



ancestors

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The body cannot be assumed.
Can the body be supposed?

Suppose you wake up to find that your
desktop has a new folder.
It is marked by your name.
Clicking on it reveals that it is empty
you try to imagine what was there once
or if it has always been vacant.

Always? A headscratch.

Pulling yourself forward
you take a file
any ordinary file
to drop in the folder with your name.
The name of the file is irrelevant
the folder must be filled.

Suppose the table upon which you place your computer
started hovering above the ground
and a meteor changed its course
to collide with your room
and unknowingly you made a garland
from fallen leaves and thought of the folder
you could not remember having made.

To consciousness the meteor is equidistant
to the creation of this folder

a foggy unformed ghost.

Your muscles are soaked with forgetting
the disorder in your computer, the cosmos

is an .exe file pacing towards a moment, singular
but the files multiply, duplicate, linger
beyond deletion as ghostly icons
itching for contact, any substance will suffice

all is ancestral.