









Sometimes you must consciously dive down, or spring up, to weave yourself back into the fabric of the city, or the mesh of the world.









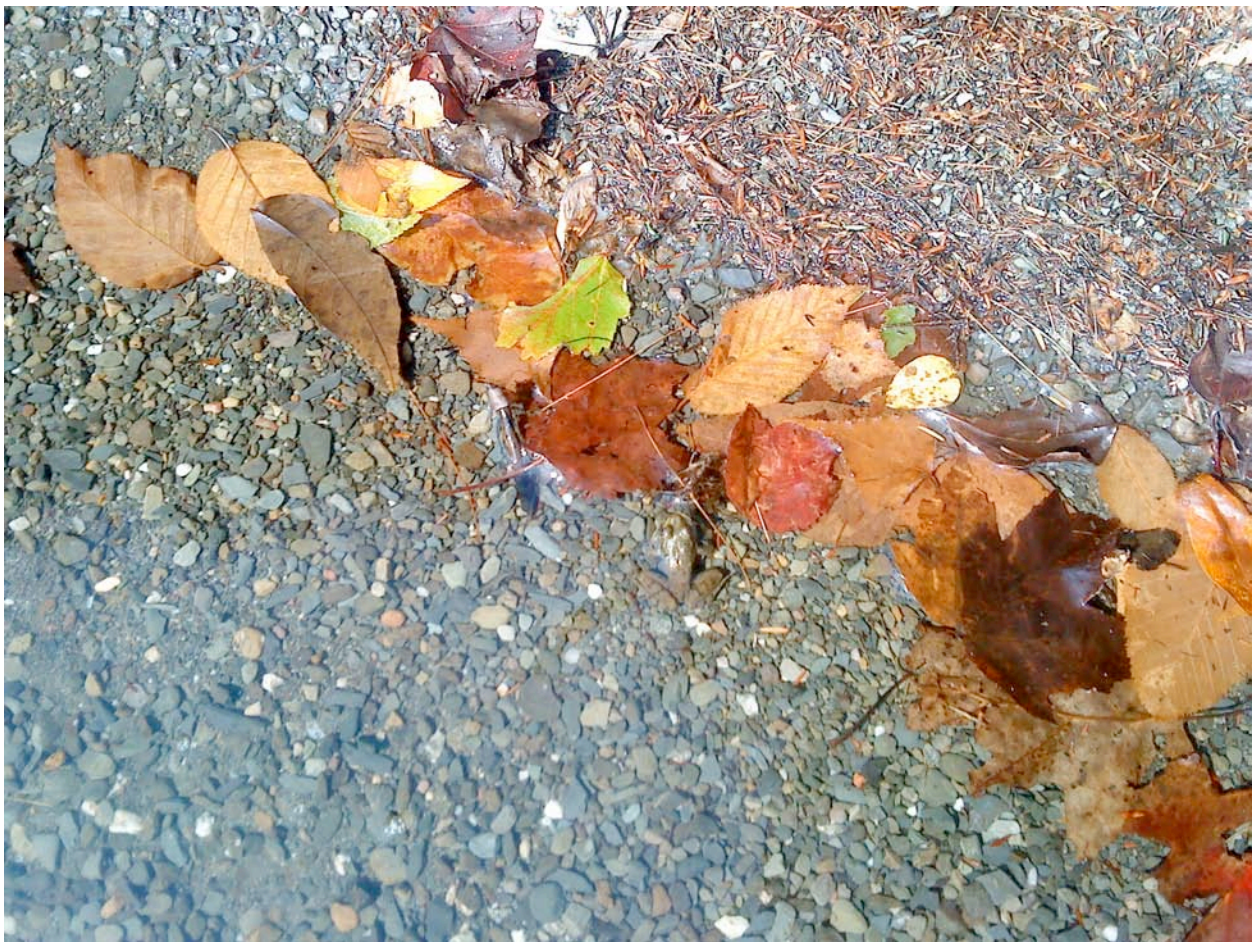


I'd rarely seen the woods so dry, our boots scuffing up gusts of dust along the trail, lined in places by dispirited ferns, large patches of them parched outright brown.

I've always wanted to be the sort of writer that can type out a sentence – bang! – good enough to send off to the printer. But that's someone else.

Even the first paragraph, where it says “along the trail, lined in places by dispirited ferns,” I first put “along the sides of the which grew dispirited ferns...” then realized that if the ferns were brown, they likely weren't growing and that I'd better back up and revise the whole thing. But “dispirited” and “outright” survived the culling. They seemed too rooted to remove, and in any case, rang true.

But I've gone way off the trail when what I really wanted to tell you about was the bog we wandered into in search of mushrooms. Not a full-on bog, but a kind of bog-in-training, surrounded by dry hummocks – a place of entangling, red-berried bushes, dead tree trunks nearly branchless, tapering to jagged spars and where, between the fallen logs, our boots found unsolid ground and would have sunk in deep had we not been moving quickly....







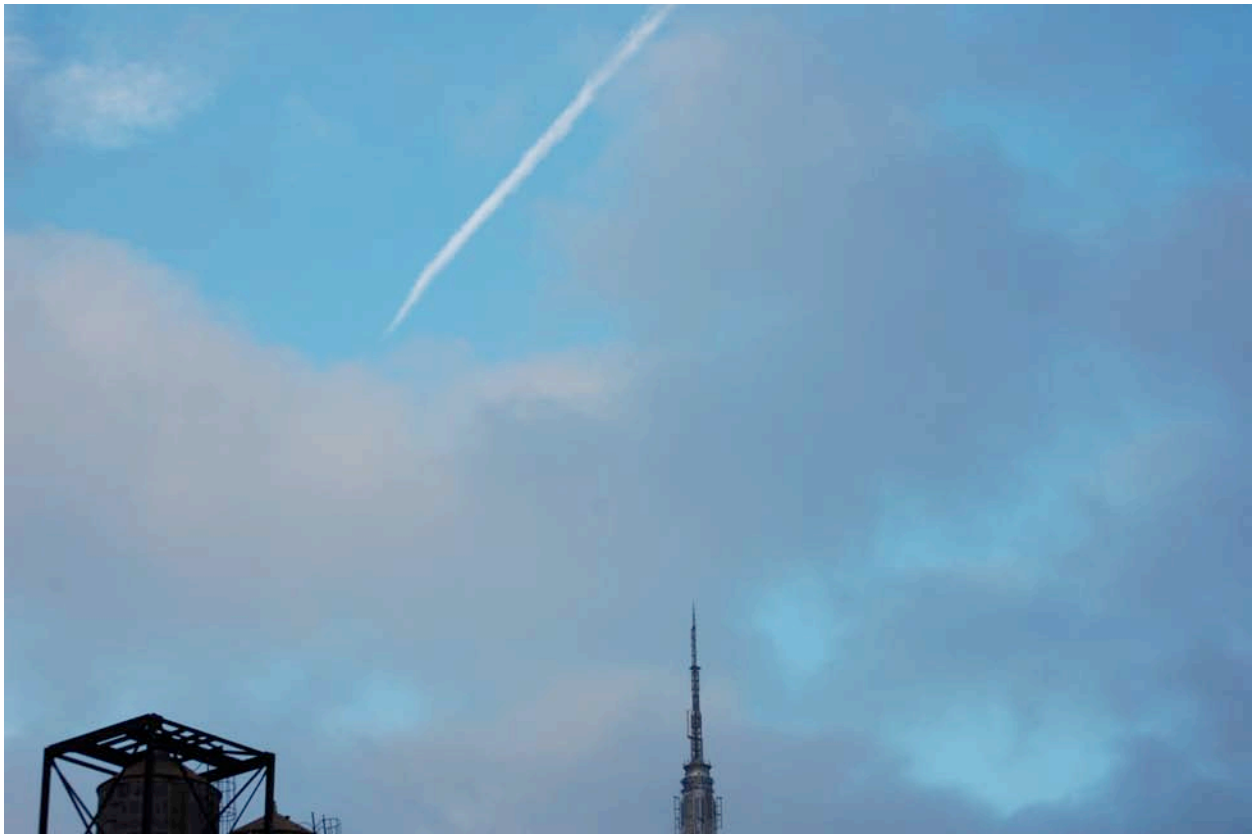






The full life of the text is found in the responses of others.

—Patricia Eakins











Anamnesis, mon amour