chain of minuscule decisions in the form of a feeling
Also by Sarah Riggs:

*Waterwork* (Chax Press, USA)

*28 télégrammes* (tr. Françoise Valéry) (Editions de l’Attente, France)

*60 textos* (tr. Françoise Valéry) (Editions de l’Attente, France)
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My grateful acknowledgement to the many writers in France who have opened the possibilities for such experiment, in particular, to Omar Berrada, Marie Borel, Oscarine Bosquet, Stéphane Bouquet, Isabelle Garron, Emmanuel Hocquard, Virginie Lalucq, Jérôme Mauche, Eric Suchère, and Bénédicte Vilgrain.

Acknowledgements also to the editors of contrat maint (France), Electron Libre (Morocco) and 1913 - a journal of forms and reading between a and b (USA) for their attention to the appearance of this work in sections.

Thank you to Lisa Robertson for spotting this work, and to Ken Edwards for inviting it across the channel.

Sarah Riggs
For your lines, horizontal,
curved, extending—

Brenda S. Laws
Montreal—Florida Keys
1921—2006

&

Frieda W. Riggs
Nebraska—New York
1907—2000
Dili

Ti jos, Dili, ta li cassis
a plòuf. I cians si scunissin
pal plan verdút.

Ti jos, ninì, tai nustris cuàrps,
là fress-cia rosada
dal timp pierdút

Pier Paolo Pasolini
(early poem, in Friulian)

DILIO. Look, Dilio, how it’s raining on the acacias. The dogs cry out by the green plain.
Look, child, on our bodies the fresh dew of lost time.
chain ______________ in the form ______
scrapbook. (where )
___ the leaves _______

_______ the main stems, drift out to sea. 

______ Is ________
_____ function ______/___
to worry ____ ? __________
____________________ I will ___
__ go ___________________
_____________________
_____________________
__ a counterful of cumin ___
_____________________
_____________________
__________ ward, or ______
____________________ when ___
I train to listen. peculiar back-drop. often

. for tea
inhabiting a bit drops’ all those books outside in there
__________found_____
________________________
________________________
hinges. _________________
________________________
__________________________will
__________________________coins, and
__________________________
__strawberry_______________.
__________________________
________rearranged________
__________________________
plants in __
_______________ ) ______
____________________
_______. ______________
_____________ further draws
____________________
____________________
__ not butterflies ________
____________________
____________________
________ perforations_____
____________________
with butter. ______

beet. draw ____________

hold. ____________

turnicut ____________

sail ____________ ( all perspective).
questions of middle distance held in Cameroon.
letting ______ go ____________
__________________________grams of
sound. __________________
__________________________
__________________________
_________. John ____________
__________________________
______, ________ _________
__________________________
__________________________
__________________________
_______. ________________
__________________________so many
__________________________whales.
sort of fell

juice

insisted

yes? to

effect plum
mint, hanging

in the plural

altogether

uncertainty

spilling

Our

zazate
2 of

minuscule
decisions
comma, alone with yourself
there was very little you
out of this place altogether

the main stems
how to open doors with

all the possibilities at once
Here, underground, with this
strawberry in the asphalt

Encounter X. Gifts of water.
Further draws close

choices about buttons:

Ghana, or Cameroon.

There are feline methods deposited in the ocean things. Nouns are whales. B lives in the clouds highways and dishes. That autumn khaki was as with elsewhere, includes
teatwig, mango.
Clarity came through
measure of mint, hanging, how much
Walls are windows
spilling out, over; in excess
core nut, the seed, the heart.
And I read nothing well.

and the bookcase will
named Havana.
The land does not stop
commas become excl- 

Have I discovered your hair

how its topography of 
And that building a mouth. 
like waves: she was after; 
and solitude in 2007 B.C. 
elegance of handmanship 
deafly or blindly (not both) 
Zadkine. The year is 1066. 
Like cooking I invent each
These leaves swaying (and it

The present a question.

persistence blinding you

delivering itself. “John.”

cheese and duck paté. Alcohol

and reversal. The birds

sand you with the experience

reverse us) the Hudson

stop). Hand held out to you,

in construction: women.
In Morocco the entire carcass

just as the body catches up

the soul? To. At. With.

run to buy bulbs—light—

the news curves back at us

headlines that have nothing

the cookies, the little slips

and the leaves are all wanting

a counterful of cumin
The addresses were all mixed with you. Is this the beginning? and I can never enter Africa everything will change.

a sense of time going forward crumpling, altering. There is no city on winter nights and lately, a few bracelets

a toothpick comes clean
do ponds distinguish from lakes?

“I didn’t know” cradles

Uganda  Uganda  Uganda

everywhere, diesel, spirits,

populated, blank: both.

interruptions of hand

disoriented destinies, unsure of

what you reach for is the sheer

leaves of thyme lately it was like

the sky responds to us personally
The birds couple. I wasn’t sure they come back, Ann said they were the last to come. The materials of life sift through fingers, sand you with experience in your eyes tell me (no) fruit (no) kind (no) some. I’m sailing on my feet, my house is a stairway my study a porous space of crossings and you are waving. How will they come back to you (generations looking for mirrors, adrift and rooted). As those rivers that swell, reverse us. The Hudson trains thought. We are together in losing. The way those two use the planet. The books stack up (Penn Station next stop). Hand held out to you, delivery and flow.

The systematic materializations of a frog, a future. Landed categories and calumnies, thick resolve. Deliberate sustained tension (then released) in my thoughts (delivery). Something rings in construction: women. The chop of the chicken into pieces in France. In Morocco the entire carcass on a hook. In my country, the invention of nuggets. What again, duration, language, form, melting spoon, truck stop, working line. Far from and so clouds, crushing thoughts together, time, pieces of perforations. Now we have a meatball, a marble, the curvature of an eye. Okay. Toxic, aluminum, falling: the mind catches up with the body, and the soul lifts off. Deleted these, our tense. Verbs pile up on top of one another, forming a thick noun. So the preposition is the soul? To. At. Of. With. And these are adequate proof of existence? How can I deliver my hands free? Delinquent drawing. Those are the people who are alive. The others are dead. A word may be heavier than an experience. Though how are we

holes in Europe, or perforations

No end to them. Deliberate. Solitary. They were wise, or slender-fisted. Their fudes brush the untranslated willow. Here are detections, melody, and pollution, the incomplete exhalations, radishes with butter, a choice. A sensation of seeing words in exile from themselves. Squares of beet. Rose, mer, eee, three beautiful syllables this spring. Hold, hold to the hollow, as you tend to.

Unwound, the turnicut makes a drape or sail, and the missing limb magically present (it’s all perspective). Birch bark wrapped around the goat cheese. Just soft under the rhyme. Tomorrow, a chain of megalomaniac choices about buttons. Freelance. Around the corner murders far away. Questions of degree. The middle distance is hard to fathom. Curiously, held in the silence. Artists in Ghana, or Cameroon.
There are feline methods for smooth decisions. Letting go the frank questions. Operating by photographs, videos, installations with sound. Almost exclusively. The words creep in through the back way, we cannot help them. The names have been named many times. America. Has many. John John John John John. And the diversity of cleaning products, each one in the ocean between them. In France one word can do so many things. Nouns are whales. Bits of styrofoam, plants, and floating things. It’s been brought to my attention how the verbs drop out, though there is not so much need for verbs now as they are used all the time. B lives in the clouds, we communicate by threads and wisps. And if these media entirely replace TV, it is true, we have found

words move

the unceasing qualities of highways, dishes, and radishes. We sort of fell in love there for a moment, over tea and apricot juice. It’s not serious, happens with the beginnings of friendship, yes? Very often though certain combinations of the sexes seem to press in a predictable direction. But I am always headed elsewhere, I can’t predict it. Names drift on a horizon. And khaki has become a color. The catalogues have a transforming effect, though plum remains a fruit, along with elsewhere, includes tea twig, mango. They insisted on reordering colors, white red blue, to page vermilion sea. Clarity came through the joints of recognition, what is it, again? The ideas of heros linger long after and cause confusion and bumping around and down of expectations. No great hopes generally, but hopes for hopes anyhow.
measure of mint, hanging, how much

Each movement in the direction of deaths. Also toward the word life in the plural. Turns into lives, something altogether different. Walls are windows, she said, and when she said this it was so.

A kind of Mount Sinaï.

She would begin letters to people named Ann(e), and not send them. Some uncertainty about the e. Now women named Touria or Kenza were dancing and renovating spaces in places named Ouarzhazate or Azilah. Was it a way of leafing out, retracting, spilling out, over, in excess of meaning? Or the very core nut, the seed, heart. It was unreadable, a kind of code, also to her. With yourself, comma.

The world keeps being round, not as it used to be, flat. I discover the inquisition late, make an equation, subtract oil under there (and I seldom drink it). I miss when the theories competed. Not that I was there. Now everyone except some others have agreed to dislike capitalism while covertly getting away with everything possible. Balks at this plurality, brakes at the syntax. Lemons and leaves, the unceasing qualities of highways and dishes. This boat has a driver, and the bookcase will not fall. All rooms are cavities and the cities are

named Havana. We live in there

Far from clouds, crushed together pieces. The land does not stop curving. Those who are commas become exclamations, and eventually all names are cities: Havana, New Haven. Have I discovered your hair,
how its topography of knots cries? And as I was thinking this bookcase will not fall on me, "he has to construct himself." And that building a mouth. All rooms have cavities. Have. Not. She reads next to nothing and she reads nothing very well. Her intelligence (along with his, two decades later) under offices of olives. We live there, in the idea of a party. No one at that party was ever invited again.

She sifted through people like waves: she was after, what was it. Do you recall the scene in The Awakening when the woman just walks into the water. Woolf too. One choice, among many. Have you noticed when you arrive at a horizon, how banal the dirt is. Watch a new one open up. And how have they been, the contours of time? Time enters through and out, over to you. No one can come, citing solitude, and psychosomatic diseases. In 2007, B.C., blind calling. How do they feel, the contours of time? Detailed, actually not as endless as I thought. In 1285 time keeps passing, it enters through me and out of me in 1285 (Cimabue) in 1425 (Masaccio). Change and remedial change, elegance of handmanship and through all that fierce legibility a sure sort of meaning coming through despite history, or because of history, meaning deployed and contained, culled in first waves. Frowns in hand shakes (two fingers damaged). These are calendars, kaleidoscopes. All rooms are cavities. We live in there. The idea. We can travel deafly or blindly (not both), it was touched into me by braille at the Musée Zadkine, in 1066. The petrol when it runs out will be turned into something renewable, I heard on the radio, far more
sanitary. Like cooking I invent each time. The time
to eat keeps coming around (how does it feel to you?)
Tallied in the background hair, their angle and dent,
the fructifying rosé, the limonade,

questions of how to spell it

Especially the boys needed to be loved. These leaves
swaying (and it is enough) the breathy remembrance,
relationships of pringles, callow, the gashings,
stairs way into the river and these people who

were tempted by you, by something beyond you that’s
not really you. And when the access stops: heat, and
fear. The present a question of whether to keep being
captured in order to feel free.

Or cold. In a dim organic delivering itself a
stubborn dive to break through what is known and
understood already. This persistence blinding you to
some of the basics, what most people know and

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limited. The authorial glance of collapsing
attention. Landscape of dawns. Mellow fruitfulness.
What we know we know (trying to recreate it).

And the coming of the feel of things. Mere hollows,
the train is stopped now we may or may not go back
along the rails of a thought (or was it an emotion).
Fast-sinking motor the gift of water
Ricochets in the mouth. And again, the sheep cheese
and duck paté. Alcohol would be something simply you
didn’t try, and the need, the human needs,

where the rooms were, arrivals at the lighthouse so
much less than the longing. Our heels sink into the
mud. On that hill they must be merely hedge groves.
Full generation slip. String of reversals.
heat | toward
movement

Ann said
| cars |

incomplete | thoughts

and

mirrors, trains
| the flow

categories |
| released
entire

a hook

duration

clouds crushing

perforations

a marble lifts off

a thick noun

So the preposition
is existence?
| Delinquent drawing

a frog
| or future

Thick
| resolve

sustained tension

my thoughts
delivery

Persimmons

or alphabets

also, underground

Coins

Kinds of fruit

the telephone wires

Gifts of water

Plants in
Movement toward
| not butterflies
|
that hollow
\ 
holes in Europe, or perforations
|
slender-fisted.
|
untranslated
|
radishes

A sensation, three syllables
|
hold
|
hold
the missing limb
  |
around
under
  |
corner murders
  |
curiously, held

smooth decisions

the way
  |
those two
  ||
use the

planet
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