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SATURDAY 7TH MARCH 2015. NIGHT

Sarah Wood

At the time of writing nothing to say as usual fear something ready driving to therapy two hares parting one left one right impromptu crossroads remember what do you something very happy why were they this story nature I mean the hot moon in the night sky meaning what happens remember also the hot shame the repetitive thoughts of the wrong decisions specifically too many cats in the house eating eat all day the innocents the absolute innocents protect it all imagine no more free association no more sentences everything that happens happens under the hot sky here on the planet, cooling planet used to be o Mr Empson, revere / Her cooling planet means exactly what now, to grow old to hope to grow old to be a she with organs of increase children I mean these specific ones who we are leaving them this will written legacy testament all that what else for the future will repetitive thought only break stop or whatever fear of something terrible happening to those I love including sentences in principle for anyone or anybody I met in imagination or actuality the need to remember the fear shame to go o'er, we're steeped, are we. We stepped so far. Please think how to change this change (*please* like a child at night last thing writes a note leaves it on the landing poor note wants to be joined wants help thinking wants action acts now wants it to have been different) and the gift here would be attention to this together so that there can still be a who knows even if fear, hot shame quick keeps shouting and pulling quick away pretty it up overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder, must these things be, turn now to another way of thinking speaking acting about or on this, please take it on, take it personally, attend to these augurs and understood relations

Monday morning

perhaps together, speak, write, teach, besieged as we are by the sun, of which we are morsels, by the sea, of which we are also made, let's besiege in turn with voice and presence plainly and insistent at all those points, under the apparently earless and impervious ramparts. Looks as if this is something big and sheer and impossible but up close as always where others have begun to make it clear what we need to stop doing, do differently, it's another story we are in, that we are growing the nerves to write. How fast do nerves grow? In the body, better at the periphery than in the central systems of brain or spine. Better in the young than the old. What can we learn about our denial and non—denial from this? Could we feel them both better (and in general feel more clearly, and so articulate more clearly) at the extremities of ourselves, in the fingers that type, in haste, fever, responding quickly or in the strange bodily sensations of the kind that come when we read

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