

Draft 104: The Book  
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There is no actual “the book,” but it does exist.

*The book withdraws into itself.*

A book flakes, sometimes. Spins, spouts, charges, sputters.

*Opening yod, its little eye, the book is awake.*

The book, traveling backward, holds a smaller book, which it is reading.

*A book is, however, an acceleration, or causes one.*

“A” might turn into “The” book.

*Only some books turn.*

A door is a hinge. A book is another.

*Opening a book is like tripping over a threshold.*

A book is one gloss of the book.

*Another book shines in the distance.*

The book is the ledger of its whole account.

*Every word adds up the word that never was.*

Sometimes in a book, even with letters properly spaced, one finds a white rift open down the page.

*And inside every letter is a tiny dark book.*

Sometimes the book falls from your hands. You have entered into its dream; it seems to enter yours.

*It's about time you talked about the book. When you come to think of it.*

One dark line down the page is not a book. But it could suggest you begin one.

*A book is the goal, but not just any book.*

The season was fruitful. There was a book, ripening in the furrowed field.

*If you get thirsty harvesting, suck on a watermark.*

The book, traveling backward, holds a smaller book, which it is reading. That book holds one smaller still.

*A is for aura, B is for book.*

I loved he tried to put a lemon in the book! Because it wouldn't fit!

*A book in time saves nine. But rarely.*

This sequence travels backward until the last thing visible is a dot. That dot is also a book.

*Inside the alphabet, a library.*

A book can be indistinct.

*The book is, also.*

Foreground syntax, entering the book. Decry syntax, escaping the book.

*Write your book on the underside of another book.*

A real book is a stone room.

*You write your book; I'll write mine.*

A book is surely the birth of an enigma.

*Some book!*

The book hinged open and closed, as if the letters, touching, read the words, the words the text.

*So do not shut the open book.*

If A is for aura, and B is for book, what is C?

*For "three, three the rivals."*

A book is a cut of several colors with warp threads hanging from it.

A book is a swirl of syntax written in light, spinning secularly.

*It is a doll book and the book of the universe.*

*It whispers days, this book.*

The house was quiet and the book was calm.

*Which is the book? Which is the gloss?*

The “the” of “The Book” is a tricky concept. But one doesn’t just want “a.”

*There is a big eye in the middle of the book. It does not blink first.*

This is it. This is The Book.

*Yet really, don’t be delusional.*

Finally it is all related.

*But it does not cohere.*

A book notices. It looks out at you.

*It’s true that this book might finish; it’s true it might go on.*

What a book!

*It snarls the translucence.*

Full impasto ahead.

*The page is slowly turning black.*

The revulsion to a book, the attachment to the Book—totally explicable.

*Each sibyl-syllable is made of darkening lightness. Ahhhhh, the darlings.*

This is the from of the Book. Not its structure but its F R O M.

*Its exodus.*

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