So Many Things Still Aching To Be Described

Peter Wortsman
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Fine wires bind my eyes to the visible. And the metal keys attached to my fingers—oars of a Viking ship dipping into the deep, upturned legs of a dying beetle desperately kicking, avid claws of the as yet undescribed—slavishly strike the page. The wires tug at my eyes non-stop. Will somebody please do me.