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Looking Is A Faulty Glue Peter Wortsman

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Peter Wortsman

LOOKING IS A FAULTY GLUE

The past pulls away and the future drags forward, tearing at the seams. The scaffolding collapses. Unmasked, a ghostlike swish of self, half in half out, holding on for dear life, plays peek-a-boo with tin cans and tires, sucked back along with the junk. Looking is a faulty glue, hardly the foolproof adhesive people make it out to be. At least there's memory to hold things together, zip it back up, recoup scattered parts. Had the dinosaurs only remembered where they put their bones, they might have been able to catch up with them.