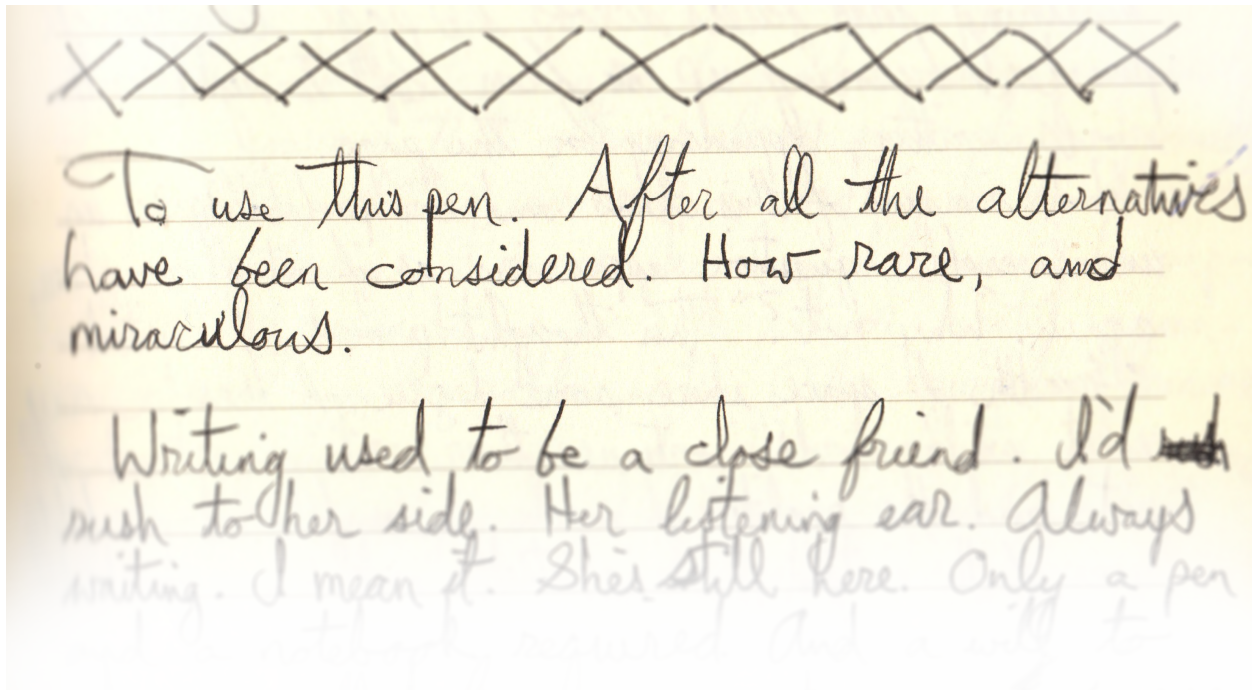


# The Issuance of: A Little Something/Nothing At All No. 1



To use this pen. After all the alternatives have been considered.  
How rare, and miraculous.

Writing used to be a close friend. I'd rush to her side. Her listening ear. Always waiting. I mean it. She's still here. Only a pen and a notebook required. And a will to do so, Pulled from some unknown source. Rare, this thing. How fundamental, this all used to be and then out of touch and eventually, foreign and nearly unfathomable. A future for it. Let's not even go there. Let's not even try. We may as well seek flame to light this book up, right now instead of maybe later. The future is bleak. Survival is both relative and unlikely out there. So if that is the future of us living, breathing things, what kind of complexity is required for a readership of any kind never mind of this uneven scrawl? There is no praise for you and no readership. Please accept this. The bottomline appears to support me and my chatter happening simultaneously, a both reading-and-writing and

breathing that fetters across the page like black powder burning up from left to right with words written, appearing on the page.

What remains of this chaos and low probability is an unanswerable question appearing as if out of no-where, again. “Why not?” This thought-provoking incited a breadth of space where some degree of resolve may exist while words continue their writing instead of not, and the reality of such an unfavored possibility goes forth instead of curbing itself and being curbed. I am reminded. It is that easy. How nice.

This is no reason to discontinue, and the fatigue has not revealed its source. So, how can it be trusted? What if it is like that of a dream? The same omniscient emptiness. Shall I sulk then past with formerly possessed energies and efforts? I was reminded, but am I forgetting too? Maybe stopping short of anything was my most noble effort of them all. Maybe it was the “period” at the end of this long and drawn sentence. After all, the great realization could be as simple as “these thoughts are my own” and keeping them that way is a fine answer to the question of “what with to do?” Instead of transferring them to paper like seed-to-soil for them eventually to grow legs and walk off into its destiny, only to return as my puppet-master someday.

Truth be told, the day is long when waking up early. It is a journey that outruns many who claim speciality in predicting matters involved, according to it. However by comparison, it races ahead and cannot be captured or caught up to with wit or mental gymnastics of even capable sorts. Only equivalent measures can compare or supersede its immensity of presence.

So I am only reminded because I am here, at all. I remember because currently I’m living it. The fact that I have been reunited with the authentic feeling after both “forgetting how” and believing the gap too wide to close is testament to power beyond my constraints and the fallibility of said constraints. Amazingly.

If I were to prescribe any therapy as Writing to atone a particular unwellness, that would probably be apart of an Earthen-based technique I

will call “reverse-conditioning” to an unassuming yet growing dependency on the internet, to lead my wandering mind. I can see that it goes on and although there is no guarantee, it has become apparent that the Earthen-based substitute that is writing has immediate, though immeasurable value. I can appear before myself right here and now. In fact, if I don’t, then I won’t, and if I do, it’s because I did. How simple and easy is that? There is no hesitation. There is nothing really, which is also ironic because here it is in this very instant. How rewarding. I find the further and longer one goes, the more ridiculous the entire scenario then becomes. Because assuredness seems to be even less possible and amazingly distant and the reason perfectly absent without the slightest trace of existence to offer any consolation or assurance at all.

The words themselves, a meager scrounge. One ugly piece after ugly piece, and I am wondering without looking back, “will it make sense at all?” Can thoughts so desperately unlinked evoke meaning or feeling, never mind fulfill a likeness to the initial embryo? It’s as if it must be destroyed before it can even appear. A level of compromise so profound, it could rob your guts of the air formerly designated for verbal expression of that proverbial “Aha! moment”. Instead, just choking and gasping for air. That’s what that is. That’s what it was before you arrived and what it’ll be if you ever manage the grip that, in our heart-of-hearts, we are trying to get.

June 29, 2020