?
How far away shall I hold it?
Shall I read you the first words, or shall I start in the middle?
Does the middle have a lump in it?
Does it have a hard part that you can stick spikes or spears or stakes into so you can find yourself there?
Can you find your way back?
Where is the back of a billiard ball compared to the number? Are numbers able to grow? Where do numbers go when they get tired? Is a tired number something very very big and long, or is it one of the little ones that get used so often?
Is everyday speech over yet?
Can you cancel out things that you've already said?
Is the shape of a word changing all the time, even while it stays in the same spelling?
Where does the spelling come to a rest?
How long does it take the spelling to change?
What does it matter what kind of a spell you are under, so long as you're able to take care of your own needs?
Are you responsible for others?
Are you changing the drink while you're consuming it?
Does the bubble pop suddenly,
or is that a gradual effect
that's been coming along for some minutes?
Will shame turn you over in your grave,
or will it wait until you're lying in bed trying to sleep
in the middle of the night?
Will you know when you've had a hard day but it's been
worthwhile to make it hard?
What makes it worthwhile for difficulty to grab hold of
someone else from me?
Shall I find out how disturbed I am by asking someone
else's opinion?
Can I understand what they say without losing track?
Are the cardinal points in the same position that they were
last night?
Did the cardinal fly before singing her song?
Is it proper to refer to an animal that one doesn't know
the gender of with a gender word, just in case?
Isn't it more considerate to ask your, uh, preference of
what I should call you before I give any indication
as to think what I you are?
Can the lady in the back seat bounce up and down a little
bit to help the car get dislodged from the ice?
Will you stop calling me that name I don't want to be
called?
Over the past several years, how many times have you

indented when you were carving?
Can you call out a word to be echoing across a field with
nothing on the other side?
Can't you hear the air shifting without using a tree to get
in the way?
Where does the ball lie?
What makes something a lie?
Can you ask me the question without hearing my answer?
    Did you listen to what I was saying?
Are the robots ready to march across the stage now?
Are the holes plugged up,
or are they emptying all the contents out, spilling endlessly,
until it's entirely empty everywhere?
Is the shape of things concentrated by that action
until there's no end in sight?
Can we eat up our own saliva until there's nothing left
in our mouths except dry air and organic matter
desiccated to the point of, uh, paper-th—papery dryness?
Can the shadow speak?
Does it tilt or wander?
Does it shape the figure that is propped up against
the ground?
Is it too late?

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