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Landscapes which are actually words.

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Landscapes which are actually words.

Senior Project submitted to
The Division of Language and Literature
At Bard College

by

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Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
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Landscapes which are actually words.



Acknowledgements

I would like thank Cole Heinowitz and Robert Kelly, the two who helped guide me through my own thoughts.

This project began last fall or even before, in the summer. I was near the river and I was looking at the mountains all the time so I began to write about what I could see. Later, this project took the form of a logbook. Each day I would go to a new location and write about what I could see at that location. Throughout this period, I encountered many problems. Firstly, I regularly forgot to date the entries which I was accumulating, so they soon lost their specificity. Secondly, even when I attempted to depict what I could see directly before me, many other ideas about many things that I could not see would come into my mind. In this sense, the images that I could see would trigger ideas or other images which I could not directly perceive, but which I could imagine or which I had seen before. And these cascades of images and the relationships between them began to be the fodder from which I have attempted to form this project. Finally, I realized that the descriptive problems I was encountering were due to the temporality of the human process of seeing itself. It is this temporality and the descriptive problems which ensued, that I was attempting to explore through language.

What is it that I do not remember? A small shining from a smaller cave?
I have forgotten.

Image flash, the bulb stutters like an instrument—the light of a god is the
electric one—what sequences?

From across the veranda you look almost like somebody else. However I
know that there are only the two of us here and that this unfamiliar person
that I look at now, this person is you. I am not sure who it is that I think
you might resemble, in this particular light, but it is not you as you usually
are.

At the edges of the Roeliff Jansen Kill the mist rises from stones. The dew collects on the cheekbones and beneath the eyes. Cups of light spread beneath the orange grey clouds like a flock of parrots moving upwards, like salmon laying red eggs at the head of another river 5,365 miles away.

From the east, the marble arms of Agias reach for me like a javelin reaches through the air. The air that thickens around the ideas of the past, iterations and iterations;

Like the river which goes between our legs like a baby. Or the fork in the road which signals the future.

The river goes down.

The river goes down, goes down to the sea.

The voice from our dream changes languages

It says, it says, like a flock of geese almost in unison

From a ways off, the country

The Catskills rest in a haze of low cloud which descends on the river. The river flows past the Catskills while the clouds hang low. The prospects change. River, mountain, cloud. They morph through formations which begin and begin.

Last summer, someone noticed the eagles return to the valley. The eagles hatched their young in pine boughs near the river. Like an omen, the Catskills stood against the sky while a warm rain starts a cascade of images: The insects settle into the grass. The rain opens the smell of loam. The first leaf of autumn falls without a sound. The eagle watches a hare. The fish eats a fly—it begins, begins

Early this morning the field was covered with ice--the sky was clear blue and 16 degrees Fahrenheit. Tufts of cattails stood in two valleys on the right and on the left. Varieties of birds called loudly.

The ice recedes as the day ripens by degrees. A red winged blackbird aggressively defends its territory from other animals for on average 15 years. The air breathes a subtle motion. The day fans and the ice waters like an eye.

A thin layer of ice covers the field. The sun has thinned it until its edges are filled with holes reminiscent of lace or somewhat topographical in appearance. The ice feathers very thin spreading into water beneath the sun as it recedes. Various arrangements of distance initiate these occurrences.

I am alone now, listening to the ice melt and watching the birds call.

Many hours have gone by and I am no longer there.



Figure 1

If you thumb through no particular book you might indeed find a phrase that convinces you or rather reminds you of things you did not remember previously.

This may seem like a typical occurrence, but we do have assumptions which we act on rationally and which, at times, completely obscure what we see.

What echoes call in the museum? What smell was that which came from the decomposing loam along the stream leading to the estuary and the bay? What topography do we assign to the elevated, roadways which appear almost like rivers, gathering momentum? What sequences, as they begin and begin, regress infinitely like facing mirrors while other's appear as a line?

These streams of questions which occur before the last has even begun to be answered accumulate like water. As if clarity might result from the abundance of mayhems which form like murmurations of birds. The fragile release of a spore from a fungus beneath the decomposing leaves in the forest to the south of the Roeliff Jansen Kill drifts slowly unseen. A fox appears, then disappears over the crest. A red winged blackbird calls loudly.

Casually an interpreter questions an individual on behalf of somebody else. This may seem very normal, in fact it usually is. However this person cannot speak and they have not learned any form of language. They were born deaf, poorly educated. The interpreter is reading the expressions on their face, making them into specific words and emotions.

Although the individual never says that they are happy, when they smile we assume that they are, like a mountain. The same for a furrowed brow. Or tears. We do know how to read them after all--the sky and the birds.

Although the individual never says that they are happy, when they smile we assume that they are. The same for a furrowed brow. Or tears. These subtle motions present a wordless narrative which articulates the progression of a thought through time. From the small occurrences of changing and moving parts and their shifting proximity to other moving parts, the landscape changes.

The snow covers branches and the white sun pierces through grey,
omnipresent cloud.

The source obscures the very same source.

*Light divides and divides the stream into portions which we can fit into our
mouths.*

I have chewed my way through January, February and March until
bloated like a seal I writhe across the ice away from predators. Simulations
of fire flash across the screens in our digitized experiences of hell and they
are all made of words which are actually landscapes. Yet, how can I say
this? How we will we continue to progress if I say this dream which was
like an evening in summer, sweetly pungent, washed in fading day? The
snow falls without a sound. The snow settles against faces like a mask.

From somewhere across the river, light shines. Be it a house, or a flood light along the street, or a fire, I cannot say, but it draws my attention again and again through the gloom towards its pinpoint like I am a moth with little thought of the other possible worlds beyond that one bright thing which like a promise of someone or something over in the dark across the water keeps my attention. What remains beyond this shallow beam of light I can imagine yet not directly perceive from my vantage point. Faint glimpses occur, or small sounds, which pull at the places next to the light like questions, yet as the answer begins to form the clouds change and the shapes, which had just begun to appear, vanish.

Particularly, the sentence pieces together various words and images the way that memory forms a person. How can I put this? Like a landscape made of various perspectives which faces to the right and to the left, the letters fit into their small niche openings, the ants assume specific roles.

The mountains which appear on the horizon grow in size as I approach.

A diamond hangs at the back of your neck as you walk through the halls of the maze, like you know where you are.

The museum stretches before me on the street corner, all two million square feet of it. A collector's dream, a collection of collections; organized and numbered very neatly, much more neatly than the appendix within most books, one would hope, that at least the priceless objects are organized, cared for, rejuvenated even.

I have seen a diamond that should maybe be in a museum. This diamond should be at the museum; have you seen the Crown Jewels? They are at a museum with very high security.

They are sealed tightly in transparent boxes of seemingly impenetrable material. These boxes are arranged in the center of a long hall, windows barred, doors equipped with armored shields that are locked in place in the evenings.

As the night falls over the city, the precious stones, which we took from the hills themselves, resemble our eyes. See the years as they pass. The many hands.

As I enter the hall, I immediately step onto a single moving causeway which carries me slowly along the right side of the jewels, bending at the end of the row to bring me back up the left side to the exit where I began. The whole thing takes about 15 minutes. The jewels are very large.

It is said that my mother has in her possession a diamond which belonged to Anne Boleyn. I can hardly say if this is true, but I've been told that Anne handed the diamond off to one of her maids before she was beheaded--once she knew that she would be. This maid was one of my relatives, they say, it is a large stone. If the story were made up, which I am almost entirely sure it is, then I think it a strange fallacy. It says:

look at our evidence which is like a pillar of marble in the woods to the east of this city where the gardens remain walled, remain guarded, that fragrant scent extending across the courtyards: flowers, water.

Meanwhile, the progression continues-- dust has made its way into the most precious of museum vaults. While all three of us slept together for the entire day

the sun moving from window to window, whispering "blasphemy blasphemy" as though we had abandoned it for the moon which is dead and always dead.

Call me naive, but I wonder which is more valuable? The moon or my mother's diamond? Perhaps this is a naive question, which I said, but really I feel I ought to know. For my future.

Conversely, dust affects even the moon, which I have examined very closely through a powerful telescope. This was in 2012. Around each crater a ring of dust occurs from impacts on the surface. This dust remains undisturbed. No wind.

I have also seen Jupiter moving across the face of the sun, very slowly, crossing the white orb like an ant on a frisbee, that is to say, incredibly striking. This was 4 years later.

Obviously, the museum hired persons to tend to the dust. They do so meticulously, like it is their religion. I have read about this in the newspaper. They use their own saliva on cue-tips to do so.

I have not told you very much, I have made at least some sense. The character wrapped the stone inside a rag, hid it away. She says, she says, and the stream continues. I say, I say, these are the things I can recount for you.

The pace quickens.

A clot of blood quickens, only once.

The clinging forms make subtle appearances within the halls.

The wind blows

small movements eddie the material in the air.



Figure 2

In the streets we have seen people moving like ants across a frisbee.

A small hole drilled through the ice across a frozen river will tell you that what at first appears still and cold moves violently like a circus beneath the ice. Fast and dark in churning momentum the hole reveals a pandemonium under the sheer surface which squeezes hard and tight across the body like laughter, cracking and echoing, as the air warms and cools with the sun. Each glance through the hole in the ice reveals a performance that does not return despite the sameness of the next and the following instants. Despite the cohesion of water to itself, it is in fact a multi-surfaced object.

Have I heard this story in a book? Someone named Horace maybe? I am distracted. Where was I? Oh, I see the river.

I have seen into it's mouth. The tongue works in there.

I have seen Jupiter pass before the sun through a telescope and I have also seen the craters on the moon, in such detail that the mounds of dust at their edges are not just faint orbs but are comprised of individual rocks and debris scattered from impacts.

I have found that even the words I know are the words I do not know. I know what I do not know, in other words, like the future.

The obelisk topples. The obelisk that stood there for a very long time is gone now.

The obelisk of dark, reaching into the heavens whose stars the more illuminated in the fading light echo our own eyes, our own mutterings, which occur as we begin to extinguish or sleep, speak to us after.

I have spoken the name, Ines, Ines. I have felt its contours in the dark cave which resounds with invisible objects.

Across the landscape, a series of words rise like cities out of a patchwork of fields or open areas. Or perhaps it is better to say that they are like teeth which have eyes. The eyes speak images and the teeth see words. The congruencies shift like waves across a pool, iterations which begin, begin again, while some planets move like a poem in a circle.



Figure 3

Clinging to the face of sleep like the deep seizure of a dream which mocks the transparent surface, the eyes open, the space lies open.

Pulsing like a field in the summer, a great many noises, a great many degrees of awareness, a great many niche species which serve a particular purpose in the net occur like children or like flowers which breathe for various lengths of time before emptying into the sea as rivers where other species come to inhabit them. There it is, a layer of fine dust over the surface, iterations and iterations, which construct what might be known as the landscape, or the halls of the museum, that spread like images through our words.

I used to write 3 poems every day
but I realized that words are poor
and it's images I'm after.



Figure 4

This picture looks like a bird sound breaking against the shore.

I hear it breaking over my skull.

I am learning a new emotion.

It tastes like iron and cloudberry.

I am at a loss how to communicate this to you,
it is very specific.

The silence melts into the bark of the trees; the leaves echo the wind. *Our eyes on the forest see the sound of all words said at once.* Someone cups their hands to their ears. The mountains mimic the tone of rain. The light descends in diagonal jets down through the clouds: It settles against the foliage. Reflects off the water. It divides the space: night and night. It pulls out life, like a god, from the dark hours. It tempts it out where it has been dreaming of a thousand small openings in the surface.

One might say that it is naturally the weather which draws our attention most, hence our proclivity to discuss its ever-changing formations above us. While many historians focus on art, politics—indeed are they distinguishable? —there are those who document the human view of weather throughout time.

It is perhaps obvious that the weather is important to us. It shapes the way we think to a much greater extent than we can perceive.

If the only way that we know anything is through an image of our relationship to it in space, and if that space is in a constant state of transition which renders rain, thunder, snow, drought; then what we know must be particular to how it is known. What the weather pattern was at the moment of this image's capture:

How the clouds arranged themselves down to their smallest logic, just so across the mountains, and which species of fox it was that killed the vole out back.

I find it difficult to articulate the specific importance of these distinctions and yet I am sure that you will understand, or at least begin to sense, what I am getting at.

However I suppose it might be expected that you do not. I suppose it might be expected that I am the only one who finds this interesting.



Figure 5

The child's brain begins as a series of islands.

Spacial island, sound island, visual island.... That is to say, young children think in the same way as rats until they are around the age of six: in separate landscapes.

Their brains cannot connect concepts like "turn left" to concepts like "after the blue wall" in the same way that rats cannot do this. They can go left, or they can go to the blue wall, but those two islands do not at this age reasonably connect as a set of instructions.

So then, at the moment that the child can determine "left of the blue wall," and can approach the blue wall and then turn left, these two separate spaces of knowledge join to form a logically determined path. At this point a distinction can be made between the minds of children and the minds of rats. Through that recognition of two components of awareness which exist both tangentially and in conjunction, these landscapes reframe their apparent distance and enable greater levels of perception to exist between them.

That is to say, it is the phrase itself which initiates and display this ability. The information has been exchanged richly; a mechanism between two landscapes has handed an invisible object through the air.



Figure 6

In order to communicate with language we pull ourselves away from a different kind of experience, one which is unsaid.

Something happens in animals when they get symbols and start trading in them.

Then, everything has a name and this symbolic sound tells you about the world. Then, language which is a combinatorial system, opens up a kind of infinity. Then, the sound and the image couple like mice and proliferate, very quickly.

What is this landscape without these words? The mountains, without their names, have what space?

I am looking carefully into the future and I see a thousand small openings: one year, which is seven years in dog years so I've been told.

Say, the nets are out to dry in the wind--the dolly vardens are smoking above the smoldering pine boughs and the smoldering pine needles. The sap releases pungent oils into the air as it smokes. Burning evergreen flavors my clothes and my hair.

I go inside. I look at a photograph. I see my father's mother's mother with her sister. They are in matching dresses. They mirror each other: outside arms raised, inside arms wrapped around the other's waist. Their raised arms hold the hems of their voluminous skirts in the air. They are facing away from the camera, and I can see the skin on their backs which is young. They each turn to look over their shoulder, smiling, and someone takes the picture.

I knew them when they were both very old--one of them gave me a crystal swan but I am not sure where it is. This would be called bad archiving in other scenarios. In my case it is nothing remarkable: poor memory converted over lengths of time into lost objects like a tree dropping branches in the woods.

From somewhere a crude noise becomes visible. What this means is that it was a noise I could not easily identify but which I had seen before. It sounded like metal twisting and also like a kind of booming, which is a particular description aimed to impart a very particular sensation. Yes, sensation.

Although, all things aside, I think the noise was an eighteen-wheeler tipping over on the curve of the off ramp, exit 14 A, on the I-87 North. This is not all that unusual. There is a road sign at the head of the exit which depicts an eighteen-wheeler doing that.

A wind shreds through the trees which are silhouetted against the Atlantic in the fading light. White caps surf across the beach which is strewn with small stones and crusted with ice. The grass on the dunes flickers like a jade sea. Everything wraps itself around with the wind which comes from the north with a strength that pushes us into the future.

The sky is green and orange and many shades of blue. Thin arms are waving behind me, water is breaking before me. A freighter moves across the horizon like a steady metal whale and the scaly foot of a seagull washes ashore on its own. In the distance, the horizon curves as though the world were a bowl.

This is very easy to imagine.

Picture how we are held within these spaces, the many images which speak before us.

From the egg it hatches wet but not dripping. Two small eyes begin to open and then close, the light too bright, too sudden. The crescent moon shines dimly behind passing clouds which will rain, and also the sun, which is partly obscured, casts a dim light. From a cave springs a hot sulfur pool and bathers approach it in the winter and in the summer.

Somewhere rain begins like a lantern which sputters into flame. *Damp matches will work if made from the right sort of phosphorus and we use those.* The goose inspects her eggs, turning them. Two hatch. Three do not. There does not appear to be a reason for this. The bathers descend to their cars; they are driving back to the city.

A mountain rises out of the glade, mainly fireweed and small birch. It rises above the tree line, just so. A pheasant or maybe a ptarmigan glows in my thoughts, I saw it earlier. Various islands sit quietly out in the bay, like the faces of bathers who submerge themselves in a warm pool. I do not remember what the only cloudberry I've eaten tasted like, but I picked it out of the bog and it was one of the first of the season. It had five small pockets of juice like a hand, but it was not a hand.

A fat bird is being roasted somewhere on a spit, oil dripping out of its skin and into the fire. It's plucked flesh looks like anyone's thighs after they depilate and this I remember very clearly, like the mountains.

At the center of the house there is a table with three place settings laid there—spoons, forks, knives, glasses for water, glasses for wine, napkins, and dessert cutlery.

The house is surrounded by woods, pine and maple; there is also a stream which cannot be heard from the house but which is close by.

In the evening small motes of light descend across the room and the table. It is very lovely, and very fleeting. It reminds me of the many different times across the span of many years when I've seen this. Those images which are the same occurrence happening at different times. Those images which are the same event occurring in separate spaces, called "different days." That is to say, they are individual while simultaneously plural, and they continue to regress like a set of mirrors which face each other. Someone steps in between them. Someone looks at themselves again and again like Cervantes. Someone appears in the window, an apparition.

Today on the radio, I heard someone say that modernity began with Don Quixote; something to do with the structure of the narrative. How it imagines simultaneous realities tied to one and other through power. The question remained essentially: “who is the author?” The characters know and the jig is up, which is to say, the landscape has changed. Or the image which was taken of the landscape many years ago, just one minute ago, the images which were actually words and which spoke of what had already progressed as though it could be singularly accounted for through one instant of stillness which began so many times that it finished without being still.

Likewise, our memories brew continuity through separate events. The familiar light which I have seen and not seen fades tomorrow in the predictable distance and all the while the evening sets by degrees across the landscape which curves into the darkness even as it enters the eye.



Figure 7

Night, star, dark, it is darker there still, fog low against trees, dim bodies,
arms and arms reaching away from us, a moon barely visible shows
through cloud, light like gray hair, tendrils of silver over the decadence of
bulging shapes which loom, seeming to grow closer and closer when the
eyes look away.

Some animals see more fully what it is that happens in the night due to
the construction of their eyes many thousands of years ago. Where some
differentiated and evolved various light receptor cells, a lack of cones
specifically leaves one with eyes that can see in the dark.

In the night a series of clouds speak across the moon like a veil. Faint and somewhat dappled, they smear shadows like polka dots over things which are hard to make out. In those shadows, observe how some repetition appears, and like a regression, bounces against itself into the future. Like a light in the water which echoes against the waves fragmenting into other smaller lights, which might be called reflections or might, more appropriately, be called children, the question remains.

Do the words let something pass through them, between them? The landscape changes by degrees before it can be composed into characters.

In this recurring landscape the dream is also a pool which we enter. It falls in rivulets from my hair. Small drops find their way into my mouth. The grit between my teeth and in my throat purl around themselves until they become like images. When I speak it is not my own voice but the image speaking inexplicable words on my behalf. When I move, occurrences stop me in my path and take me away with them.

That is to say, the dream progresses like a treadmill which moves beneath my feet as I walk without going forward. I stay in place and yet I continue to appear as a progression along a line which came out of a dark hole.

From darkness comes the ability of the eye. A reflection can be vaguely made across that surface. Is that a face? A book? A landscape?

The eyes look like they are reading. The eyes track again and again across the surfaces: the tiles, the veins of the leaf, faces everyday on the street, on the train, the many halls in all our buildings.

Words when spoken sound their names and also their own deaths, existing as they go out of existence simultaneously. "As it is spoken, so it goes." As it is written, a silent remembering object that holds a particular noise or a particular image, remains available to the senses for some time longer

The future is very invisible until it is happening right there.

This unfolds like a cloud bank, I mean it occurs naturally without control no matter the place.

The future is occurring even as it converts into the past and many hands are touching it roughly and softly as it passes from one to the other silently or with great noise, depending.

Look at the bird before the mountains. Moving it looks so still. Look at the bird atop the museum. Moving it looks so still.

What did we see then; A landscape, or a photograph, for example. The distance between my hand that holds the photo and my eyes, this distance which is both 100 years and 300 miles, appears very small. Quite apparently, mediation occurs in layers, I have read. I am turning away and yet my senses extend beyond the way I have turned. This is an impossibly long form and it is given to me through various and particular objects, like the eye, which like a camera, also focuses prematurely and far too overtly on particular and very small parts.



Figure 8

somewhere a phone is ringing
somewhere a phone is ringing and someone is being born
somewhere a phone is ringing and someone is being born and
someone is dying and someone is saying something which is not
heard over the wind and the clouds are running like animals while
the light reflects platinum from the deep snow, all quiet, and the
fogbows bend against the edges of a swath of cloud while the wind
reshapes them swiftly without pause or anticipation.
a bird cries
a flock of crows rise from the leafless tree branches.
a red tailed hawk circles, unceremoniously,
frenzying the rest down in the field
till like an arrow it pierces through is its prey

The five forms build a variety of openings which are also at times called landscapes. The life springs from the life of distant fusions like a garden across the obelisk of the stars which under a different scale of measurement might be called islands.

Welcome darling, to the sense of the dimensions. An intuitive presumption that asks beyond what the senses answer like clocks, or like computers, which emit heat as they process numbers of varying sizes, until the form appears as though animated in the woods like a shrew.

The hills the hills like a chorus echoing in the valley, objects
asserting motion and sound like the deer and the turkey and the
cars on the interstate driving up to Canada on roads which
resemble rivers which resemble veins, no, mirror, and snake
upward toward the north like a vine which flowers small towns
nestled along the river flowing down to the sea.

The stories we tell, like blades of grass or crystals on the chandeliers in the palace, shimmer beneath the gaze of our mouths which tell themselves again and again, like mothers, that they will not emit new iterations like the body which sheds skin in waves while laughter in the woods calls out of turn and birds silence in shock as they eye the new appearance--who is it who is it they do not whisper.

the elm the poplar the maple the oak the sycamore the hazel the
catalpa the holy the rhododendron the arm the chest the neck
the hands the face the voice the mouth the tongue the throat

Some will carry on making names the way others make babies. Who, reaching like a child towards the familiar, or like an arrow towards the center of the eye of a white tailed deer, or like a hunger which returns each day--momentum like a glacier--to carve out the hills and the rivers beneath the ice which are speaking the shapes that the mountains will later themselves say.

Subtle utterances which sound through the production of time and which simultaneously resist any capture within it.

It is raining. Pools have accumulated. Ripples bump up against each other in them like polka dots, one of those patterns in which an apparent sense of the infinite forms, or rather appears. How some words fall like light while others generate a continuous build up of layers. We generate and generate our blood like dreams, which spill from our mouths in combinations of symbols which grow out of themselves like trees. Or die going into themselves, like shipwrecks.

Dark scaly legs, dark feathers, dark eyes peering-- a mouth like an oracle crowing indecipherable symbols--sharp beaked and sharper tongued and red feathers on its wings. The spear which drives into the world like there is a center, any center, in what appears to be this spherical experience of remarkable openings in the surface travels through the air for a long time, meeting various marks, like a noise which falls on various ears.

The leaves wet themselves suddenly in the warm air, green everywhere, small mouths of green opening wider and wider still, turning themselves all the way inside out like hands, rolling over and over the heads of the many dancers, I mean occurrences, which open again and again like eyes. The sky, which is expanding everywhere, narrows above the city and the teeth grind their own becoming out of the dim past like a river which flows down to the sea or into the direction of the future.



Figure 9

The skin that is on my skin like an image hovers above the place where it lived before. That is to say, which configurations appear as emblems of natural beauty and which occur in our hands?

Down in the bay reeds and cattails thicken under the sun that is warmer now. From a distance they appear like a field of dry grass across which one could walk easily in a straight line out to various islands along the coast.

At the edge of the bay the reeds stand taller than I do and they are too thick and the water too deep. Occasionally a heron passes above, or a pair of ducks, or a hawk. The bodies of bleached and weathered fish lay dismantled in small piles in the open areas.

A small beach on the south side of a northern facing inlet, the beach that slopes gradually, rough stones and black water chestnuts, down to the salty river, exposes the mountains from such an angle that they display, one after the other, in a diagonal line which diminishes against the western bank. Faces arranged across the horizon, leaning against the sky as though to call out to one and other, offer little refuge in any of their sounds.

Sometime after a rain, many worms appear. Many birds descend, moving in flocks across the abundances. The trees which stood like gray bodies begin to emit a subtle proliferation: buds quicken, hands emerge with a series of whispering voices, yellow arms descend and let forth seeds which drift through the air like dust.

The shape of those movements happens like a day. Which begins, and begins again while progressing, which begins and begins again while diminishing.

Landscapes which are like images but which are actually made of words, occur through the lens of a particular camera. Say, spelling, say grammar and diction—things that occur in or around the mouth—at the very least in close proximity to the face, with all its equipment.

Better to say organs, maybe. Better to avoid mechanization the forms that are themselves not machines. For perceptions which are at this point heard as a states of conversion, like specific combinations of numbers which appear as forms on a screen, no, as memories. That is to say, as a photograph or rather as an invisible object which at times appears like an image and at others like personhood, and moves far too freely to acquire specific characters or symbols, hovering just so above the lighted source.

Somewhere in the woods where the sun is glowing behind young leaves to reveal their veins (which I have seen in my own hands), out amongst the silence which are really birds calling and the deer and mice across dry leaves and larger formations like trees which drop showers of sticks in the wind (which are like arms), or the patches of moss (which are like my skin in general), and which are moving all the time imperceptibly toward the day which will fade before any of us reach its door which has burned for a long time like an opening who looks constantly to the future where the oceans rise to above the peaks of our roofs while we cling to the tops of trees, like birds ourselves, in our new environment which we call chaos but which is more than anything a very specific reaction to a very particular set of occurrences which descend like sounds through the air

Image Key

- Cover Photo, "Blithewood," Ella Scott
Figure 1, "Red Hook," August Rice
Figure 2, "Old Bard," August Rice
Figure 3, "Aerial view of Denali, AK," Ella Scott
Figure 4, "Cloudberry by Lafoten," Jukka
Figure 5, "Pond/Catskills," August Rice
Figure 6, "Aerial View of Bog, AK," Ella Scott
Figure 7, "Catskills," August Rice
Figure 8, "The Field," August Rice
Figure 9, "The River," August Rice

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