

Monday

Fairport convention
the existential wound.

Who knows where the time goes?

a legitimate question
actually. Happy soup.

Tom Yum flavour. Hope
this doesn't end up as
a list poem. Popped into
Dig N' Delve, came out
with absolutely nothing.
Less, even. A mist desc-
ended. Sent an email

Tuesday

Disturbed the nesting
gulls. Narcissistic injury.
Mist lifted slowly from
the headland, a ballerina
transitioning to en pointe.
Was that a metaphor? A
formal warning from the
electoral register and a
pair of 2nd hand binoculars.
Absence, quite a lot of it.
Sloth. A friend request. I
can't believe this sunset

Wednesday

The whole thing was
a captcha test. Slid
a jigsaw piece into
place and watched
the waves break on
a beach in between
the thing with Mark
and something else.
Otherness. A kind of
door between worlds.
I took the bike. Still
light when I got in

Thursday

Had the weirdest
dream. A swivel
chair swiveling.
Some kind of glitch
a short walk along
the beach, order-
red a pair of white
flannel trousers
and ate a peach.
Preferences. The
way the horizon
endlessly recedes

Friday

Shared a memory.
I'm somewhere on
a rooftop in Bergen
watching a decay-
ing empire slide in-
to the sea. I think
it's me. Recycling.
Mixed up the lyrics
to this song with
some sweeter, un-
heard melody. How
do I change theme?

Saturday

I'm going to try qigong. *The four-fold is gathered into the bringing of the things into the world*—Heidegger.

I'm not sure what that means. I like it though. *The thing* he goes on *enters the world by passing through*

WEEK 2

Monday

Dream in which I've lost
something. Woke to find it
missing still. Vague sense
thing stood for something
else. Didn't ask. Couldn't
get the wand to release.
Felt completely ahistorical
until about six when I
discovered the Etruscan coast.
Apparently, the Greeks.
Left my sunglasses in
the mystery that endures

Tuesday

Weird bruise, a Julian
of Norwich quote.
Teams. The feelings
that Teams evokes.
I probably should've
written it down, the quote.
Each time I speak I
vanish into the nothing-
ness of speech, a speaking
being, some kind of lint.
Sunglasses were in the
field behind the trees

Wednesday

I can't believe
those peonies.

I had to check
with ChatGPT, but
all it could come
up with was *where-
of one cannot
speak thereof one
must be silent.*

Heimlich *and* un-
heimlich. I might
try microdosing

Thursday

*The Mysteries
of Udolpho.*

Syzgy. A little
wobble in the
login area but
once I found the
passkey every-
thing was gravy.
Do people still
say gravy? Not
according to the
urban dictionary

Friday

Another memory.
It's somewhere
near the beginning
of the century in
this one and I'm
dancing to some
unheard melody.
Recycling. I look
Like

WEEK 3

Monday

R built a tiny house
don't get the big fuss?
I've lost track of
my thoughts. Moths.
St. Ives and back, saw
that cat again with
the eyes. Sun burnt
a hole through the
day tracing this per-
fect white circle on
my shirt. That's how
it felt. That's big, in itself

Tuesday

Came out in the
wash. Had a few
bits to sort then
a wide-open day.
Pushed off into
an empty pool
took a long walk.
Rounding the bay
I saw the eyes a-
gain: flecks of gold
in green swirling a-
round a black hole

Wednesday

Woke to the
feeling I'd fallen
from a great
height after fall-
ing asleep to
Wings of Desire.
Ire. Petrichor.
Something un-
ravelled in me
when I found out
Bruno Ganz
died in 2019

Thursday

Gave Masha
a call, allowed
myself a long
aimless scroll
down the time-
line of someone
I think I went
to school with
thirty years a-
go. Pretty sure.
Weird how the
rain never fell

Friday

I'm still waiting
For something.