

Confessions

There's either a *raison d'être* or a reason. An entry in a diary. Will someone know what you're talking about really. An entry reads:

–I feel so confused today, I saw him again and now I don't know which way to jump. I don't know what's taking place. He said yes to everything I mentioned but didn't suggest either a deviation or an alternative to my assessment of the situation. He said I was right and so he had nothing to say. I can't help but feel extremely irritated when ever I see him and I don't know why. Why. What do I feel about him, do I love him or not, or is that irrelevant anyway in this particular case. I maybe shouldn't expect that the feelings of love are necessary to a workable solution.

Occasionally she remembered something which she hadn't recalled for years or remembered something which seemed alright again, having been ruined before. Something, like the omelet which seemed too rich to eat for so long, suddenly becomes appetizing. More than that, a whole new solution bringing about or being brought about by a feeling of release, freedom from obligations, surrender of anxiety. The solution is easy, you are not necessarily responsible for what happens around you, forget it. What you imagine is happening around you is happening. When someone walks towards you baring their teeth and pretending they're smiling, they're baring their teeth. If you're at a loss to respond then that's a fact as real as the teeth. The pleasant alternative, the positive construction, just can't be possible. All the time. The negative alternative isn't either.

These are just the facts as I see them.

–Darling I'd really like you to stay. Surely this isn't necessary. We can't go on like this. We must establish trust before anything else. We must avoid misunderstandings. We're both so paranoid. We have differing expectations.

Do not be sad; it is fitting (to be like) the sun at its zenith. Even a full moon may suffer an eclipse. The ebb and flow, the filling and emptying of all that is in heaven and earth occur at the proper times for them. The Superior Man decides law suits and inflicts (the necessary) penalties. Are they necessary. The variegated beauty (of the sky after a storm) now appears. Though he may do so for ten days, were he to exceed that time, he would invite calamity upon himself. A foreboding of calamity. Taking a wife will result in good fortune. Success and fame are imminent.

What can all this mean.

–I'm becoming like an automaton to see you and want you more than I can know ever. Each situation being impossible because I'm running like a rat away from you. Please plead for me in the future because I can't face the loss.

–You are, can you see the sky's gradually lightening again for the second time in a row. Just impossible. To see you. To know you. With the dawn coming again, one time happily and another time sadly, a breeze blowing over my back now. I'm cold. Some freezing hand is drawing over me barely touching me.

–As it takes you, you are but coming you're coming and along the roads along the expressway and going faster you're speeding.

–Taking me and leave taking. Losing and leaving. Going away. Not coming back. Not pulling anything together. Losing losing losing all the time. Waiting waiting for something to happen. Acting but acting. Repelling and needing. Wanting but losing. Not wanting and gaining then

losing. Being, being passive Knowing but not wanting to know. Knowing of the future. Knowing of something good in the future. Being unencumbered and hating it. Fucking and leaving. Losing a fuck. Fucking a loser. Bereaving so as to leave. Leaving a loser. Knowing what it is to leave and what it is to lose. Being necessary but having to be unnecessary but wanting to be necessary to someone. But leaving someone and losing someone else. But not wanting to have anything, knowing of the future. Seeing the pattern but not understanding it. Knowing the pattern which is indistinct. Feeling a lifetime of pain in one moment. Crumbling over and knowing why. Leaving it all go because of this pain. The pattern in leaving, speeding. It's coming back then later but it has gone. It's coming back different. Knowing the difference. Leaving because of the difference. Losing the difference. Indifferent. Coming back to the difference, the space. Leaving the space. The space was lost and now it's here. It's interstices the small gap in a lifetime taking a lifetime to pass. Passing through the very small gap. Repeating again and again to find the small gap to pass through. Losing it and heading back again. By speeding. Differing with leaving. Vacillating between losing and leaving. Leaving so as to gain. Doing nothing so as to gain.

—Some freezing hand draws across your body and draws you away. Come back and lose. Come back and look. Cycling round peering into this indistinct place. Is it the dark or is it mist?