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Going Over It Alone

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GOING OVER IT ALONE

Think of what accumulates: superstitions, paperbacks, shoes, areas of stiffness. Always something to get rid of, something to add. The genial postponements, shifting comfortably into cancellation. There are names people have for you that will go unrevealed forever. There is more and more of what never makes it to the page. But aren't we glad? How to catch up, give form a fair chance? Think of what gets used up; as you thumb through the catalogue of dissipation, looking up the shelf life of your favorite cultures, think of what flashes in just one single moment through the fear-driven mind of someone falling, for what must seem to them forever, from the bridge or building or scenic overlook of choice: yes, a life I suppose, not seen in the way you'd watch a movie of yourself in the act of living it, fluid and continuous, but pictured instead as a kind of gallery, with separate works of art both insignificant and monumental, each one absolutely *there*, static, chosen, immortalized, and then just simply blinked away like something that had drifted from the dirty air into your eye and caused an itch.