

## Witchcraft

After being possessed and overcome by the Devil I lost access to my own thoughts. This meant that in order to recover them I had to ask question after question of strangers, which for the most part they couldn't answer. When someone felt he or she *could* answer, I took careful note of what was said and how it was said, and made a point to request an account of its origin and development. In this way, over many months and years, I was slowly able to regain access to my mental life, even translating it into propositions for public or private use. But problems soon arose when my intentions proved too elusive for my means to convey them, which resulted in unexpected deflections and distortions, and turned my ideas into twigs. Despite this I have something to tell you. What for so long you and I have observed together, day in and day out, has been constantly modified by what we don't see, leaving one whole side of experience blank. And now that we've grown old, we lack energy to work out what these dark lanes or vacant areas impart to us. Although the intellect takes pleasure in exercising itself according to the five-fold method—listening, reading, grasping, remembering, forgetting—there are some tasks that make it bristle. I hereby represent myself to you as the residue of things that aren't true. Or can these even be distinguished? Whose face shades the difference? Whose memory stores it?

## Horror Rage and Pallid Exasperation

I can't really worry about what this says or doesn't say. To begin with, our village has just imploded. All that remain are things not endowed with properties—certainly not enough to call them *things*. On another day a more generous analysis might point to the role these could still play in our sustenance, and how their sensed presence might actuate our seeking them out. Attempts could be made to arrange them mentally, and perhaps even physically if one imagines their arrangement to occupy something other than mental space—assuming the latter isn't also physical space—and in that condition they start to repel one another and eventually start to repel themselves, as the absence of properties yields a kind of free-for-all with no apparent logic or purpose. Nevertheless these movements urge us to observe. The more intently we study them, the more we seem to absorb their indeterminate character, bringing us into alignment with them, as though ceasing to be intelligible to ourselves and to others were a shared feature, a form of community, an objective world. If we could simply pause and ponder this we might come to lead normal lives—if normal signifies a kind of transcendence, or state beyond discernment and distinction, a grove, as it were, bordered by rocks jutting into the sun, which we stumble across in pursuit of some sister spirit, or lured on by the absence of curtains and the distant presence of trees.

## Old Fuller Burying Ground

one escapes what one believes through  
indistinct cognition of empty  
flows, blocking indifference  
to dead voices, raising each pitch

by a process called earth-gazing  
*enough to sate a seeker's sight*  
but choosing only those ripe  
for incorporeal contact or abstract

participation in the knowledge  
of what they really are, never  
more alike than when shown  
poring over every eye in town

interchangeable but not identical  
while the heat rolls off them  
returning to a state upon which  
intelligence is consequent

## Hampton

I lay in a field in eastern Connecticut, surrounded by my long-dead ancestors, who had arrived there from Salem Village at the end of the seventeenth century. Each full moon we would lean back on elbows and attempt to converse. Over time something like friendship arose among us, even though it would not be an exaggeration to say that during our most lucid nights we only understood every tenth word that was spoken. From these words, however, we were able to prepare sentence-like statements whose significance we would painstakingly try to convey, although these explanations contained large gaps, making them more impenetrable than what they were meant to explain. As years passed it grew apparent that fewer and fewer words were being understood, so that a full night's discourse of ten thousand utterances might be distilled into "Love's lowest souls are goats" or "Seas Woods Trees." Sometimes the long night would yield exactly one intelligible word; other times, despite surges of vocal sound, not a single distinct syllable could be deciphered. Rather than discourage us, these baffling exchanges drew us more warmly together, under the bright moon, in the twisted vegetation. So much so that one spring night we succeeded in piecing together—God knows how—the phrase "Subdimensional projection"—which was then followed by years of silence. Twelve nights ago that silence was finally broken as the moon rose in its *Circuit, Course, and Backward Course* and four of us spontaneously announced, "Nothing is future in reference to now."



This is a true story. “You know miserably little,” the fox told the king. The king took umbrage and killed the fox, then sat down to read his prospectus. That night the fox came back to life and spoke *beautiful expressions full of beautiful conjunctions and lovely disjunctions*, which the king heard through the walls of his dream. But what was the basis of this hearing? And why was the fox permitted thus to speak? Were those assigned to examine the situation familiar with the techniques the fox employed? We who had trusted the fox were not consoled when he publicly repudiated his “difficult, dark, hard, strange, harsh, and almost unheard-of words.” For even as these hung dripping on the fence, new fences were being built, as well as extensive gardens, and itineraries were being planned for crossing the seas to announce the sun.