

## **Everyone Is Partial**

I remember what that is.

Being partial is a consequence of geography. Or,  
geography is a consequence of it.

I do remember the flat blue planes and the cruelty of  
the sheer vastness of it—that what one was attached to  
might at any moment pitch one loose.

Geography meant specificity.  
Partiality.

I think, maybe poetry could be my lover.

Not having a husband, or a wife, and so needing to be  
the split subject.

What was it like, you ask?  
It was like swallowing a wire.  
It was like having that awareness of your insides by  
feeling the presence of the slenderest of hair-like  
foreign objects.

## **Geography Is Partial**

One place is not another.

Geography is everything at the same time in different places. Geography is one place over time, at different times. Places go on existing over time.

I am here, and I am partial.

See the sky, blue slab over brownish-gray.

As if the sky is separate from the brownish-gray.  
Which it is.

I am here, and I am surprised. In this place that is vivid and forgettable.  
An accretion of sensations, made more vivid by my having been here before.

I can't separate my being in this place from my having been here before.  
An experience I had forgotten until now is mixed up with my having the experience again. Or having other experiences, in this place, in another time.

There was a large mass of rock to the west, but otherwise nothing. This made for spectacular lightning.

**Geography Is Every Place at One Time**

Your memory is built before your eyes.  
This world started exactly with you.  
Now, you can inhabit this space, its new post and high-beam  
construction, its cathedral view, this is memory now.  
This is our place, the various square footage we organize  
our bodies within, this is memory.

The sun does not 'come out'. The cloud moves,  
and the shadow moves with it. The shadow's shape  
is a two-dimensional projection of a vaporous mass. It is  
the ability of water vapor to block sunlight  
that we refer to when we say,  
"It is gray today."

## **Geography Is Not Metaphor**

One place is not another.

When I am here, I am partial.

—always now—can't separate my being here from being—always  
now anywhere.

When I am here: a place both limiting and very large. Every person was to be separate, every one was partial, everyone was different in their partialness. Anything that made them partial made them separate. Anything that made them partial made them part of. They were connected in their separateness.

There was a mass of rock, this thrust into the sky. The sky and rock together made the conditions for lightning, for rain clouds, for desert. On the east side of the mountains, rain.

## **Writing Is Not Being**

The anticipation is a pleasure  
as if something already existed  
and would be found. As if  
the order of meaning to do  
and doing  
were reversed, so that the significance came  
before the doing.

One goes to keep going.

How not to be silenced by all that one hears.

And when what is found requires further reading.

Writing like being in the moment in that either one takes place. Afterward, they are  
separate.

Writing is not a metaphor for being, or a means of being in the moment.