

devoir

I sit upon my bunk with eyes and heart of blue, not sure, not really knowing what to do. I work, every hour, of every day. This moment even, I do not and never--play. Work and my devotion to, these words of mine--these words, these thoughts, from me to you. The study of yet, another day. Siri Hustvedt (pronounced "HOOST-vet") her mutual friend, "The Shaking Woman", and her determination; The rise of English professor Joyce Thomas, to overcome a freshman rape: from that "melodramatic and unmemorable" work made first, to be found not so easily unremembered--the drawn gun to fuel her forever pen; Benjamin Percy, works with Aaron Gwyn to spill blood with, "The Art of Writing Violence"; while Mike Stilkey paints his books; and Coldplay blasts my ears. While my place may not be the city of Erice--no wall or winding cobblestone, just fence upon fence. No Mediterranean Sea or Sicilian countryside, only brick and grass--very little grass. It is the vision of Dante, with the heart of Kafka.

Still, I dream....

In a moment I go to France, for Zola to teach me of "Nana"--and then I'm off again with Dostoevsky. Anything to escape this "Purgatorio", even if that means to fly over a Cuckoo's Nest. A slave to memory, but never time. As I sit here, on this metal bunk of mine, I write of love--forever found, lost, and intertwined.