

no one answers  
the question  
before it was  
a question  
it had to become one.  
questions  
require stories.

stories partially  
known  
before they  
are started.

answer stories  
that fall over  
in sadness.

stories bursting in  
roaring with  
spring visions.

or stories that stop.

it is everything  
to know when  
it is not your question  
and when your answers  
are not in the right places.

no one tells you  
how deep the crease is  
in the prefrontal cortex  
but many will

warn you to stay back  
from the pulling edge  
that will take you  
over the falls.  
others will construct  
guardrails from  
local materials  
local memories  
or will ink stab  
and key pound  
images  
page after page  
with word assemblies  
of symbols  
and send them  
as purified testimonial  
gifts with  
an implied intimacy  
or a correcting factor.  
domination  
will have  
priests  
wearing captured skins  
with painted faces  
strangely  
never  
calling  
the story  
regifting  
or image rustling.

no one answers.  
wf.h.  
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